THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

VOL. IV.



THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

INCLUDING

A JOURNAL OF HIS TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES;

BY

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

NEW EDITION,

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS AND NOTES,

BY

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER, M.P.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

TWO SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUMES OF JOHNSONIANA

BY HAWKINS, PIOZZI, MURPHY, TYERS, REYNOLDS,
MALONE, NICHOLS, STEEVENS, CUMBERLAND,
AND OTHERS.

AND NOTES BY VARIOUS HANDS.

ALSO, UPWARDS OF

FIFTY ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN
MDCCCLIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Albemarle Street, June 1. 1835.

THIS volume opens with Boswell's Journal of his Tour to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, with Dr. Johnson, in the autumn of 1773.

As the reader will be told by the Author, in the sequel, this Journal was perused, from time to time, in the original manuscript by Johnson himself: who acknowledged that he was astonished with the minute fidelity of its details. It was published, in one volume, octavo, in October 1785, within a year after Dr. Johnson's death. The original edition had two mottos: one in the title page, from Pope,—

"O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?"

the other on a fly-leaf, from Baker's Chronicle,—

"He was of an admirable pregnancy of wit, and that pregnancy much improved by continual study from his childhood; by which he had gotten such a promptness in expressing his mind, that his extemperal speeches were little inferior to his premeditated writings. Many,

no doubt, had read as much, and perhaps more than he; but scarce ever any concocted his reading into judgment as he did."

The Dedication of the Journal was in these terms: —

"TO EDMOND MALONE, ESQ.

"London, 20th September, 1785."

"My Dear Sir,

"In every narrative, whether historical or biographical, authenticity is of the utmost consequence. Of this I have ever been so firmly persuaded, that I inscribed a former work to that person who was the best judge of its truth. I need not tell you I mean General Paoli; who, after his great, though unsuccessful, efforts to preserve the liberties of his country, has found an honourable asylum in Britain, where he has now lived many years the object of royal regard and private respect; and whom I cannot name without expressing my very grateful sense of the uniform kindness which he has been pleased to show me.

"The friends of Dr. Johnson can best judge, from internal evidence, whether the numerous conversations which form the most valuable part of the ensuing pages are correctly related. To them, therefore, I wish to appeal, for the accuracy of the portrait here exhibited to the world.

"As one of those who were intimately acquainted with him, you have a title to this address. You have obligingly taken the trouble to peruse the original manuscript of this Tour, and can vouch for the strict fidelity of the present publication. Your literary abi-

ance with our much lamented friend, in consequence of having undertaken to render one of his labours more complete, by your edition of Shakspeare, a work which I am confident will not disappoint the expectation of the public, gives you another claim. But I have a still more powerful inducement to prefix your name to this volume, as it gives me an opportunity of letting the world know that I enjoy the honour and happiness of your friendship; and of thus publicly testifying the sincere regard with which I am, my dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

"James Boswell."

To the third edition, published in August 1786, Mr. Boswell prefixed the following Advertisement:—

"Animated by the very favourable reception which two large impressions of this work have had, it has been my study to make it as perfect as I could in this edition, by correcting some inaccuracies which I discovered myself, and some which the kindness of friends or the scrutiny of adversaries pointed out. A few notes are added, of which the principal object is, to refute misrepresentation and calumny.

"To the animadversions in the periodical journals of criticism, and in the numerous publications to which my book has given rise, I have made no answer. Every work must stand or fall by its own merit. I cannot, however, omit this opportunity of returning thanks to a gentleman who published a 'Defence'(1) of my Journal,

(1) ["A Defence of Mr. Boswell's Journal, in a Letter to the Author of the Remarks, &c." 1786.]

and has added to the favour by communicating his name to me in a very obliging letter.

"It would be an idle waste of time to take any particular notice of the futile remarks, to many of which, a petty national resentment, unworthy of my countrymen, has probably given rise; remarks which have been industriously circulated in the public prints by shallow or envious cavillers, who have endeavoured to persuade the world that Dr. Johnson's character has been *lessened* by recording such various instances of his lively wit and acute judgment, on every topic that was presented to his mind. In the opinion of every person of taste and knowledge that I have conversed with, it has been greatly *heightened*; and I will venture to predict, that this specimen of the colloquial talents and extemporaneous effusions of my illustrious fellow-traveller will become still more valuable, when, by the lapse of time, he shall have become an *ancient*; when all those who can now bear testimony to the transcendent powers of his mind shall have passed away, and no other memorial of this great and good man shall remain but the following 'Journal,' the other anecdotes and letters preserved by his friends, and those incomparable works which have for many years been in the highest estimation, and will be read and admired as long as the English language shall be spoken or understood."

This "Journal," in some respects the most interesting part of Boswell's whole record, was first incorporated with the rest of the narrative in Mr. Croker's edition of 1831.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

1773.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

APPENDIX.



THE

LIFE

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

1773.

Johnson sets out on his Visit to the Hebrides. — Sketch of his Character, religious moral, political, and literary. — His Figure and Manner. — He arrives in Scotland. — Memorabilia. — Law of Prescription. — Trial by Duel. — Mr. Scott. — Sir William Forbes. — Practice of the Law. — Emigration. — Rev. Mr Carr. — Chief Baron Orde. — Dr. Beattie and Mr. Hume. — Dr. Robertson. — Mr. Burke. — Genius. — Whitfield and Wesley. — Political Parties. — Johnson's Opinion of Garrick.

Dr. Johnson had, for many years, given me hopes that we should go together and visit the Hebrides. Martin's account of those islands had impressed us with a notion, that we might there contemplate a system of life almost totally different from what we had been accustomed to see; and to find simplicity and wildness, and all the circumstances of remote time or place, so near to our native great island, was an object within the

[illegible]sonable curiosity. Dr. Johnson has [illegible] "Journey," that "he scarcely remem-[illegible] the wish to visit the Hebrides was ex-[illegible];" but he told me, in summer, 1763, that his father put Martin's account into his hands when he was very young, and that he was much pleased with it. (1) We reckoned there would be some inconveniences and hardships, and perhaps a little danger; but these, we were persuaded, were magnified in the imagination of every body. When I was at Ferney, in 1764, I mentioned our design to Voltaire. He looked at me, as if I had talked of going to the North Pole, and said, "You do not insist on my accompanying you?"—"No, sir." "Then I am very willing you should go." I was not afraid that our curious expedition would be prevented by such apprehensions; but I doubted that it would not be possible to prevail on Dr. Johnson to relinquish, for some time, the felicity of a London life, which, to a man who can enjoy it with full intellectual relish, is apt to make existence in any narrower sphere seem insipid or irksome. I doubted that he would not be willing to come down from his elevated state of philosophical

(1) [It is entitled, "A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland," by M. Martin, Gent., 1703. A second edition appeared in 1716. On a copy of Martin in the Advocates' Library I found, last summer (1834), the following note in the handwriting of Mr. Boswell:—

"This very book accompanied Mr. Samuel Johnson and me in our Tour to the Hebrides, in autumn 1773. Mr. Johnson told me that he had read Martin when he was very young. Martin was a native of the Isle of Sky, where a number of his relatives still remain. His book is a very imperfect performance, and he is erroneous as to many particulars, even some concerning his own island. Yet, as it is the only book upon the subject, it is very generally known. I have seen a second edition of it. I cannot but have a kindness for him, notwithstanding his defects.—James Boswell."—Croker.]

dignity; from a superiority of wisdom among the wise, and of learning among the learned; and from flashing his wit upon minds bright enough to reflect it.

He had disappointed my expectations so long, that I began to despair; but, in spring, 1773, he talked of coming to Scotland that year with so much firmness, that I hoped he was at last in earnest. I knew that, if he were once launched from the metropolis, he would go forward very well; and I got our common friends there to assist in setting him afloat. To Mrs. Thrale, in particular, whose enchantment over him seldom failed, I was much obliged.(1) It was, "I 'll give thee a wind."—"Thou art kind." To attract him, we had invitations from the chiefs Macdonald and Macleod; and, for additional aid, I wrote to Lord Elibank, Dr William Robertson, and Dr. Beattie.

To Dr. Robertson, so far as my letter concerned the present subject, I wrote as follows:—

"Our friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, is in great health and spirits; and, I do think, has a serious resolution to visit Scotland this year. The more attraction, however, the better; and, therefore, though I know he will be happy to meet you there, it will forward the scheme, if, in your answer to this, you express yourself concerning it with that power of which you are so happily possessed, and which may be so directed as to operate strongly upon him."

(1) She gives, in one of her letters to Dr. Johnson, the reasons which induced her to approve this excursion.—"Fatigue is profitable to your health, upon the whole, and keeps fancy from playing foolish tricks. Exercise for your body and exertion for your mind, will contribute more than all the medicines in the universe to preserve that life we all consider as invaluable."—Letters, vol. i. p. 190.—CROKER.

His answer to that part of my letter was quite as I could have wished. It was written with the address and persuasion of the historian of America.

"When I saw you last, you gave us some hopes that you might prevail with Mr. Johnson to make out that excursion to Scotland, with the expectation of which we have long flattered ourselves. If he could order matters so as to pass some time in Edinburgh, about the close of the summer season, and then visit some of the Highland scenes, I am confident he would be pleased with the grand features of nature in many parts of this country: he will meet with many persons here who respect him, and some whom I am persuaded he will think not unworthy of his esteem. I wish he would make the experiment. He sometimes cracks his jokes upon us; but he will find that we can distinguish between the stabs of malevolence and the rebukes of the righteous, which are like excellent oil (1), and break not the head. Offer my best compliments to him, and assure him that I shall be happy to have the satisfaction of seeing him under my roof."

To Dr. Beattie I wrote, "The chief intention of this letter is to inform you, that I now seriously believe Mr. Samuel Johnson will visit Scotland this year: but I wish that every power of attraction may be employed to secure our having so valuable an acquisition, and therefore I hope you will, without delay, write to me what I know you think, that I may read it to the mighty sage, with proper emphasis, before I leave London, which I must do soon. He talks of you with the same warmth that he did last year. We are to see as

(1) Our friend, Edmund Burke, who, by this time, had received some pretty severe strokes from Dr. Johnson, on account of the unhappy difference in their politics, upon my repeating this passage to him, exclaimed, "Oil of vitriol!"

much of Scotland as we can, in the months of August and September. We shall not be long of being at Marischal College. (1) He is particularly desirous of seeing some of the Western Islands."

Dr. Beattie did better: *ipse venit.* He was, however, so polite as to wave his privilege of *nil mihi rescribas*, and wrote from Edinburgh as follows: —

"Your very kind and agreeable favour of the 20th of April overtook me here yesterday, after having gone to Aberdeen, which place I left about a week ago. I am to set out this day for London, and hope to have the honour of paying my respects to Mr. Johnson and you, about a week or ten days hence. I shall then do what I can to enforce the topic you mention; but at present I cannot enter upon it, as I am in a very great hurry, for I intend to begin my journey within an hour or two."

He was as good as his word, and threw some pleasing motives into the northern scale. But, indeed, Mr. Johnson loved all that he heard, from one whom he tells us, in his Lives of the Poets, Gray found "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man."

My Lord Elibank did not answer my letter to his lordship for some time. The reason will appear when we come to the Isle of Sky. I shall then insert my letter, with letters from his lordship, both to myself and Mr. Johnson. I beg it may be understood, that I insert my own letters, as I relate my own sayings, rather as keys to what is valuable belonging to others, than for their own sake.

(1) This, I find, is a Scotticism. I should have said, "It will not be long before we shall be at Marischal College."

Luckily Mr. Justice (now Sir Robert) Chambers, who was about to sail for the East Indies, was going to take leave of his relations at Newcastle, and he conducted Dr. Johnson to that town; whence he wrote me the following: —

LETTER 156. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Newcastle, August 11. 1773.

"DEAR SIR, — I came hither last night, and hope, but do not absolutely promise, to be in Edinburgh on Saturday. Beattie will not come so soon. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON.

"My compliments to your lady."

Mr. Scott, of University College, Oxford, afterwards Sir William Scott (1), accompanied him from thence to Edinburgh. With such propitious convoys did he proceed to my native city. But, lest metaphor should make it be supposed he actually went by sea, I choose to mention that he travelled in post-chaises, of which the rapid motion was one of his most favourite amusements.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's character, religious, moral, political, and literary, nay, his figure and manner, are, I believe, more generally known than those of almost any man; yet it may not be superfluous here to attempt a sketch of him. Let my readers, then, remember that he was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both

(1) [Created, in 1821, Lord Stowell.]

from a regard to the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay, stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which he communicated with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression. He united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. He could, when he chose it, be the greatest sophist that ever wielded a weapon in the schools of declamation, but he indulged this only in conversation; for he owned he sometimes talked for victory; he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious, by deliberately writing it.

He was conscious of his superiority. He loved praise when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. His mind was so full of imagery, that he might have been perpetually a poet. It has often been remarked, that in his poetical pieces, which it is to be regretted are so few, because so excellent, his style is easier than in his prose. There is deception in this: it is not easier, but better suited to the dignity of verse; as one may dance with grace, whose motions, in ordinary walking, in the common step, are awkward. He had a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which dark-

ened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: yet, though grave and awful in his deportment, when he thought it necessary or proper, he frequently indulged himself in pleasantry and sportive sallies. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvellous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He had a loud voice, and a slow, deliberate utterance, which no doubt gave some additional weight to the sterling metal of his conversation. Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasantry, and some truth, that "Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, were it not for his *bow-wow way*." But I admit the truth of this, only on some occasions. The Messiah played upon the Canterbury organ is more sublime than when played on an inferior instrument; but very slight music will seem grand, when conveyed to the ear through that majestic medium. While, therefore, Dr. Johnson's sayings are read, let his manner be taken along with them. Let it, however, be observed, that the sayings themselves are generally great; that, though he might be an ordinary composer at times, he was for the most part a Handel.

His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that evil, which, it was formerly imagined, the royal touch could cure. He was now


B

in his sixty-fourth year, and was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet, so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy: he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions(1), of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair-buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio Dictionary; and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick. Let me not be censured for mentioning such minute particulars; every thing relative to so great a man is worth observing. I remember Dr. Adam Smith, in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us he was glad to know that Milton wore latchets in his shoes instead of buckles.(2) When I mention the oak stick,

(1) Such they appeared to me; but, since the first edition, Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, that "Dr. Johnson's extraordinary gestures were only habits, in which he indulged himself at certain times. When in company, where he was not free, or when engaged earnestly in conversation, he never gave way to such habits, which proves that they were not involuntary." I still, however, think, that these gestures were involuntary; for surely, had not that been the case, he would have restrained them in the public streets. — B. See antè, Vol. I. p. 161, Sir Joshua's reasoning at large. — C.

(2) This was no great discovery; the fashion of shoe-buckles was long posterior to Milton's day. — C.

it is but letting Hercules have his club; and, by-and-by, my readers will find this stick will bud, and produce a good joke.

This imperfect sketch of "the combination and the form" of that wonderful man, whom I venerated and loved while in this world, and after whom I gaze with humble hope, now that it has pleased Almighty God to call him to a better world, will serve to introduce to the fancy of my readers the capital object of the following journal, in the course of which I trust they will attain to a considerable degree of acquaintance with him.

His prejudice against Scotland was announced almost as soon as he began to appear in the world of letters. In his "London," a poem, are the following nervous lines: —

> "For who could leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land?
> Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
> There none are swept by sudden fate away;
> But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay."

The truth is, like the ancient Greeks and Romans, he allowed himself to look upon all nations but his own as barbarians: not only Hibernia and Scotland, but Spain, Italy, and France, are attacked in the same poem. If he was particularly prejudiced against the Scots, it was because they were more in his way; because he thought their success in England rather exceeded the due proportion of their real merit; and because he could not but see in them that nationality which I believe no liberal-minded Scotsman will deny. He was, indeed, if I may be allowed the phrase, at bottom much of a John Bull; much of a blunt true-born Englishman. There was

a stratum of common clay under the rock of marble. He was voraciously fond of good eating; and he had a great deal of that quality called humour, which gives an oiliness and a gloss to every other quality.

I am, I flatter myself, completely a citizen of the world. In my travels through Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Corsica, France, I never felt myself from home; and I sincerely love "every kindred and tongue and people and nation." I subscribe to what my late truly learned and philosophical friend Mr. Crosbie(1) said, that the English are better animals than the Scots; they are nearer the sun; their blood is richer, and more mellow: but when I humour any of them in an outrageous contempt of Scotland, I fairly own I treat them as children. And thus I have, at some moments, found myself obliged to treat even Dr. Johnson.

To Scotland, however, he ventured; and he returned from it in great good humour, with his prejudices much lessened, and with very grateful feelings of the hospitality with which he was treated; as is evident from that admirable work, his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," which, to my utter astonishment, has been misapprehended, even to rancour, by many of my countrymen.

To have the company of Chambers and Scott, he delayed his journey so long, that the court of session, which rises on the 11th of August, was broke up before he got to Edinburgh.

(1) [Mr. Crosbie, one of the most eminent advocates then at the Scotch bar. See *post*, August 16. 1773.]

On Saturday, the 14th of August, 1773, late in the evening, I received a note from him, that he was arrived at Boyd's inn(1), at the head of the Canon-gate.

"Saturday night.

"Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, being just arrived at Boyd's."

I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially; and I exulted in the thought that I now had him actually in Caledonia. Mr. Scott's amiable manners, and attachment to our Socrates, at once united me to him. He told me that, before I came in, the Doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquor. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar, and put it into it. The Doctor, in indignation, threw it out of the window. Scott said he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down.(2) Mr. Johnson [has since] told me that such another trick was played him at the

(1) The sign of the White Horse. It continued a place from which coaches used to start till the end of the eighteenth century; some twelve or fifteen years ago it was a carrier's inn, and has since been held unworthy even of that occupation, and the sign is taken down. It was a base hovel. — WALTER SCOTT. [It was the best of the only three inns in Edinburgh, where, at that time, people of any condition could be accommodated. The room in which Johnson had sat used to be pointed out by its later occupants. — CHAMBERS.]

(2) The house was kept by a woman, and she was called *Lucky*, which it seems is synonymous to *Goody* in England. I, at first, thought the appellation very inappropriate, and that *Unlucky* would have been better, for Dr. Johnson had a mind to have thrown the waiter, as well as the lemonade, out of the window. — STOWELL.

house of a lady in Paris.(1) He was to do me the honour to lodge under my roof. I regretted sincerely that I had not also a room for Mr. Scott. Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm, up the High Street, to my house in James's Court(2): it was a dusky night: I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. I heard a late baronet, of some distinction in the political world in the beginning of the present reign, observe, that "walking the streets of Edinburgh at night was pretty perilous, and a good deal odoriferous." The peril is much abated, by the care which the magistrates have taken to enforce the city laws against throwing foul water from the windows; but, from the structure of the houses in the old town, which consist of many stories, in each of which a different family lives, and there being no covered sewers, the odour still continues. A zealous Scotsman would have wished Mr. Johnson to be without one of his five senses upon this occasion. As we marched slowly along, he grumbled in my ear, "I smell you in the dark!" But he acknowledged that the breadth of the street, and the loftiness of the buildings on each side, made a noble appearance.

My wife had tea ready for him, which it is well known he delighted to drink at all hours, particularly when sitting up late, and of which his able defence against Mr. Jonas Hanway should have obtained him a magnificent reward from the East India Com-

(1) See *post*, Nov. 1775. — C.

(2) "Boswell has very handsome and spacious rooms, level with the ground at one side of the house, and on the other four stories high."—Lett. i. 109. [The house is now occupied by a printer. — CHAMBERS.]

pany. He showed much complacency upon finding that the mistress of the house was so attentive to his singular habit; and as no man could be more polite when he chose to be so, his address to her was most courteous and engaging; and his conversation soon charmed her into a forgetfulness of his external appearance.

I did not begin to keep a regular full journal till some days after we had set out from Edinburgh; but I have luckily preserved a good many fragments of his Memorabilia from his very first evening in Scotland.

We had a little before this had a trial for murder, in which the judges had allowed the lapse of twenty years since its commission as a plea in bar, in conformity with the doctrine of prescription in the civil law, which Scotland and several other countries in Europe have adopted. (1) He at first disapproved of this; but then he thought there was something in it if there had been for twenty years a neglect to prosecute a crime which was known. He would not allow that a murder, by not being discovered for twenty years, should escape punishment. We talked of the ancient trial by duel. He did not think it so absurd as is generally supposed; "for," said he, "it was only allowed when the question was in equilibrio, as when one affirmed and another denied; and they had a notion that Providence would interfere in favour of him who was in the right. But as it was found that, in a duel, he who was in the right had not a better chance than he who was in the wrong, therefore

(1) See *post*, August 22. 1773. — C.

society instituted the present mode of trial, and gave the advantage to him who is in the right."

We sat till near two in the morning, having chatted a good while after my wife left us. She had insisted, that, to show all respect to the sage, she would give up her own bedchamber to him, and take a worse. This I cannot but gratefully mention as one of a thousand obligations which I owe her, since the great obligation of her being pleased to accept of me as her husband.

Sunday, Aug. 15.—Mr. Scott came to breakfast, at which I introduced to Dr. Johnson, and him, my friend Sir William Forbes, now of Pitsligo (1), a man of whom too much good cannot be said; who, with distinguished abilities and application in his profession of a banker, is at once a good companion and a good Christian, which, I think, is saying enough. Yet it is but justice to record, that once, when he was in a dangerous illness, he was watched with the anxious apprehension of a general calamity; day and night his house was beset with affectionate inquiries, and, upon his recovery, Te Deum was the universal chorus from the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Johnson was pleased with my daughter Veronica (2), then a child about four months old. She

(1) This respectable baronet, who published a Life of Beattie, died in 1806, at the age of sixty-eight.—C.

(2) The saint's name of Veronica was introduced into our family through my great grandmother Veronica, Countess of Kincardine, a Dutch lady of the noble house of Sommelsdyck, of which there is a full account in Bayle's Dictionary. The family had once a princely right in Surinam. The governor of that settlement was appointed by the states-general, the town of Amsterdam, and Sommelsdyck. The states-general have acquired Sommelsdyck's right; but the family has still great

had the appearance of listening to him. His motions seemed to her to be intended for her amusement; and when he stopped she fluttered, and made a little infantine noise, and a kind of signal for him to begin again. She would be held close to him, which was a proof, from simple nature, that his figure was not horrid. Her fondness for him endeared her still more to me, and I declared she should have five hundred pounds of additional fortune.

We talked of the practice of the law. Sir William Forbes said, he thought an honest lawyer should never undertake a cause which he was satisfied was not a just one. "Sir," said Mr. Johnson, "a lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge. Consider, Sir, what is the purpose of courts of justice? It is, that every man may have his cause fairly tried, by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie: he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to

dignity and opulence, and by intermarriages is connected with many other noble families. When I was at the Hague, I was received with all the affection of kindred. The present Sommelsdyck has an important charge in the republic, and is as worthy a man as lives. He has honoured me with his correspondence for these twenty years. My great grandfather, the husband of Countess Veronica, was Alexander, Earl of Kincardine, that eminent royalist whose character is given by Burnet in his "History of his own Times." From him the blood of Bruce flows in my veins. Of such ancestry who would not be proud? And as "Nihil est, nisi hoc sciat alter" is peculiarly true of genealogy, who would not be glad to seize a fair opportunity to let it be known?

usurp the province of the jury and of the judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence, — what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community who, by study and experience, have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself, if he could. If, by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage, on one side or other; and it is better that advantage should be had by talents than by chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from a trial of his claim, though, were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim." This was sound practical doctrine, and rationally repressed a too refined scrupulosity of conscience. (1)

Emigration was at this time a common topic of discourse. Dr. Johnson regretted it as hurtful to human happiness: "For," said he, "it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation, and lessens the comfort of living. Men, thinly scattered, make a shift, but a bad shift, without many things. A smith is ten miles off; they'll do without a nail or a staple. A tailor is far from

(1) [See antè, Vol. III. pp. 35. 251.]

them; they 'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience."

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott, and I, accompanied Mr. Johnson to the chapel, founded by Lord Chief Baron Smith, for the service of the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Carr, the senior clergyman, preached from these words, — "Because the Lord reigneth, let the earth be glad." I was sorry to think Mr. Johnson did not attend to the sermon, Mr. Carr's low voice not being strong enough to reach his hearing. A selection of Mr. Carr's sermons has since his death been published by Sir William Forbes, and the world has acknowledged their uncommon merit. I am well assured Lord Mansfield has pronounced them to be excellent. (1)

Here I obtained a promise from Lord Chief Baron Orde, that he would dine at my house next day. I presented Mr. Johnson to his lordship, who politely said to him, "I have not the honour of knowing you; but I hope for it, and to see you at my house. I am to wait on you to-morrow." This respectable English judge will be long remembered in Scotland, where he built an elegant house, and lived in it magnificently. His own ample fortune, with the addition of his salary, enabled him to be splendidly hospitable. It may be fortunate for an individual amongst ourselves to be Lord Chief Baron, and a most worthy man (2) now has the office; but, in my opinion, it is better for Scotland in general, that

(1) [The Rev. George Carr was born at Newcastle, February 16. 1704, and died suddenly on Sunday, August 18. 1776.]

(2) James Montgomery, created a baronet in 1801, on his resignation of the office of Chief Baron.—C. [He died in 1803.]

some of our public employments should be filled by gentlemen of distinction from the south side of the Tweed, as we have the benefit of promotion in England. Such an interchange would make a beneficial mixture of manners, and render our union more complete. Lord Chief Baron Orde was on good terms with us all, in a narrow country, filled with jarring interests, and keen parties; and, though I well knew his opinion to be the same with my own, he kept himself aloof at a very critical period indeed, when the Douglas cause shook the sacred security of birthright in Scotland to its foundation, a cause which, had it happened before the Union, when there was no appeal to a British House of Lords, would have left the great fortress of honours and of property in ruins. (1)

When we got home, Dr. Johnson desired to see my books. He took down Ogden's Sermons on Prayer, on which I set a very high value, having been much edified by them, and he retired with them to his room. He did not stay long, but soon joined us in the drawing-room. I presented to him Mr. Robert Arbuthnot (2), a relation of the cele-

(1) It must be recollected that Mr. Boswell was not only counsel, but a violent partisan in this cause. There was, in fact, no attempt at "shaking the sacred security of *birthright*." The question was, "*to whom* the birthright belonged;" that is, whether Mr. Douglas was or was not the son of those he *called* his father and mother. — C.

(2) Robert Arbuthnot, Esq. was secretary to the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of the Arts and Manufactures of Scotland; in this office he was succeeded by his son William, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, when King George the Fourth visited Scotland, who was made a baronet on that occasion, and has lately died much lamented. Both father and son were accomplished gentlemen, and elegant scholars. — Walter Scott.

brated Dr. Arbuthnot, and a man of literature and taste. To him we were obliged for a previous recommendation, which secured us a very agreeable reception at St. Andrew's, and which Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey," ascribes to "some invisible friend."

Of Dr. Beattie, Mr. Johnson said, "Sir, he has written like a man conscious of the truth, and feeling his own strength. Treating your adversary with respect, is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge of reasoning, and are impressed by character; so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think, that though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect, is striking soft in a battle. And as to Hume, a man who has so much conceit as to tell all mankind that they have been bubbled for ages, and he is the wise man who sees better than they — a man who has so little scrupulosity as to venture to oppose those principles which have been thought necessary to human happiness — is he to be surprised if another man comes and laughs at him? If he is the great man he thinks himself, all this cannot hurt him: it is like throwing peas against a rock." He added "something much too rough," both as to Mr. Hume's head and heart, which I suppress. (1) Violence is, in my opinion, not suitable

(1) It may be supposed that it was somewhat like what Mrs. Piozzi relates that he said of an eminent infidel, whose name she does not give, but who was probably either Hume or Gibbon (Malone thought Gibbon). "You will at least," said some one, "allow him the *lumières*." — "Just enough," replied the Doctor, "to light him to hell."

to the Christian cause. Besides, I always lived on good terms with Mr. Hume, though I have frankly told him, I was not clear that it was right in me to keep company with him. "But," said I, "how much better are you than your books!" He was cheerful, obliging, and instructive; he was charitable to the poor; and many an agreeable hour have I passed with him. I have preserved some entertaining and interesting memoirs of him, particularly when he knew himself to be dying, which I may some time or other communicate to the world. I shall not, however, extol him so very highly as Dr. Adam Smith does, who says, in a letter to Mr. Strahan the printer (not a confidential letter to his friend, but a letter which is published (1) with all formality): "Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a

(1) This letter, though shattered by the sharp shot of Dr. Horne of Oxford's wit, in the character of "One of the People called Christians," is still prefixed to Mr. Hume's excellent History of England, like a poor invalid on the piquet guard, or like a list of quack medicines sold by the same bookseller, by whom a work of whatever nature is published; for it has no connection with his History, let it have what it may with what are called his Philosophical Works. A worthy friend of mine in London was lately consulted by a lady of quality, of most distinguished merit, what was the best History of England for her son to read. My friend recommended Hume's. But, upon recollecting that its usher was a superlative panegyric on one, who endeavoured to sap the credit of our holy religion, he revoked his recommendation. I am really sorry for this ostentatious alliance; because I admire "The Theory of Moral Sentiments," and value the greatest part of "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations." Why should such a writer be so forgetful of human comfort, as to give any countenance to that dreary infidelity which would "make us poor indeed!"

perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Let Dr. Smith consider, Was not Mr. Hume blest with good health, good spirits, good friends, a competent and increasing fortune? And had he not also a perpetual feast of fame? But, as a learned friend has observed to me, "What trials did he undergo, to prove the perfection of his virtue? Did he ever experience any great instance of adversity?" When I read this sentence, delivered by my old professor of moral philosophy, I could not help exclaiming with the Psalmist, "Surely I have now more understanding than my teachers!"

While we were talking, there came a note to me from Dr. William Robertson.

"Dear Sir, — I have been expecting every day to hear from you of Dr. Johnson's arrival. Pray, what do you know about his motions? I long to take him by the hand. I write this from the college, where I have only this scrap of paper. Ever yours, W. R.
"Sunday."

It pleased me to find Dr. Robertson thus eager to meet Dr. Johnson. I was glad I could answer that he was come; and I begged Dr. Robertson might be with us as soon as he could.

Sir William Forbes, Mr. Scott, Mr. Arbuthnot, and another gentleman, dined with us. "Come, Dr. Johnson," said I, "it is commonly thought that our veal in Scotland is not good. But here is some which I believe you will like." There was no catching him. Johnson. "Why, Sir, what is commonly thought, I should take to be true. *Your* veal may be good; but that will only be an

exception to the general opinion, not a proof against it."

Dr. Robertson, according to the custom of Edinburgh at that time, dined in the interval between the forenoon and afternoon service, which was then later than now; so we had not the pleasure of his company till dinner was over, when he came and drank wine with us; and then began some animated dialogue, of which here follows a pretty full note.

We talked of Mr. Burke. Dr. Johnson said, he had great variety of knowledge, store of imagery, copiousness of language. ROBERTSON. "He has wit too." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; he never succeeds there. 'Tis low; 'tis conceit. I used to say, Burke never once made a good joke. (1) What I most envy Burke for is, his being constantly the same. He is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off." BOSWELL. "Yet he can listen." JOHNSON. "No; I cannot say he is good at that. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he'll speak to somebody at the other end. Burke, Sir, is such a man, that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner, that, when you parted, you would say, This is an extraordinary man. Now, you may be long enough with me, without finding any thing

(1) Mr. Boswell's long note on this dictum will be found at the end of the chapter, p. 28, post.

extraordinary." He said, he believed Burke was intended for the law; but either had not money enough to follow it, or had not diligence enough. He said, he could not understand how a man could apply to one thing, and not to another. Robertson said, one man had more judgment, another more imagination. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; it is only, one man has more mind than another. He may direct it differently; he may, by accident, see the success of one kind of study, and take a desire to excel in it. I am persuaded that had Sir Isaac Newton applied to poetry, he would have made a very fine epic poem. I could as easily apply to law as to tragic poetry." (1) BOSWELL. "Yet, Sir, you did apply to tragic poetry, not to law." JOHNSON. "Because, Sir, I had not money to study law. Sir, the man who has vigour may walk to the east, just as well as to the west, if he happens to turn his head that way." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, 't is like walking up and down a hill; one man may naturally do the one better than the other. A hare will run up a hill best, from her fore-legs being short; a dog down." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir; that is from mechanical powers. If you make mind mechanical, you may argue in that manner. One mind is a vice, and holds fast; there 's a good memory. Another is a file; and he is a disputant, a controversialist. Another is a razor; and he is sarcastical." We talked of Whitfield. He said he was at the same college with him, and knew him before he began

(1) How much a man deceives himself! Johnson, who has shown such powers in other lines of literature, failed as a tragic poet. — C.

to be better than other people (smiling); that he believed he sincerely meant well, but had a mixture of politics and ostentation: whereas Wesley thought of religion only. (1) Robertson said, Whitfield had strong natural eloquence, which, if cultivated, would have done great things. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I take it he was at the height of what his abilities could do, and was sensible of it. He had the ordinary advantages of education; but he chose to pursue that oratory which is for the mob." BOSWELL. "He had great effect on the passions." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I don't think so. He could not represent a succession of pathetic images. He vociferated, and made an impression. There, again, was a mind like a hammer." Dr. Johnson now said, a certain eminent political friend (2) of ours was wrong in his maxim of sticking to a certain set of men on all occasions. "I can see that a man may do right to stick to a party," said he, "that is to say, he is a Whig, or he is a Tory, and he thinks one of those parties upon the whole the best, and that to make it prevail, it must be generally supported, though, in particulars, it may

(1) That cannot be said now, after the flagrant part which Mr. John Wesley took against our American brethren, when, in his own name, he threw amongst his enthusiastic flock the very individual combustibles of Dr. Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny;" and after the intolerant spirit which he manifested against our fellow Christians of the Roman Catholic communion, for which that able champion, Father O'Leary, has given him so hearty a drubbing. But I should think myself very unworthy, if I did not at the same time acknowledge Mr. John Wesley's merit, as a veteran "Soldier of Jesus Christ," who has, I do believe, turned many from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan to the living God.

(2) Mr. Burke. See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 263. — C.

be wrong. He takes its faggot of principles, in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks, to be sure; and they cannot well be separated. But, to bind one's self to one man, or one set of men (who may be right to-day, and wrong to-morrow), without any general preference of system, I must disapprove."(1).

He told us of Cooke (2), who translated Hesiod, and lived twenty years on a translation of Plautus,

(1) If due attention were paid to this observation, there would be more virtue even in politics. What Dr. Johnson justly condemned has, I am sorry to say, greatly increased in the present reign. At the distance of four years from this conversation, 21st of February, 1777, my Lord Archbishop of York, in his "Sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," thus indignantly describes the then state of parties:—"Parties once had a principle belonging to them, absurd, perhaps, and indefensible, but still carrying a notion of duty, by which honest minds might easily be caught. But they are now combinations of individuals, who, instead of being the sons and servants of the community, make a league for advancing their private interests. It is their business to hold high the notion of political honour. I believe and trust, it is not injurious to say, that such a bond is no better than that by which the lowest and wickedest combinations are held together; and that it denotes the last stage of political depravity."

To find a thought, which just showed itself to us from the mind of Johnson, thus appearing again at such a distance of time, and without any communication between them, enlarged to full growth in the mind of Markham, is a curious object of philosophical contemplation. That two such great and luminous minds should have been so dark in one corner; that they should have held it to be "wicked rebellion" in the British subjects established in America, to resist the abject condition of holding all their property at the mercy of British subjects remaining at home, while their allegiance to our common lord the king was to be preserved inviolate, is a striking proof, to me, either that "he who sitteth in heaven" scorns the loftiness of human pride, or that the evil spirit, whose personal existence I strongly believe, and even in this age am confirmed in that belief by a Fell, nay, by a Hurd, has more power than some choose to allow.

(2) [Thomas Cooke was born in 1702, and died 1756.]

for which he was always taking subscriptions; and that he presented Foote to a club in the following singular manner: "This is the nephew of the gentleman who was lately hung in chains for murdering his brother." (1)

In the evening I introduced to Mr. Johnson (2) two good friends of mine, Mr. William Nairne, advocate, and Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum, my neighbour in the country, both of whom supped with us. I have preserved nothing of what passed, except that Dr. Johnson displayed another of his heterodox opinions — a contempt of tragic acting. He said, "The action of all players in tragedy is bad. It should be a man's study to repress those signs of emotion and passion, as they are called." He was of a directly contrary opinion to that of Fielding, in his "Tom Jones;" who makes Partridge say of Garrick, "Why, I could act as well as he myself.

(1) Mr. Foote's mother was the sister of Sir J. Dinely Goodere, Bart., and of Captain Goodere, who commanded H. M. S. Ruby, on board which, when lying in King's Road, Bristol, in January, 1741, the latter caused his brother to be forcibly carried, and there barbarously murdered. Captain Goodere was, with two of his accomplices, executed for this offence in the April following. The circumstances of the case, and some other facts connected with this family, led to an opinion that Captain Goodere was insane; and some unhappy circumstances in Foote's life render it probable that *he* had not wholly escaped this hereditary irregularity of mind. — C. Foote's first publication was a pamphlet in defence of his uncle's memory. — WALTER SCOTT.

(2) It may be observed, that I sometimes call my great friend *Mr.* Johnson, sometimes *Dr.* Johnson; though he had at this time a Doctor's degree from Trinity College, Dublin. The University of Oxford afterwards conferred it upon him by a diploma, in very honourable terms. It was some time before I could bring myself to call him Doctor; but, as he has been long known by that title, I shall give it to him in the rest of this Journal. — B. Johnson never, it seems, called himself *Doctor*. See *antè*, Vol. I. p. 289., and *post*, April 7. 1775. — C.

I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did." For, when I asked him, "Would not you, Sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" he answered, "I hope not. If I did, I should frighten the ghost."

NOTE — on Dr. Johnson's assertion that Mr. Burke "never made a good joke." — See *antè*, p. 23.

This was one of the points upon which Dr. Johnson was strangely heterodox. For surely Mr. Burke, with his other remarkable qualities, is also distinguished for his wit, and for wit of all kinds too; not merely that power of language which Pope chooses to denominate wit: —

"True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;"

but surprising allusions, brilliant sallies of vivacity, and pleasant conceits. His speeches in parliament are strewed with them. Take, for instance, the variety which he has given in his wide range, yet exact detail, when exhibiting his Reform Bill. And his conversation abounds in wit. Let me put down a specimen. I told him I had seen, at a *blue-stocking* assembly, a number of ladies sitting round a worthy and tall friend of ours [Mr. Langton], listening to his literature. "Ay," said he, "like maids round a May-pole." I told him, I had found out a perfect definition of human nature, as distinguished from the animal. An ancient philosopher said, man was "a two-legged animal without feathers;" upon which his rival sage had a cock plucked bare, and set him down in the school before all the disciples, as a "philosophic man." Dr. Franklin said, man was "a tool-making animal," which is very well; for no animal but man makes a thing, by means of which he can make another thing. But this applies to very few of the species. My definition of man is, "a cooking animal." The beasts have memory, judgment, and all the faculties and passions of our mind, in a certain degree; but no beast is a cook. The trick of the monkey using the cat's paw to roast a chestnut is only a piece of shrewd malice in that *turpissima bestia*, which humbles us so sadly by its similarity to us. Man alone can dress a good dish; and every man whatever is more or less a cook, in seasoning what he himself eats. "Your definition is good," said Mr. Burke, "and I now see the full force of the common proverb, 'There is reason in roasting of eggs.'" When Mr. Wilkes, in his days of tumultu-

ous opposition, was borne upon the shoulders of the mob, Mr. Burke (as Mr. Wilkes told me himself, with classical admiration) applied to him what Horace says of Pindar, —

"———— *numeris*que fertur
Lege *solutis*."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who agrees with me entirely as to Mr. Burke's fertility of wit, said, that this was "dignifying a pun.' He also observed, that he has often heard Burke say, in the course of an evening, ten good things, each of which would have served a noted wit (whom he named) to live upon for a twelvemonth.

I find, since the former edition, that some persons have objected to the instances which I have given of Mr. Burke's wit, as not doing justice to my very ingenious friend; the specimens produced having, it is alleged, more of conceit than real wit, and being merely sportive sallies of the moment, not justifying the encomium which they think, with me, he undoubtedly merits. I was well aware, how hazardous it was to exhibit particular instances of wit, which is of so airy and spiritual a nature as often to elude the hand that attempts to grasp it. The excellence and efficacy of a *bon mot* depend frequently so much on the occasion on which it is spoken, on the particular manner of the speaker, on the person to whom it is applied, the previous introduction, and a thousand minute particulars which cannot be easily enumerated, that it is always dangerous to detach a witty saying from the group to which it belongs, and to set it before the eye of the spectator, divested of those concomitant circumstances, which gave it animation, mellowness, and relief. I ventured, however, at all hazards, to put down the first instances that occurred to me, as proofs of Mr. Burke's lively and brilliant fancy; but am very sensible that his numerous friends could have suggested many of a superior quality. Indeed, the being in company with him, for a single day, is sufficient to show that what I have asserted is well founded; and it was only necessary to have appealed to all who know him intimately, for a complete refutation of the heterodox opinion entertained by Dr. Johnson on this subject. *He* allowed Mr. Burke, as the reader will find hereafter, to be a man of consummate and unrivalled abilities in every light except that now under consideration; and the variety of his allusions, and splendour of his imagery, have made such an impression on *all the rest* of the world, that superficial observers are apt to overlook his other merits, and to suppose that *wit* is his chief and most prominent excellence; when in fact it is only one of the many talents that he possesses, which are so various and extraordinary, that it is very difficult to ascertain precisely the rank and value of each.

CHAPTER II.

Edinburgh. — Ogden on Prayer. — Lord Hailes. — Parliament-House. — The Advocates' Library. — Writing doggedly. — The Union. — Queen Mary. — St. Giles's. — The Cowgate. — The College. — Holyrood House. — Swift. — Witchcraft. — Lord Monboddo and the Ouran-Outang. — Actors. — Poetry and Lexicography. — Scepticism. — Vane and Sedley. — Maclaurin. — Literary Property. — Boswell's Character of Himself. — They leave Edinburgh.

Monday, August 16*th.* — DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON came to breakfast. We talked of Ogden on Prayer. Dr. Johnson said, "The same arguments which are used against God's hearing prayer will serve against his rewarding good, and punishing evil. He has resolved, he has declared, in the former case as in the latter." He had last night looked into Lord Hailes's "Remarks on the History of Scotland." Dr. Robertson and I said, it was a pity Lord Hailes (1) did not write greater things. His lordship had not then published his "Annals of Scotland." JOHNSON. "I remember I was once on a visit at the house of a lady for whom I had a high respect. There was a good deal of company in the room. When they were gone, I said to this lady, 'What

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 217.]

foolish talking have we had!' — 'Yes,' said she, 'but while they talked, you said nothing.' I was struck with the reproof. How much better is the man who does any thing that is innocent, than he who does nothing! Besides, I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come, in time, to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made. If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system, we may be long in getting them, and get but few, in comparison of what we might get."

Dr. Robertson said, the notions of Eupham Macallan, a fanatic woman, of whom Lord Hailes gives a sketch, were still prevalent among some of the presbyterians: and, therefore, it was right in Lord Hailes, a man of known piety, to undeceive them.

We walked out, that Dr. Johnson might see some of the things which we have to show at Edinburgh. We went to the Parliament-house (1), where the parliament of Scotland sat, and where the ordinary lords of session hold their courts, and to the new session-house adjoining to it, where our court of fifteen (the fourteen ordinaries, with the lord president at their head) sit as a court of review. We went to the advocates' library, of which Dr. Johnson took a cursory view; and then to what is called the Laigh (or under) Parliament-house, where the records of

(1) It was on this visit to the parliament-house, that Mr. Henry Erskine (brother of Lord Buchan and Lord Erskine), after being presented to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Boswell, and having made his bow, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was for the sight of his *bear*. — WALTER SCOTT. [This was the subject of a cotemporary caricature.]

Scotland, which has an universal security by register, are deposited, till the great register office be finished. (1) I was pleased to behold Dr. Samuel Johnson rolling about in this old magazine of antiquities. There was, by this time, a pretty numerous circle of us attending upon him. Somebody talked of happy moments for composition, and how a man can write at one time, and not at another. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself *doggedly* to it." (2)

I here began to indulge old Scottish sentiments, and to express a warm regret, that, by our union with England, we were no more; our independent kingdom was lost. JOHNSON. "Sir, never talk of your independency, who could let your queen remain twenty years in captivity, and then be put to death, without even a pretence of justice, without your ever attempting to rescue her; and such a queen too! as every man of any gallantry of spirit would have sacrificed his life for." Worthy MR. JAMES KERR, keeper of the records. "Half our nation was bribed by English money." JOHNSON. "Sir, that is no defence: that makes you worse." Good MR. BROWN, keeper of the advocates' library. "We had better say nothing about it." BOSWELL. "You would have been glad, however, to have had us last war, Sir, to fight your battles!" JOHNSON. "We should have had you

(1) This great Register Office is now one of the architectural beauties of Edinburgh.—C.

(2) This word is commonly used to signify sullenly, gloomily; and in that sense alone it appears in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. I suppose he meant by it, "with an obstinate resolution, similar to that of a sullen man."

for the same price, though there had been no union, as we might have had Swiss, or other troops. No, no, I shall agree to a separation. You have only to *go home*." Just as he had said this, I, to divert the subject, showed him the signed assurances of the three successive kings of the Hanover family, to maintain the presbyterian establishment in Scotland. "We 'll give you that," said he, "into the bargain." (1)

We next went to the great church of St. Giles, which has lost its original magnificence in the inside, by being divided into four places of presbyterian worship. "Come," said Dr. Johnson jocularly to Principal Robertson (2), "let me see what was once a church!" We entered that division which was formerly called the New Church, and of late the High Church, so well known by the eloquence of Dr. Hugh Blair. It is now very elegantly fitted up; but it was then shamefully dirty. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but when we came to the great door of the royal infirmary, where, upon a board, was this inscription, "Clean your feet!" he turned about slyly, and said,

(1) The meaning seems to be that, in a fit of *Jacobite* jocularity, Johnson was willing, in consideration of the dissolution of the Union, to allow the *Hanover family* to reign in Scotland, inferring, of course, that the *Stuarts* were to reign in England. C.—[Perhaps, Johnson meant that they, the Scotch, were welcome not only to stay at home, but to keep their *kirk* too—as inferior to the *church* as Scotland to England.—J.G.L.]

(2) I have hitherto called him Dr. William Robertson, to distinguish him from Dr. James Robertson, who is soon to make his appearance; but *Principal*, from his being the head of our college, is his usual designation, and is shorter: so I shall use it hereafter.

"There is no occasion for putting this at the doors of your churches!"

We then conducted him down the Posthouse-stairs, Parliament-close, and made him look up from the Cowgate to the highest building in Edinburgh (from which he had just descended), being thirteen floors or stories from the ground upon the back elevation; the front wall being built upon the edge of the hill, and the back wall rising from the bottom of the hill several stories before it comes to a level with the front wall.(1) We proceeded to the college, with the Principal at our head. Dr. Adam Fergusson, whose "Essay on the History of Civil Society" gives him a respectable place in the ranks of literature, was with us. As the college buildings are indeed very mean, the Principal said to Dr. Johnson, that he must give them the same epithet that a Jesuit did when showing a poor college abroad: "*Hæ miseriæ nostræ.*" Dr. Johnson was, however, much pleased with the library, and with the conversation of Dr. James Robertson, professor of Oriental languages, the librarian. We talked of Kennicot's edition of the Hebrew Bible, and hoped it would be quite faithful. JOHNSON. "Sir, I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit, as poisoning the sources of eternal truth."

I pointed out to him where there formerly stood an old wall enclosing part of the college, which I remember bulged out in a threatening manner, and of which there was a common tradition similar to

(1) [This lofty house was burned down in 1824. The site is now occupied by Sir William Forbes's bank.—CHAMBERS.]

that concerning Bacon's study at Oxford, that it would fall upon some very learned man. It had some time before this been taken down, that the street might be widened, and a more convenient wall built. Dr. Johnson, glad of an opportunity to have a pleasant hit at Scottish learning, said, "They have been afraid it never would fall."

We showed him the royal infirmary, for which, and for every other exertion of generous public spirit in his power, that noble-minded citizen of Edinburgh, George Drummond(1), will be ever held in honourable remembrance. And we were too proud not to carry him to the abbey of Holyrood House, that beautiful piece of architecture, but, alas! that deserted mansion of royalty, which Hamilton of Bangour, in one of his elegant poems calls,

"A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells."

I was much entertained while Principal Robertson fluently harangued to Dr. Johnson, upon the spot, concerning scenes of his celebrated History of Scotland. We surveyed that part of the palace appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, as keeper, in which our beautiful Queen Mary lived, and in which David Rizzio was murdered, and also the state rooms. Dr. Johnson was a great reciter of all sorts of things, serious or comical. I overheard him repeating here, in a kind of muttering tone,

(1) [This excellent magistrate died in 1766. Some years after his death, a bust of him, by Nollekens, was placed in the public hall of the hospital, with this inscription from the pen of Robertson:—"George Drummond, to whom this country is indebted for all the benefit which it derives from the royal infirmary."]

a line of the old ballad, "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night."

"And ran him through the fair body (1)!"

We returned to my house, where there met him, at dinner, the Duchess of Douglas (2), Sir Adolphus Oughton, Lord Chief Baron [Orde], Sir William Forbes, Principal Robertson, Mr. Cullen, advocate. Before dinner, he told us of a curious conversation between the famous George Faulkner and him. George said, that England had drained Ireland of fifty thousand pounds in specie, annually, for fifty years. "How so, Sir?" said Dr. Johnson: "you must have very great trade?"—"No trade."—"Very rich mines?"—"No mines."—"From whence, then, does all this money come?"—"Come! why out of the blood and bowels of the poor people of Ireland!"

He seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift (3); for I once took the liberty

(1) The stanza from which he took this line is—

"But then rose up all Edinburgh,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And ran him through the fair body!"

(2) Margaret, daughter of James Douglas, Esq. of the Mains. "An old lady," writes Dr. Johnson, "who talks broad Scotch with a paralytic voice, and is scarce understood by her own countrymen."—Letters, vol. i. 209.—C.

(3) What could Johnson mean by calling Swift "*shallow*?" If he be *shallow*, who, in his department of literature, is profound? Without admitting that Swift was "inferior in coarse humour to Arbuthnot" (of whose precise share in the works to which he is supposed to have contributed, we know little or nothing), it must be observed, that he who is *second* to the greatest masters of different styles may be said to be the *first* on the whole. See as to the Tale of a Tub, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 239.—C.

to ask him, if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me, he had not. He said to-day, "Swift is clear, but he is shallow. In coarse humour he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour he is inferior to Addison. So he is inferior to his contemporaries, without putting him against the whole world. I doubt if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say, he was *impar sibi*."

We gave him as good a dinner as we could. Our Scotch muir-fowl, or grouse, were then abundant, and quite in season; and, so far as wisdom and wit can be aided by administering agreeable sensations to the palate, my wife took care that our great guest should not be deficient.

Sir Adolphus Oughton, then our deputy commander in chief, who was not only an excellent officer, but one of the most universal scholars(1) I ever knew, had learned the Erse language, and expressed his belief in the authenticity of Ossian's Poetry. Dr. Johnson took the opposite side of that perplexed question, and I was afraid the dispute would have run high between them. But Sir Adolphus, who had a very sweet temper, changed the discourse, grew playful, laughed at Lord Monboddo's notion of men having tails, and called him a judge *à posteriori*, which amused Dr. Johnson, and thus hostilities were prevented.

(1) Lord Stowell remembers with pleasure the elegance and extent of Sir Adolphus Oughton's literature, and the suavity of his manners.—C.

At supper we had Dr. Cullen, his son the advocate, Dr. Adam Fergusson, and Mr. Crosbie, advocate.(1) Witchcraft was introduced. Mr. Crosbie said he thought it the greatest blasphemy to suppose evil spirits counteracting the Deity, and raising storms, for instance, to destroy his creatures. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if moral evil be consistent with the government of the Deity, why may not physical evil be also consistent with it? It is not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men: evil unembodied spirits, than evil embodied spirits. And as to storms, we know there are such things; and it is no worse that evil spirits raise them than that they rise." CROSBIE. "But it is not credible that witches should have effected what they are said in stories to have done." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am not defending their credibility. I am only saying that your arguments are not good, and will not overturn the belief of witchcraft. — (Dr. Fergusson said to me aside, 'He is right.') — And then, Sir, you have all mankind, rude and civilised, agreeing in the belief of the agency of preternatural powers. You must take evidence; you must consider that wise and great men have condemned witches to die." CROSBIE. "But an act of parliament put an end to witchcraft." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, witchcraft had ceased; and, therefore, an act of parliament was passed to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Why it ceased we cannot

(1) Lord Stowell recollects that Johnson was treated by the Scotch literati with a degree of deference bordering on pusillanimity; but he excepts from that observation Mr. Crosbie, whom he characterises as an *intrepid talker*, and the *only* man who was disposed to *stand up* (as the phrase is) to Johnson.—C.

tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things." Dr. Cullen, to keep up the gratification of mysterious disquisition, with the grave address for which he is remarkable in his companionable as in his professional hours, talked, in a very entertaining manner, of people walking and conversing in their sleep. I am very sorry I have no note of this.(1) We talked of the ouran-outang, and of Lord Monboddo's thinking that he might be taught to speak. Dr. Johnson treated this with ridicule. Mr. Crosbie said that Lord Monboddo believed the existence of every thing possible; in short, that all which is *in posse* might be found *in esse*. JOHNSON. "But, Sir, it is as possible that the ouran-outang does not speak, as that he speaks. However, I shall not contest the point. I should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddo; yet *he* exists." I again mentioned the stage. JOHNSON. "The appearance of a player, with whom I have drunk tea, counteracts the imagination that he is the character he represents. Nay, you know, nobody imagines that he is the character he represents. They say, 'See Garrick! how he looks to-night! See how he'll clutch the dagger!' That is the buzz of the theatre."

Tuesday, Aug. 17. — Sir William Forbes came to breakfast, and brought with him Dr. Blacklock, whom he introduced to Dr. Johnson, who received him with a most humane complacency; "Dear Dr. Blacklock, I am glad to see you!" Blacklock

(1) See in the Life of Blacklock, in Anderson's Brit. Poets, an anecdote of Dr. Blacklock's somnambulism, which may very probably have been one of the topics on this occasion. — C.

seemed to be much surprised when Dr. Johnson said, "it was easier to him to write poetry than to compose his Dictionary. His mind was less on the stretch in doing the one than the other.(1) Besides, composing a dictionary requires books and a desk: you can make a poem walking in the fields, or lying in bed." Dr. Blacklock spoke of scepticism in morals and religion with apparent uneasiness, as if he wished for more certainty.(2) Dr. Johnson, who had thought it all over, and whose vigorous understanding was fortified by much experience, thus encouraged the blind bard to apply to higher speculations what we all willingly submit to in common life: in short, he gave him more familiarly the able and fair reasoning of Butler's Analogy: "Why, Sir, the greatest concern we have in this world, the choice of our profession, must be determined without demonstrative reasoning. Human life is not yet so well known, as that we can have it: and take the case of a man who is ill. I call two physicians; they differ in opinion. I am not to lie down, and die between them: I must do something." The conversation then turned on atheism; on that horrible book, *Système de la Nature*; and on the supposition of an eternal necessity without design, without a governing mind. JOHNSON. "If it were so, why has it ceased? Why don't we see men thus produced around us now? Why, at least,

(1) There is hardly any operation of the intellect which requires nicer and deeper consideration than *definition*. A thousand men may write verses, for one who has the power of defining and discriminating the exact meaning of words and the principles of grammatical arrangement.—C.

(2) See his Letter on this subject in the Appendix, No. I.

does it not keep pace, in some measure, with the progress of time? If it stops because there is now no need of it, then it is plain there is, and ever has been, an all-powerful intelligence. But stay! (said he, with one of his satyric laughs). Ha! ha! ha! I shall suppose Scotchmen made necessarily, and Englishmen by choice."

At dinner this day we had Sir Alexander Dick, whose amiable character and ingenious and cultivated mind are so generally known; (he was then on the verge of seventy, and is now (1785) eighty-one, with his faculties entire, his heart warm, and his temper gay) (1), Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, Mr. Maclaurin, advocate; Dr. Gregory, who now worthily fills his father's medical chair; and my uncle, Dr. Boswell. This was one of Dr. Johnson's best days. He was quite in his element. All was literature and taste, without any interruption. Lord Hailes, who is one of the best philologists in Great Britain, who has written papers in the World, and a variety of other works in prose and in verse, both Latin and English, pleased him highly. He told him he had discovered the Life of Cheynel, in the Student, to be his. JOHNSON. "No one else knows it." Dr. Johnson had before this dictated to me a law-paper (2) upon a question purely in the law of Scotland, concerning *vicious intromission*, that is to say, intermeddling with the effects of a deceased person, without a regular title; which formerly was understood to subject the inter-

(1) [Sir A. Dick was born in 1703; died Nov. 10. 1785.]
(2) See Vol. III. p. [illegible] and Appendix, No. II.—C.

meddler to payment of all the defunct's debts. The principle has of late been relaxed. Dr. Johnson's argument was for a renewal of its strictness. The paper was printed, with additions by me, and given into the court of session. Lord Hailes knew Dr. Johnson's part not to be mine, and pointed out exactly where it began and where it ended. Dr. Johnson said, "It is much now that his lordship can distinguish so."

In Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes there is the following passage: —

"The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs, for each birth, the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king."

Lord Hailes told him he was mistaken in the instances he had given of unfortunate fair ones, for neither Vane nor Sedley had a title to that description. His lordship has since been so obliging as to send me a note of this, for the communication of which I am sure my readers will thank me.

"The lines in the tenth Satire of Juvenal, according to my alteration, should run thus: —

"Yet Shore (1) could tell ——;
And Valière (2) cursed ——."

"The first was a penitent by compulsion, the second by sentiment; though the truth is, Mademoiselle de la Valière threw herself (but still from sentiment) in the king's way. "Our friend chose Vane (3), who was far from being well-looked; and Sedley (4), who was so ugly

(1) Mistress of Edward IV. (2) Mistress of Louis XIV.
(3) See antè, Vol. I. p. 226.—C.
(4) Catherine Sedley, created Countess of Dorchester for

that Charles II. said his brother had her by way of penance."(1)

Mr. Maclaurin's (2) learning and talents enabled him to do his part very well in Dr. Johnson's company. He produced two epitaphs upon his father, the celebrated mathematician. One was in English,

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life. Her father, Sir Charles, resenting the seduction of his daughter, joined in the Whig measures of the Revolution, and excused his revolt from James under an ironical profession of gratitude. "His Majesty," said he, "having done me the unlooked-for honour of making my daughter a *countess*, I cannot do less in return than endeavour to make his daughter a *queen*."—C.

(1) Lord Hailes was hypercritical. Vane was handsome, or, what is more to our purpose, appeared so to her royal lover; and Sedley, whatever others may have thought of her, had the "charms which pleased a king." So that Johnson's illustrations are morally just. His lordship's proposed substitution of a fabulous (or at least apocryphal) beauty like Jane Shore, whose story, even if true, was obsolete; or that of a foreigner, like Mlle. De la Valière, little known and less cared for amongst us, is not only tasteless but inaccurate; for Mlle. De la Valiure's beauty was quite as much questioned by her contemporaries as Miss Sedley's. Bussy Rabutin was exiled for sneering at Louis's admiration of her *mouth*, which he calls

"——— un bec amoureux,
Qui *d'une oreille à l'autre va*."—C.

(2) Mr. Maclaurin, advocate, son of the great mathematician, and afterwards a judge of session by the title of Lord Dreghorn. He wrote some indifferent English poems; but was a good Latin scholar, and a man of wit and accomplishment. His quotations from the classics were particularly apposite. In the famous case of *Knight*, which determined the right of a slave to freedom if he landed in Scotland, Maclaurin pleaded the cause of the negro. The counsel opposite was the celebrated Wight, an excellent lawyer, but of a very homely appearance, with heavy features, a blind eye, which projected from the socket, a swag belly, and a limp. To him Maclaurin applied the lines of Virgil—

"Quamvis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses,
O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori."

Mr. Maclaurin wrote an essay against the Homeric tale of "Troy divine," I believe, for the sole purpose of introducing a happy motto,—

"Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ."—WALTER SCOTT.

of which Dr. Johnson did not change one word. In the other, which was in Latin, he made several alterations. In place of the very words of Virgil, "Ubi luctus et pavor et plurima mortis imago," he wrote "Ubi luctus regnant et pavor." He introduced the word *prorsus* into the line "Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium;" and after "Hujus enim scripta evolve," he added, "Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem corpori caduco superstitem crede;" which is quite applicable to Dr. Johnson himself.(1)

Mr. Murray, advocate, who married a niece of Lord Mansfield's, and is now one of the judges of Scotland, by the title of Lord Henderland, sat with us a part of the evening; but did not venture to say any thing that I remember, though he is certainly possessed of talents which would have enabled him to have shown himself to advantage if too great anxiety had not prevented him.

At supper we had Dr. Alexander Webster (2),

(1) Mr. Maclaurin's epitaph, as engraved on a marble tombstone, in the Greyfriars churchyard, Edinburgh:—

Infra situs est
COLIN MACLAURIN,
Mathes. olim in Acad. Edin. Prof.
Electus ipso Newtono suadente.
H. L. P. F.
Non ut nomini paterno consulat,
Nam tali auxilio nil eget;
Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi luctus regnant et pavor,
Mortalibus prorsus non absit solatium:
Hujus enim scripta evolve,
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem
Corpori caduco superstitem crede.

(2) Dr. Webster was remarkable for the talent with which he at once supported his place in convivial society, and a high character as a leader of the strict and rigid presbyterian party in the church of Scotland. He was ever gay amid the gayest: when it once occurred to some one present to ask, what one of his Elders would think, should he see his pastor in such a merry

who, though not learned, had such a knowledge of mankind, such a fund of information and entertainment, so clear a head, and such accommodating manners, that Dr. Johnson found him a very agreeable companion.

When Dr. Johnson and I were left by ourselves, I read to him my notes of the opinions of our judges upon the questions of literary property. He did not like them; and said, "they make me think of your judges not with that respect which I should wish to do." To the argument of one of them, that there can be no property in blasphemy or nonsense, he answered, "then your rotten sheep are mine!— By that rule, when a man's house falls into decay, he must lose it." (1) I mentioned an argument of mine, that literary performances are not taxed. As Churchill says,

> "No statesman yet has thought it worth his pains
> To tax our labours, or excise our brains;"

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mood.—"Think!" replied the Doctor; "why he would not believe his own eyes."—WALTER SCOTT.

(1) Dr. Johnson's illustration is sophistical, and might have been retorted upon him; for if a man's sheep are so rotten as to render the meat unwholesome, or, if his house be so decayed as to threaten mischief to passengers, the law will confiscate the mutton and abate the house, without any regard to *property*, which the owner thus abuses. Moreover, Johnson should have discriminated between a *criminal* offence and a *civil* right. Blasphemy is a crime; would it not be in the highest degree absurd, that there should be a *right of property* in a crime, or that the law should be called upon to protect that which is illegal? If this be true in *law*, it is much more so in *equity*, as he who applies for the *extraordinary* assistance of a court of equity should have a right consistent at least with equity and morals; and a like question [that as to the Cain of Lord Byron] was so decided, and upon that principle, by the greatest judge of modern times, Lord Eldon.—C.

and therefore they are not property. "Yet," said he, "we hang a man for stealing a horse, and horses are not taxed." Mr. Pitt has since put an end to that argument.

Wednesday, Aug. 18. — On this day we set out from Edinburgh. We should gladly have had Mr. Scott to go with us, but he was obliged to return to England. I have given a sketch of Dr. Johnson: my readers may wish to know a little of his fellow-traveller. Think, then, of a gentleman of ancient blood, the pride of which was his predominant passion. He was then in his thirty-third year, and had been about four years happily married. His inclination was to be a soldier, but his father, a respectable judge, had pressed him into the profession of the law. He had travelled a good deal, and seen many varieties of human life. He had thought more than any body had supposed, and had a pretty good stock of general learning and knowledge. He had all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation. He had rather too little than too much prudence; and, his imagination being lively, he often said things of which the effect was very different from the intention. He resembled sometimes

"The best good man, with the worst-natured muse."

He cannot deny himself the vanity of finishing with the encomium of Dr. Johnson, whose friendly partiality to the companion of his tour represents him as one, "whose acuteness would help my inquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation, and civility of manners, are sufficient to counteract the inconve-

niences of travel, in countries less hospitable than we have passed."

Dr. Johnson thought it unnecessary to put himself to the additional expense of bringing with him Francis Barber, his faithful black servant; so we were attended only by my man, Joseph Ritter ([1]), a Bohemian, a fine stately fellow above six feet high, who had been over a great part of Europe, and spoke many languages. He was the best servant I ever saw. Let not my readers disdain his introduction; for Dr. Johnson gave him this character: "Sir, he is a civil man and a wise man."

From an erroneous apprehension of violence, Dr. Johnson had provided a pair of pistols, some gunpowder, and a quantity of bullets: but upon being assured we should run no risk of meeting any robbers, he left his arms and ammunition in an open drawer, of which he gave my wife the charge. He also left in that drawer one volume of a pretty full and curious Diary of his Life, of which I have a few fragments; but the book has been destroyed. I wish female curiosity had been strong enough to have had it all transcribed, which might easily have been done, and I should think the theft, being *pro bono publico*, might have been forgiven. But I may be wrong. My wife told me she never once looked into it. She did not seem quite easy when we left her: but away we went!

(1) See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 317. Joseph Ritter afterwards undertook the management of the large inn at Paisley, called the Abercorn Arms, but did not succeed in that concern.—WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER III.

Frith of Forth.—Inch Keith.—Kinghorn.—Cupar.—Composition of Parliament.—Influence of Peers.—St. Andrews.—Literature and Patronage.—Writing and Conversation.—Change of Manners.—Drinking and Smoking.—The Union.—St. Rule's Chapel.—John Knox.—Retirement from the World.—Dinner with the Professors.—Subscription of Articles.—Latin Grace.—Sharp's Monument.—St. Salvador's.—Dinner to the Professors.—Instructions for Composition.—Supper at Dr. Watson's.—Uncertainty of Memory.—Observance of Sunday.—Trees in Scotland.—Leuchars.—Transubstantiation.—Literary Property.—Montrose.

Mr. Nairne (1), advocate, was to go with us as far as St. Andrew's. It gives me pleasure that, by mentioning his name, I connect his title to the just and handsome compliment paid him by Dr. Johnson, in his book: "A gentleman who could stay with us only long enough to make us know how much we lost by his leaving us." When we came to Leith,

(1) Mr. William Nairne, afterwards Sir William, and a judge of the court of session, by the title, made classical by Shakspeare, of Lord Dunsinnan. He was a man of scrupulous integrity. When sheriff depute of Perthshire, he found, upon reflection, that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously; and as the only remedy, supplied the litigant privately with money to carry the suit to the supreme court, where his judgment was reversed. Sir William was of the old school of manners, somewhat formal, but punctiliously well bred.—Walter Scott.

I talked with perhaps too boasting an air, how pretty the Frith of Forth looked; as indeed, after the prospect from Constantinople, of which I have been told, and that from Naples, which I have seen, I believe the view of that Frith and its environs, from the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, is the finest prospect in Europe. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "that is the state of the world. Water is the same every where.

"'Una est injusti cærula forma maris.'"(1)

I told him the port here was the mouth of the river or water of *Leith*. "Not *Lethe*," said Mr. Nairne. "Why, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "when a Scotchman sets out from this port for England, he forgets his native country." NAIRNE. "I hope, Sir, you will forget England here." JOHNSON. "Then 'twill be still more *Lethe*." He observed of the pier or quay, "You have no occasion for so large a one; your trade does not require it: but you are like a shopkeeper who takes a shop, not only for what he has to put into it, but that it may be believed he has a great deal to put into it." It is very true, that there is now, comparatively, little trade upon the eastern coast of Scotland. The riches of Glasgow show how much there is in the west; and, perhaps, we shall find trade travel westward on a great scale as well as a small.

We talked of a man's drowning himself. JOHN-

(1) Non illic urbes, non tu mirabere silvas:
Una est injusti cærula forma maris. *Ovid. Amor.* l. ii.

Nor groves nor towns the ruthless ocean shows,
Unvaried still its azure surface flows.

SON. "I should never think it time to make away with myself." I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on. "Suppose, Sir," said I, "that a man is absolutely sure, that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society." JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known!"

He then said, "I see a number of people barefooted here: I suppose you all went so before the Union. Boswell, your ancestors went so when they had as much land as your family has now. Yet Auchinleck is the Field of Stones; there would be bad going bare-footed there. The lairds, however, did it." I bought some speldings, fish (generally whitings) salted and dried in a particular manner, being dipped in the sea and dried in the sun, and eaten by the Scots by way of a relish. He had never seen them, though they are sold in London. I insisted on Scottifying (1) his palate; but he was very reluctant. With difficulty I prevailed with him to let a bit of one of them lie in his mouth. He did not like it.

In crossing the Frith, Dr. Johnson determined that we should land upon Inch Keith. On approaching it, we first observed a high rocky shore.

(1) My friend, General Campbell, Governor of Madras, tells me, that they make speldings in the East Indies, particularly at Bombay, where they call them Bambaloes.

We coasted about, and put into a little bay on the north-west. We clambered up a very steep ascent, on which was very good grass, but rather a profusion of thistles. There were sixteen head of black cattle grazing upon the island. Lord Hailes observed to me, that Brantome calls it L'isle des Chevaux, and that it was probably "a *safer* stable" than many others in his time. The fort, with an inscription on it, *Maria Re:* 1564, is strongly built. Dr. Johnson examined it with much attention. He stalked like a giant among the luxuriant thistles and nettles. There are three wells in the island, but we could not find one in the fort. There must probably have been one, though now filled up, as a garrison could not subsist without it."(1) But I have dwelt too long on this little spot. Dr. Johnson afterwards bade me try to write a description of our discovering Inch Keith, in the usual style of travellers, describing fully every particular; stating the grounds on which we concluded that it must have once been inhabited, and introducing many sage reflections, and we should see how a thing might be covered in words, so as to induce people to come and survey it. All that was told might be true, and yet in reality there might be nothing to see. He said, "I'd have this island. I'd build a house, make a good landing-place, have a garden, and vines, and all sorts of trees. A rich man, of a hospitable turn, here, would have many visiters from Edinburgh."

(1) The remains of the fort have been removed, to assist in constructing a very useful lighthouse upon the island. — WALTER SCOTT.

When we had got into our boat again, he called to me, "Come, now, pay a classical compliment to the island on quitting it." I happened luckily, in allusion to the beautiful Queen Mary, whose name is upon the fort, to think of what Virgil makes Æneas say, on having left the country of his charming Dido: —

"Invitus, regina, tuo de littore cessi." (1)

"Very well hit off!" said he.

We dined at Kinghorn, and then got into a post-chaise. Mr. Nairne and his servant, and Joseph, rode by us. We stopped at Cupar, and drank tea. We talked of Parliament; and I said, I supposed very few of the members knew much of what was going on, as indeed very few gentlemen know much of their own private affairs. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if a man is not of a sluggish mind, he may be his own steward. If he will look into his affairs, he will soon learn. So it is as to public affairs. There must always be a certain number of men of business in parliament." BOSWELL. "But consider, Sir, what is the House of Commons? Is not a great part of it chosen by peers? Do you think, Sir, they ought to have such an influence?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir. Influence must ever be in proportion to property; and it is right it should." BOSWELL. "But is there not reason to fear that the common people may be oppressed?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir. Our great fear is from want of power in government. Such a storm of vulgar force has broken in."

(1) "Unhappy queen!
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state." — *Dryden.*

BOSWELL. "It has only roared." JOHNSON. "Sir, it has roared, till the judges in Westminster Hall have been afraid to pronounce sentence in opposition to the popular cry. You are frightened by what is no longer dangerous, like presbyterians by popery." He then repeated a passage, I think, in Butler's Remains, which ends, "and would cry fire! fire! in Noah's flood." (1)

We had a dreary drive, in a dusky night, to St. Andrews, where we arrived late. We found a good supper at Glass's inn, and Dr. Johnson revived agreeably. He said, "The collection called 'The Muses' Welcome to King James' (first of England, and sixth of Scotland), on his return to his native kingdom, showed that there was then abundance of learning in Scotland; and that the conceits in that collection, with which people find fault, were mere mode." He added, "We could not now entertain a sovereign so; that Buchanan had spread the spirit of learning

(1) The passage quoted by Dr. Johnson is in the "Character of the Assembly Man," Butler's *Remains*, p. 232. edit. 1754 "He preaches, indeed, both in season and out of season; for he rails at Popery, when the land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry fire! fire! in Noah's flood." There is reason to believe that this piece was not written by Butler, but by Sir John Birkenhead; for Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. ii. p. 640., enumerates it among that gentleman's works, and gives the following account of it: —

"'The Assembly Man' (or the character of an assembly man), written 1647, Lond. 1662-3, in three sheets in quarto. The copy of it was taken from the author by those who said they could not rob, because all was theirs; so excised what they liked not; and so mangled and reformed it, that it was no character of an assembly, but of themselves. At length, after it had slept several years, the author published it, to avoid false copies. It is also reprinted in a book entitled 'Wit and Loyalty revived,' in a collection of some smart satyrs in verse and prose on the late times, Lond. 1682, qu., said to be written by Abr. Cowley, Sir John Birkenhead, and Hudibras, alias Sam. Butler."

For this information I am indebted to Mr. Reed, of Staple Inn.

amongst us, but we had lost it during the civil wars." He did not allow the Latin poetry of Pitcairne (1) so much merit as has been usually attributed to it; though he owned that one of his pieces, which he mentioned, but which I am sorry is not specified in my notes, was "very well." It is not improbable that it was the poem which Prior has so elegantly translated. (2)

After supper, we made a procession to Saint Leonard's college, the landlord walking before us with a candle, and the waiter with a lantern. That college had some time before been dissolved; and Dr. Watson (3), a professor here (the historian of Philip II.), had purchased the ground, and what buildings remained. When we entered his court, it seemed quite academical; and we found in his house very comfortable and genteel accommodation. (4)

Thursday, Aug. 19.—We rose much refreshed. I had with me a map of Scotland, a Bible which was given me by Lord Mountstuart when we were together in Italy, and Ogden's "Sermons on Prayer." Mr. Nairne introduced us to Dr. Watson, whom we found a well informed man, of very amiable manners. Dr. Johnson, after they were acquainted, said, "I take great delight in him." His daughter,

(1) [Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, born at Edinburgh, December 25. 1652; died there, October 20. 1713.]

(2) More likely the fine epitaph on John Viscount of Dundee, translated by Dryden, and beginning *Ultime Scotorum*, &c. — Walter Scott.

(3) [Dr. Robert Watson, born at St. Andrews about the year 1730; died March 31. 1781.]

(4) My journal, from this day inclusive, was read by Dr. Johnson.

a very pleasing young lady, made breakfast. Dr. Watson observed, that Glasgow university had fewer home students since trade increased, as learning was rather incompatible with it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, as trade is now carried on by subordinate hands, men in trade have as much leisure as others; and now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with patronage. In the infancy of learning, we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general, an author leaves the great, and applies to the multitude." BOSWELL. "It is a shame that authors are not now better patronised." JOHNSON. "No, Sir. If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery! what falsehood! While a man is in equilibrio, he throws truth among the multitude, and lets them take it as they please: in patronage, he must say what pleases his patron, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood." WATSON. "But is it not the case now, that, instead of flattering one person, we flatter the age?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir. The world always lets a man tell what he thinks his own way. I wonder, however, that so many people have written, who might have let it alone. That people should endeavour to excel in conversation, I do not wonder; because in conversation praise is instantly reverberated."

We talked of change of manners. Dr. Johnson observed, that our drinking less than our ancestors

was owing to the change from ale to wine. "I remember," said he, "when all the *decent* people in Lichfield got drunk (1) every night, and were not the worse thought of. Ale was cheap, so you pressed strongly. When a man must bring a bottle of wine, he is not in such haste. Smoking has gone out. To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes, and noses, and having the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account, why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by which he calms himself; beating with his feet, or so. (2) I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week: a Pandour, when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last. Formerly, good tradesmen had no fire but in the kitchen; never in the parlour, except on Sunday. My father, who was a magistrate of Lichfield, lived thus. They never began to have a fire in the parlour, but on leaving off business, or some great revolution of their life." Dr. Watson said, the hall was a kitchen, in old squires' houses. JOHNSON. "No, Sir. The hall was for great occasions, and never was used for domestic refection." We

(1) As an item in the history of manners, it may be observed, that *drinking* to excess has diminished greatly in the memory even of those who can remember forty or fifty years. The taste for *smoking*, however, has revived, probably from the military habits of Europe during the French wars; but, instead of the sober sedentary *pipe*, the ambulatory *cigar* is now chiefly used. See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 72., an observation of Johnson's, that insanity had increased as smoking declined. — C.

(2) Dr. Johnson used to practise this himself very much.

talked of the Union, and what money it had brought into Scotland. Dr. Watson observed, that a little money formerly went as far as a great deal now. JOHNSON. "In speculation, it seems that a smaller quantity of money, equal in value to a larger quantity, if equally divided, should produce the same effect. But it is not so in reality. Many more conveniencies and elegancies are enjoyed where money is plentiful, than where it is scarce. Perhaps a great familiarity with it, which arises from plenty, makes us more easily part with it."

After what Dr. Johnson had said of St. Andrews, which he had long wished to see, as our oldest university, and the seat of our primate in the days of episcopacy, I can say little. Since the publication of Dr. Johnson's book, I find that he has been censured for not seeing here the ancient chapel of St. Rule (1), a curious piece of sacred architecture. But this was neither his fault nor mine. We were both of us abundantly desirous of surveying such sort of antiquities; but neither of us knew of this. I am afraid the censure must fall on those who did not tell us of it. In every place, where there is any thing worthy of observation, there should be a short printed directory for strangers, such as we find in all the towns of Italy, and in some of the towns in England. I was told that there is a manuscript ac-

(1) It is very singular how they could miss seeing St. Rule's chapel, an ecclesiastical building, the most ancient, perhaps, in Great Britain. It is a square tower, which stands close by the ruins of the old cathedral. Martin's Reliquiæ Divi Andreæ are now published. — WALTER SCOTT. [Martin's History of St. Rule's Chapel, forms No. 47. of Bibl. Top. Brit. Lond. 1787. His Reliquiæ, written in 1683, were published in 1797.]

count of St. Andrews, by Martin, secretary to Archbishop Sharp; and that one Douglas has published a small account of it. I inquired at a bookseller's, but could not get it. Dr. Johnson's veneration for the hierarchy is well known. There is no wonder then, that he was affected with a strong indignation, while he beheld the ruins of religious magnificence. I happened to ask where John Knox was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out, "I hope in the highway. (1) I have been looking at his reformations."

It was a very fine day. Dr. Johnson seemed quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the scenes which were now presented to him. He kept his hat off while he was upon any part of the ground where the cathedral had stood. He said well, that, "Knox had set on a mob, without knowing where it would end; and that differing from a man in doctrine was no reason why you should pull his house about his ears." As we walked in the cloisters, there was a solemn echo, while he talked loudly of a proper retirement from the world. Mr. Nairne said, he had an inclination to retire. I called Dr. Johnson's attention to this, that I might hear his opinion if it was right. JOHNSON. "Yes, when he has done his duty to society. In general, as every man is obliged not only to 'love God, but his neighbour as himself,' he must bear his part in active life; yet there are exceptions. Those who are ex-

(1) [It is a little odd, though Boswell has overlooked it, that Knox *was* buried in a place which soon after became, and ever since has been, a *highway*; namely, the old churchyard of St. Giles in Edinburgh. — CHAMBERS.]

ceedingly scrupulous (which I do not approve, for I am no friend to scruples), and find their scrupulosity invincible, so that they are quite in the dark, and know not what they shall do, — or those who cannot resist temptations, and find they make themselves worse by being in the world, without making it better—may retire. I never read of a hermit, but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery, but I could fall on my knees, and kiss the pavement. But I think putting young people there, who know nothing of life, nothing of retirement, is dangerous and wicked. It is a saying as old as Hesiod —

"Ἔργα νεῶν, βουλαῖτε μέσων, εὐχαῖτε γερόντων." (1)

That is a very noble line: not that young men should not pray, or old men not give counsel, but that every season of life has its proper duties. I have thought of retiring, and have talked of it to a friend; but I find my vocation is rather to active life." I said, some young monks might be allowed, to show that it is not age alone that can retire to pious solitude; but he thought this would only show that they could not resist temptation.

He wanted to mount the steeples, but it could not be done. There are no good inscriptions here. Bad Roman characters he naturally mistook for half Gothic, half Roman. One of the steeples, which he was told was in danger, he wished not to be taken down; "for," said he, "it may fall on some of the posterity of John Knox; and no

(1) "Let youth in deeds, in counsel man engage:
Prayer is the proper duty of old age."

great matter!"(1) Dinner was mentioned. JOHNSON. "Ay, ay, amidst all these sorrowful scenes, I have no objection to dinner."

We went and looked at the castle where Cardinal Beaton was murdered (2), and then visited Principal Murison at his college, where is a good library room; but the Principal was abundantly vain of it, for he seriously said to Dr. Johnson, "You have not such a one in England." (3)

The professors entertained us with a very good dinner. Present: Murison, Shaw, Cooke, Hill (4), Haddo, Watson, Flint, Brown. I observed, that I wondered to see him eat so well, after viewing so many sorrowful scenes of ruined religious magnificence. "Why," said he, "I am not sorry,

(1) These towers have been repaired by the government, with a proper attention to the antiquities of the country. — WALTER SCOTT.

(2) David Beaton, Cardinal and Archbishop of St. Andrews, was murdered on the 29th of May, 1546, in his castle of St. Andrews, by John and Norman Leslie (of the Rothes family), and some others, in vengeance, as they alleged (though no doubt they had also personal motives), of the share the cardinal had in the death of Mr. George Wishart, a protestant minister of great reputation, who had lately been burned for heresy in the cardinal's own presence. "The cardinal was murdered," says Dr. Johnson in his "Journey," "by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner of which Knox has given what he himself calls a merry narrative." — Works, vol. viii. p. 212. — C.

(3) "The library," says Johnson, good-humouredly, "is not very spacious, but elegant and luminous. The doctor by whom it was shown hoped to irritate or subdue my English vanity by telling me, that we had no such repository of books in England." The library of St. Andrews is, I am informed, 75 feet long. That of All Souls, in Oxford, is 198 feet; of Christ Church, 141; of Queen's, 123; and each of the three divisions of the Bodleian is more than twice as long as the library of St. Andrews. — C.

(4) [Dr. George Hill, author of "Theological Institutes," &c.; born in 1750, died in December 1819.]

after seeing these gentlemen, for they are not sorry." Murison said, all sorrow was bad, as it was murmuring against the dispensations of Providence. JOHNSON. "Sir, sorrow is inherent in humanity. As you cannot judge two and two to be either five or three, but certainly four, so, when comparing a worse present state, with a better which is past, you cannot but feel sorrow. It is not cured by reason, but by the incursion of present objects, which wear out the past. You need not murmur, though you are sorry." MURISON. "But St. Paul says, 'I have learnt, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, that relates to riches and poverty; for we see St. Paul, when he had a thorn in the flesh, prayed earnestly to have it removed; and then he could not be content." Murison, thus refuted, tried to be smart, and drank to Dr. Johnson, "Long may you lecture!" Dr. Johnson afterwards, speaking of his not drinking wine, said, "The Doctor spoke of *lecturing* (looking to him). I give all these lectures on water."

He defended requiring subscription in those admitted to universities, thus: "As all who come into the country must obey the king, so all who come into an university must be of the Church."

And here I must do Dr. Johnson the justice to contradict a very absurd and ill-natured story, as to what passed at St. Andrews. It has been circulated, that, after grace was said in English, in the usual manner, he with the greatest marks of contempt, as if he had held it to be no grace in

an university, would not sit down till he had said grace aloud, in Latin. This would have been an insult indeed to the gentlemen who were entertaining us. But the truth was precisely thus. In the course of conversation at dinner, Dr. Johnson, in very good humour, said, "I should have expected to have heard a Latin grace, among so many learned men: we had always a Latin grace at Oxford. I believe I can repeat it." Which he did, as giving the learned men in one place a specimen of what was done by the learned men in another place. (1)

We went and saw the church, in which is Archbishop Sharp's (2) monument. (3) I was struck with the same kind of feelings with which the churches of Italy impressed me. I was much pleased to see Dr. Johnson actually in St. Andrews, of which we had talked so long. Professor Haddo was with us this afternoon, along with Dr. Watson. We looked at St. Salvador's College. The rooms for students seemed very commodious, and Dr. Johnson said, the chapel was the neatest place of worship he had seen. The key of the library

(1) [Boswell might have added, that as this dinner was at an *inn*, Johnson could not have seriously expected a Latin grace, said at Oxford only in the college *halls*.]

(2) James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was dragged from his coach, and murdered in the arms of his daughter, on Magus Moor, 3d of May, 1679. Sir Walter Scott, in his celebrated tale, entitled Old Mortality, has told this story with all the force of history and all the interest of romance. — C.

(3) The monument is of Italian marble. The brother of the archbishop left a sum for preserving it, which, in one unhappy year, was expended in painting it in resemblance of reality. The daubing is now removed. — Walter Scott.

could not be found: for it seems Professor Hill, who was out of town, had taken it with him. Dr. Johnson told a joke he had heard of a monastery abroad, where the key of the library could never be found.

It was somewhat dispiriting, to see this ancient archiepiscopal city now sadly deserted. We saw in one of its streets a remarkable proof of liberal toleration; a nonjuring clergyman, strutting about in his canonicals, with a jolly countenance and a round belly, like a well-fed monk.

We observed two occupations united in the same person, who had hung out two sign-posts. Upon one was "James Hood, White Iron Smith" (*i. e.* tin-plate worker). Upon another, "The Art of Fencing Taught, by James Hood." Upon this last were painted some trees, and two men fencing, one of whom had hit the other in the eye, to show his great dexterity; so that the art was well taught. JOHNSON. "Were I studying here, I should go and take a lesson. I remember Hope (1), in his book on this art, says, 'the Scotch are very good fencers.'"

We returned to the inn, where we had been entertained at dinner, and drank tea in company with some of the professors, of whose civilities I beg leave to add my humble and very grateful acknowledgment to the honourable testimony of Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey."

We talked of composition, which was a favourite

(1) [Sir William Hope, of the Hopetoune family, published, in 1692, a work entitled "The Complete Fencing Master."]

topic of Dr. Watson, who first distinguished himself by lectures on rhetoric. JOHNSON. "I advised Chambers, and would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as fast as he can, to get a habit of having his mind to start promptly; it is so much more difficult to improve in speed than in accuracy." WATSON. "I own I am for much attention to accuracy in composing, lest one should get bad habits of doing it in a slovenly manner." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you are confounding *doing* inaccurately with the *necessity* of doing inaccurately. A man knows when his composition is inaccurate, and when he thinks fit he'll correct it. But, if a man is accustomed to compose slowly, and with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he may not compose at all, as we do not like to do that which is not done easily; and, at any rate, more time is consumed in a small matter than ought to be." WATSON. "Dr. Hugh Blair has taken a week to compose a sermon." JOHNSON. "Then, Sir, that is for want of the habit of composing quickly, which I am insisting one should acquire." WATSON. "Blair was not composing all the week, but only such hours as he found himself disposed for composition." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, unless you tell me the time he took, you tell me nothing. If I say I took a week to walk a mile, and have had the gout five days, and been ill otherwise another day, I have taken but one day. I myself have composed about forty sermons. I have begun a sermon after dinner, and sent it off by the post

that night. I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the Life of Savage at a sitting but then I sat up all night. I have also written six sheets in a day of translation from the French." (1) BOSWELL. "We have all observed how one man dresses himself slowly, and another fast." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; it is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing; taking up a thing and looking at it, and laying it down, and taking it up again. Every one should get the habit of doing it quickly. I would say to a young divine, Here is your text; let me see how soon you can make a sermon. Then I'd say, Let me see how much better you can make it. Thus I should see both his powers and his judgment."

We all went to Dr. Watson's to supper. Miss Sharp, great grandchild of Archbishop Sharp (2), was there, as was Mr. Craig, the ingenious architect of the new town of Edinburgh, and nephew of Thomson, to whom Dr. Johnson has since done so much justice in his "Lives of the Poets."

We talked of memory, and its various modes.

(1) This must have been the translation of Lobo. This account of so much diligence does not seem to agree with that before given of his indolence in completing that translation. See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 94. But, as Sir Walter Scott observes, "a pool is usually succeeded in a river by a current, and he may have written fast to make up lee way." — C. — [Perhaps, the Lobo is not meant at all. During certain years of early life, which Boswell leaves nearly a blank, Dr. Johnson may have translated many French trifles for the booksellers, as to which in after days he might choose to be silent. — J. G. L.]

(2) It is very singular that Dr. Johnson, with all his episcopal partiality, should have visited Archbishop Sharp's monument, and been in company with his descendant, without making any observation on his character and melancholy death, or on the general subject of Scottish episcopacy. — WALTER SCOTT.

JOHNSON. "Memory will play strange tricks. One sometimes loses a single word. I once lost *fugaces* in the Ode 'Posthume, Posthume.'" I mentioned to him, that a worthy gentleman of my acquaintance actually forgot his own name. JOHNSON. "Sir, that was a morbid oblivion."

Friday, Aug. 20. — Dr. Shaw, the professor of divinity, breakfasted with us. I took out my "Ogden on Prayer," and read some of it to the company. Dr. Johnson praised him. "Abernethy(1)," said he, "allows only of a physical effect of prayer upon the mind, which may be produced many ways as well as by prayer; for instance, by meditation. Ogden goes farther. In truth, we have the consent of all nations for the efficacy of prayer, whether offered up by individuals or by assemblies; and Revelation has told us it will be effectual." I said, "Leechman(2) seemed to incline to Abernethy's doctrine." Dr. Watson observed, that Leechman meant to show that, even admitting no effect to be produced by prayer, respecting the Deity, it was useful to our own minds. He had given only a part of his system: Dr. Johnson thought he should have given the whole.

Dr. Johnson enforced the strict observance of Sunday. "It should be different (he observed)

(1) An Irish dissenting divine, whose "Discourses on the Divine Attributes," and some volumes of sermons, are highly esteemed even by the clergy of the Church of England. He died in 1740. — C.

(2) Dr. William Leechman [Principal of the College at Glasgow], who published, amongst other valuable works, a discourse "On the Nature, Reasonableness, and Advantages of Prayer." He died in 1785, aged eighty. — C.

from another day. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity."

We went and saw Colonel Nairne's garden and grotto. Here was a fine old plane tree. Unluckily the colonel said there was but this and another large tree in the county. This assertion was an excellent cue for Dr. Johnson, who laughed enormously, calling to me to hear it. He had expatiated to me on the nakedness of that part of Scotland which he had seen. (1) His "Journey" has been violently abused for what he has said upon this subject. But let it be considered that, when Dr Johnson talks of trees, he means trees of good size, such as he was accustomed to see in England; and of these there are certainly very few upon the eastern coast of Scotland. Besides, he said, that he meant to give only a map of the road; and let any traveller observe how many trees, which deserve the name, he can see from the road from Berwick to Aberdeen. Had Dr. Johnson said, "there are no trees" upon this line, he would have said what is colloquially true; because, by no trees, in common speech, we mean few. (2) When he is

(1) Johnson has been unjustly abused for dwelling on the bareness of Fife. There are good trees in many parts of that county, but the east coast, along which lay Johnson's route, is certainly destitute of wood, excepting young plantations. The *other* tree mentioned by Colonel Nairne is probably the Prior Letham plane, measuring in circumference at the surface nearly twenty feet, and at the setting on of the branches nineteen feet. This giant of the forest stands in a cold exposed situation, apart from every other tree. — WALTER SCOTT.

(2) [Dr. Johnson's remarks on the trees of Scotland must greatly surprise a native. In some of our provinces, trees cannot be reared by any method of cultivation we have yet dis-

particular in counting, he may be attacked. I know not how Colonel Nairne came to say there were but two large trees in the county of Fife. I did not perceive that he smiled. There are certainly not a great many; but I could have shown him more than two at Balmuto, from whence my ancestors came, and which now belongs to a branch of my family.

The grotto was ingeniously constructed. In the front of it were petrified stocks of fir, plane, and some other tree. Dr. Johnson said, "Scotland has no right to boast of this grotto; it is owing to personal merit. I never denied personal merit to many of you." Professor Shaw said to me, as we walked, "This is a wonderful man: he is master of every subject he handles." Dr. Watson allowed him a very strong understanding, but wondered at his total inattention to established manners, as he came from London.

I have not preserved, in my Journal, any of the conversation which passed between Dr. Johnson and Professor Shaw, but I recollect Dr. Johnson said to me afterwards, "I took much to Shaw."

We left St. Andrews about noon, and some miles from it, observing, at Leuchars, a church with an old tower, we stopped to look at it. The manse, as the parsonage-house is called in Scotland, was close by. I waited on the minister, mentioned our names, and begged he would tell us what he knew about it. He was a very civil old man; but could only in-

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covered; in some, where trees flourish extremely well, they are not much cultivated, because they are not necessary; but in others, we have store of wood, and forests of great extent, and of great antiquity. — BEATTIE to PORTEUS.]

form us, that it was supposed to have stood eight hundred years. He told us there was a colony of Danes in his parish; that they had landed at a remote period of time, and still remained a distinct people. Dr. Johnson shrewdly inquired, whether they had brought women with them. We were not satisfied as to this colony. (1)

We saw, this day, Dundee and Aberbrothick, the last of which Dr. Johnson has celebrated in his "Journey." (2) Upon the road we talked of the Roman Catholic faith. He mentioned (I think) Tillotson's argument against transubstantiation: — "That we are as sure we see bread and wine only, as that we read in the Bible the text on which that false doctrine is founded. We have only the evidence of our senses for both." — "If," he added, "God had never spoken figuratively, we might hold that he speaks literally, when he says, 'This is my body.'" BOSWELL. "But what do you say, Sir, to the ancient and continued tradition of the Church upon this point?" JOHNSON. "Tradition, Sir, has no place where the Scriptures are plain; and tradition cannot persuade a man into a belief of transubstantiation. Able men, indeed, have *said* they believed it."

This is an awful subject. I did not then press

(1) The colony at Leuchars is a vain imagination concerning a certain fleet of Danes wrecked on Sheughy Dikes. — WALTER SCOTT. — [The fishing people on that coast have, however, all the appearance of being a different race from the inland population, and their dialect has many peculiarities. — J. G. L.]

(2) ["I should scarcely have regretted my journey, had it afforded nothing more than the sight of Aberbrothick." — JOHNSON.]

Dr. Johnson upon it; nor shall I now enter upon a disquisition concerning the import of those words uttered by our Saviour (1), which had such an effect upon many of his disciples, that they "went back, and walked no more with him." The catechism and solemn office for communion, in the Church of England, maintain a mysterious belief in more than a mere commemoration of the death of Christ, by partaking of the elements of bread and wine.

Dr. Johnson put me in mind, that at St. Andrews I had defended my profession very well, when the question had again been started, Whether a lawyer might honestly engage with the first side that offers him a fee. "Sir," said I, "it was with your arguments against Sir William Forbes: but it was much that I could wield the arms of Goliath."

He said, our judges had not gone deep in the question concerning literary property. I mentioned Lord Monboddo's opinion, that if a man could get a work by heart, he might print it, as by such an act the mind is exercised. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; a man's repeating it no more makes it his property, than a man may sell a cow which he drives home." I said, printing an abridgment of a work was allowed, which was only cutting the horns and tail off the cow. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; 't is making the cow have a calf."

About eleven at night we arrived at Montrose. We found but a sorry inn, where I myself saw another waiter put a lump of sugar with his fingers

(1) "Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." — See St. John's Gospel, chap. vi. 53. and following verses.

into Dr. Johnson's lemonade, for which he called him "rascal!" It put me in great glee that our landlord was an Englishman. I rallied the Doctor upon this, and he grew quiet. Both Sir John Hawkins's and Dr. Burney's "History of Music" had then been advertised. I asked if this was not unlucky: would they not hurt one another? JOHNSON. "No, Sir. They will do good to one another. Some will buy the one, some the other, and compare them; and so a talk is made about a thing, and the books are sold."

He was angry at me for proposing to carry lemons with us to Sky, that he might be sure to have his lemonade. "Sir," said he, "I do not wish to be thought that feeble man who cannot do without any thing. Sir, it is very bad manners to carry provisions to any man's house, as if he could not entertain you. To an inferior, it is oppressive; to a superior, it is insolent."

Having taken the liberty, this evening, to remark to Dr. Johnson, that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with only a single friend, which I myself had sometimes sadly experienced, he smiled and said, "It is true, Sir. Tom Tyers (for so he familiarly called our ingenious friend, who, since his death, has paid a biographical tribute to his memory), Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost: you never speak till you are spoken to.'" (1)

(1) This description of Dr. Johnson appears to have been borrowed from "Tom Jones," book xi. chap. 2.: "The other, who, like a ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered," &c.—B.—Both are borrowed from a general superstition, that ghosts must be first spoken to.—C.

CHAPTER IV.

Montrose. — Lawrence Kirk. — Monboddo. — Emigration. — Homer. — Biography and History. — Decrease of Learning. — Promotion of Bishops. — Citizen and Savage. — Aberdeen. — Professor Gordon. — Public and Private Education. — Sir Alexander Gordon. — Trade of Aberdeen. — Doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement. — Johnson a Burgess of Aberdeen. — Dinner at Sir A. Gordon's. — Warburton. — Locke's Latin Verses. — Ossian.

Montrose, Saturday, Aug. 21*st.*—Neither the Rev. Mr. Nisbet, the established minister, nor the Rev. Mr. Spooner, the episcopal minister, were in town. Before breakfast, we went and saw the town-hall, where is a good dancing room, and other rooms for tea-drinking. The appearance of the town from it is very well; but many of the houses are built with their ends to the street, which looks awkward. When we came down from it, I met Mr. Gleig, a merchant here. He went with us to see the English chapel. It is situated on a pretty dry spot, and there is a fine walk to it. It is really an elegant building, both within and without. The organ is adorned with green and gold. Dr. Johnson gave a shilling extraordinary to the clerk, saying, "He belongs to an honest church." I put him in mind, that episcopals were but *dissenters* here; they were only *tolerated.* "Sir," said he, "we are here, as Christians in Turkey." He afterwards went into an apothecary's shop, and ordered some medicine for himself, and

wrote the prescription in technical characters. The boy took him for a physician.

I doubted much which road to take, whether to go by the coast, or by Lawrence Kirk and Monboddo. I knew Lord Monboddo and Dr. Johnson did not love each other; yet I was unwilling not to visit his lordship; and was also curious to see them together.(1) I mentioned my doubts to Dr. Johnson, who said he would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddo. I therefore sent Joseph forward, with the following note: —

"Montrose, 21st August.

"MY DEAR LORD, — Thus far I am come with Mr Samuel Johnson. We must be at Aberdeen to-night. I know you do not admire him so much as I do; but I cannot be in this country without making you a bow at your old place, as I do not know if I may again have an opportunity of seeing Monboddo. Besides, Mr. Johnson says, he would go two miles out of his way to see Lord Monboddo. I have sent forward my servant, that we may know if your lordship be at home. I am ever, &c. JAMES BOSWELL."

As we travelled onwards from Montrose, we had

(1) There were several points of similarity between them; learning, clearness of head, precision of speech, and a love of research on many subjects which people in general do not investigate. Foote paid Lord Monboddo the compliment of saying, that he was "an Elzevir edition of Johnson." It has been shrewdly observed, that Foote must have meant a diminutive, or pocket edition. — B. — Johnson himself thus describes Lord Monboddo to Mrs. Thrale: "He is a Scotch judge, who has lately written a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts. He inquired for these long-tailed men from [Sir Joseph] Banks, and was not pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrinations. He talked nothing of this to me." — Letters, vol. i. p. 114. See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 325. — C.

the Grampian hills in our view, and some good land around us, but void of trees and hedges. Dr. Johnson has said ludicrously, in his "Journey," that the *hedges* were of *stone*; for, instead of the verdant *thorn* to refresh the eye, we found the bare *wall* or *dike* intersecting the prospect. He observed, that it was wonderful to see a country so divested, so denuded of trees.

We stopped at Lawrence Kirk, where our great grammarian, Ruddiman, was once schoolmaster. We respectfully remembered that excellent man and eminent scholar, by whose labours a knowledge of the Latin language will be preserved in Scotland, if it shall be preserved at all. Lord Gardenston (1), one of our judges, collected money to raise a monument to him at this place, which I hope will be well executed. I know my father gave five guineas towards it. Lord Gardenston is the proprietor of Lawrence Kirk, and has encouraged the building of a manufacturing village, of which he is exceedingly fond, and has written a pamphlet upon it, as if he had founded Thebes, in which, however, there are many useful precepts strongly expressed. The village seemed to be irregularly built, some of the houses being of clay, some of brick, and some of brick and stone. Dr. Johnson observed, they thatched well here.

I was a little acquainted with Mr. Forbes, the minister of the parish. I sent to inform him that a

(1) Francis Garden, a Scotch Lord of Session, who erected a very pretty temple over St. Bernard's Well, on the bank of the Water of Leith. He was a man of talents, but of some irregularity of mind, and died (it is said, under melancholy circumstances) in 1793.—C.

gentleman desired to see him. He returned for answer, "that he would not come to a stranger." I then gave my name, and he came. I remonstrated to him for not coming to a stranger; and, by presenting him to Dr. Johnson, proved to him what a stranger might sometimes be. His Bible inculcates "be not forgetful to entertain strangers," and mentions the same motive. (1) He defended himself by saying, "He had once come to a stranger, who sent for him; and he found him '*a little worth person!*'"

Dr. Johnson insisted on stopping at the inn, as I told him Lord Gardenston had furnished it with a collection of books, that travellers might have entertainment for the mind as well as the body. He praised the design, but wished there had been more books, and those better chosen.

About a mile from Monboddo, where you turn off the road, Joseph was waiting to tell us my lord expected us to dinner. We drove over a wild moor. It rained, and the scene was somewhat dreary. Dr. Johnson repeated, with solemn emphasis, Macbeth's speech on meeting the witches. As we travelled on, he told me, "Sir, you got into our Club by doing what a man can do. (2) Several of the members wished to keep you out. Burke told me, he doubted if you were fit for it: but, now you are in, none of them are sorry. Burke says, that you have so much good humour naturally, it is

(1) "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained *angels* unawares."—Heb. xiii. 2.—C.

(2) This, I find, is considered obscure. I suppose Dr. Johnson meant, that I assiduously and earnestly recommended myself to some of the members, as in a canvass for an election into parliament.

scarce a virtue." BOSWELL. "They were afraid of you, Sir, as it was you who proposed me." JOHNSON. "Sir, they knew, that if they refused you, they'd probably never have got in another. I'd have kept them all out. Beauclerk was very earnest for you." BOSWELL. "Beauclerk has a keenness of mind which is very uncommon." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; and every thing comes from him so easily. It appears to me that I labour, when I say a good thing." BOSWELL. "You are loud, Sir, but it is not an effort of mind."

Monboddo is a wretched place, wild and naked, with a poor old house, though, if I recollect right, there are two turrets, which mark an old baron's residence. Lord Monboddo received us at his gate most courteously; pointed to the Douglas arms upon his house, and told us that his great-grandmother was of that family. "In such houses," said he, "our ancestors lived, who were better men than we." "No, no, my lord," said Dr. Johnson; "we are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser." This was an assault upon one of Lord Monboddo's capital dogmas, and I was afraid there would have been a violent altercation in the very close, before we got into the house. But his lordship is distinguished not only for "ancient metaphysics," but for ancient *politesse*, "*la vieille cour*," and he made no reply.

His lordship was drest in a rustic suit, and wore a little round hat; he told us, we now saw him as Farmer Burnet, and we should have his family dinner, a farmer's dinner. He said, "I should not have forgiven Mr. Boswell, had he not brought you

here, Dr. Johnson." He produced a very long stalk of corn, as a specimen of his crop, and said, "You see here the *lætas segetes:*" he added, that Virgil seemed to be as enthusiastic a farmer as he, and was certainly a practical one. JOHNSON. "It does not always follow, my lord, that a man, who has written a good poem on an art, has practised it. Philip Miller(1) told me, that in Philips's "Cyder," a poem, all the precepts were just, and indeed better than in books written for the purpose of instructing; yet Philips had never made cyder." (2)

I started the subject of emigration. JOHNSON. "To a man of mere animal life, you can urge no argument against going to America, but that it will be some time before he will get the earth to produce. But a man of any intellectual enjoyment will not easily go and immerse himself and his posterity for ages in barbarism."

He and my lord spoke highly of Homer. JOHNSON. "He had all the learning of his age. The shield of Achilles shows a nation in war, a nation in peace: harvest sport, nay stealing."(3) MON-

(1) [Philip Miller, author of the "Gardener's Dictionary." He was born at Chelsea in 1691, and died in 1771.]

(2) ["To the poem of "Cyder" may be given this peculiar praise, that it is grounded in truth; that the precepts which it contains are exact and just; and that it is therefore, at once a book of entertainment and science."—JOHNSON, Life of Philips.]

(3) My note of this is much too short. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.* Yet as I have resolved, that *the very Journal which Dr. Johnson read* shall be presented to the public, I will not expand the text in any considerable degree, though I may occasionally supply a word to complete the sense, as I fill up the blanks of abbreviation in the writing, neither of which can be said to change the genuine Journal. One of the best critics of our age conjectures that the imperfect passage above has probably been as follows.—"In his book we have an accurate

BODDO. "Ay, and what we (looking to me) would call a parliament-house scene; a cause pleaded." JOHNSON. "That is part of the life of a nation in peace. And there are in Homer such characters of heroes, and combinations of qualities of heroes, that the united powers of mankind ever since have not produced any but what are to be found there." MONBODDO. Yet no character is described." JOHNSON. "No; they all develope themselves. Agamemnon is always a gentleman-like character: he has always *Βασιλικον τι*. (1) That the ancients held so, is plain from this; that Euripides, in his Hecuba, makes him the person to interpose." (2) MONBODDO. "The history of manners is the most valuable. I never set a high value on any other history." JOHNSON. "Nor I; and therefore I esteem biography, as giving us what comes near to ourselves, what we can turn to use." BOSWELL. "But in the course of general history we find manners. In wars, we see the dispositions of people, their degrees of humanity, and other particulars." JOHNSON. "Yes; but then you must take all the

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display of a nation in war, and a nation in peace; the peasant is delineated as truly as the general; nay, even harvest sport, and the modes of ancient theft, are described."

(1) *Something royal.* — C.

(2) Dr. Johnson modestly said, he had not read Homer so much as he wished he had done. But this conversation shows how well he was acquainted with the Mæonian bard; and he has shown it still more in his criticism upon Pope's Homer, in his life of that poet. My excellent friend, Dr. Langton, told me, he was once present at a dispute between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil, which was carried on with extraordinary abilities on both sides. Dr. Johnson maintained the superiority of Homer.

facts to get this, and it is but a little you get." MONBODDO. "And it is that little which makes history valuable." Bravo! thought I; they agree like two brothers. MONBODDO. "I am sorry, Dr. Johnson, you were not longer at Edinburgh, to receive the homage of our men of learning." JOHNSON. "My lord, I received great respect and great kindness." BOSWELL. "He goes back to Edinburgh after our tour." We talked of the decrease of learning in Scotland, and of the "Muses' Welcome." JOHNSON. "Learning is much decreased in England, in my remembrance." MONBODDO. "You, Sir, have lived to see its decrease in England, I its extinction in Scotland." However, I brought him to confess that the high school of Edinburgh did well. JOHNSON. "Learning has decreased in England, because learning will not do so much for a man as formerly. There are other ways of getting preferment. Few bishops are now made for their learning. To be a bishop, a man must be learned in a learned age, factious in a factious age, but always of eminence. Warburton is an exception, though his learning alone did not raise him. He was first an antagonist to Pope, and helped Theobald to publish his Shakspeare; but, seeing Pope the rising man, when Crousaz attacked his 'Essay on Man,' for some faults which it has, and some which it has not, Warburton defended it in the Review of that time. This brought him acquainted with Pope, and he gained his friendship. Pope introduced him to Allen, Allen married him to his niece; so, by Allen's interest and his own,

he was made a bishop. (1) But then his learning was the *sine quâ non.* He knew how to make the most of it, but I do not find by any dishonest means." MONBODDO. "He is a great man." JOHNSON. "Yes, he has great knowledge, great power of mind. Hardly any man brings greater variety of learning to bear upon his point." MONBODDO. "He is one of the greatest lights of your Church." JOHNSON. "Why, we are not so sure of his being very friendly to us. He blazes, if you will, but that is not always the steadiest light. Lowth is another bishop who has risen by his learning."

Dr. Johnson examined young Arthur, Lord Monboddo's son, in Latin. He answered very well; upon which he said, with complacency, "Get you gone! When King James comes back (2), you shall be in the 'Muses' Welcome!'" My lord and Dr. Johnson disputed a little, whether the savage or the London shopkeeper had the best existence. His lordship, as usual, preferring the savage. My lord was extremely hospitable, and I saw both Dr. Johnson and him liking each other better every hour.

Dr. Johnson having retired for a short time, his lordship spoke of his conversation as I could have wished. Dr. Johnson had said, "I have done greater feats with my knife than this;" though he had eaten

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 23.]

(2) I find some doubt has been entertained concerning Dr. Johnson's meaning here. It is to be supposed that he meant, "when a king shall again be entertained in Scotland."—B.—Dr. Johnson meant, probably, a little touch of *Jacobite* pleasantry. —C.—[He was, perhaps, thinking of one of the addresses in the "Muses' Welcome," which was spoken by a very young boy, the son of the Earl of Winton.—CHALMERS.]

a very hearty dinner. My lord, who affects or believes he follows an abstemious system, seemed struck with Dr. Johnson's manner of living. I had a particular satisfaction in being under the roof of Monboddo, my lord being my father's old friend, and having been always very good to me. We were cordial together. He asked Dr. Johnson and me to stay all night. When I said we must be at Aberdeen, he replied, "Well, I am like the Romans: I shall say to you, 'Happy to come; happy to depart!'" He thanked Dr. Johnson for his visit. JOHNSON. "I little thought, when I had the honour to meet your lordship in London, that I should see you at Monboddo." After dinner, as the ladies were going away, Dr. Johnson would stand up. (1) He insisted that politeness was of great consequence in society. "It is," said he, "fictitious benevolence. It supplies the place of it amongst those who see each other only in public, or but little. Depend upon it the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other. I have always applied to good breeding, what Addison, in his Cato, says of honour:—

'Honour's a sacred tie; the law of kings;
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.'"

When he took up his large oak stick, he said, "My lord, that's *Homeric;*" thus pleasantly alluding to his lordship's favourite writer.

(1) Such is the happy improvement of manners, that readers of this day will wonder that a mark of respect to ladies, now so universal, should ever have been withheld. It surely was not so in England at this period.—C.

Gory, my lord's black servant, was sent as our guide, to conduct us to the high road. The circumstance of each of them having a black servant was another point of similarity between Johnson and Monboddo. I observed how curious it was to see an African in the north of Scotland, with little or no difference of manners from those of the natives. Dr. Johnson laughed to see Gory and Joseph riding together most cordially. "Those two fellows," said he, "one from Africa, the other from Bohemia, seem quite at home." He was much pleased with Lord Monboddo to-day. He said, he would have pardoned him for a few paradoxes, when he found he had so much that was good: but that, from his appearance in London, he thought him all paradox; which would not do. He observed that his lordship had talked no paradoxes to-day. "And as to the savage and the London shopkeeper," said he, "I don't know but I might have taken the side of the savage equally, had any body else taken the side of the shopkeeper." (1) He had said to my lord, in opposition to the value of the savage's courage, that it was owing to his limited power of thinking, and repeated Pope's verses, in which "Macedonia's madman" is introduced, and the conclusion is,

"Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose." (2)

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(1) Johnson says to Mrs. Thrale, "We agreed pretty well, only we disputed in adjusting the claim of merit between a shopkeeper of London and a savage of the American wildernesses. Our opinions were, I think, maintained on both sides without full conviction. Monboddo declared boldly for the savage, and I, *perhaps for that reason*, sided with the citizen." — Letters, vol. i. p. 115.—C.

(2) [Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;

I objected to the last phrase, as being low. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is intended to be low: it is satire. The expression is debased, to debase the character."

When Gory was about to part from us, Dr. Johnson called to him, "Mr. Gory, give me leave to ask you a question! are you baptised?" Gory told him he was — and confirmed by the Bishop of Durham. He then gave him a shilling.

We had a tedious driving this afternoon, and were somewhat drowsy. Last night I was afraid Dr. Johnson was beginning to faint in his resolution; for he said, "If we must ride much, we shall not go; and there's an end on't." To-day, when he talked of Sky with spirit, I said, "Why, Sir, you seemed to me to despond yesterday. You are a delicate Londoner; you are a maccaroni; you can't ride." JOHNSON. "Sir, I shall ride better than you. I was only afraid I should not find a horse able to carry me." I hoped then there would be no fear of getting through our wild Tour.

We came to Aberdeen at half an hour past eleven. The New Inn, we were told, was full. This was comfortless. The waiter, however, asked if one of our names was Boswell, and brought me a letter left at the inn: it was from Mr. Thrale, enclosing one to Dr. Johnson. Finding who I was, we were told they would contrive to lodge us by putting us for a night into a room with two beds. The waiter said to me in the broad strong Aberdeenshire dialect, "I

The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose."

thought I knew you, by your likeness to your father." My father puts up at the New Inn, when on his circuit. Little was said to-night. I was to sleep in a little press-bed in Dr. Johnson's room. I had it wheeled out into the dining-room, and there I lay very well.

Sunday, Aug. 22. — I sent a message to Professor Thomas Gordon, who came and breakfasted with us. He had secured seats for us at the English chapel. (1) We found a respectable congregation, and an admirable organ, well played by Mr. Tait.

We walked down to the shore. Dr. Johnson laughed to hear that Cromwell's soldiers taught the Aberdeen people to make shoes and stockings, and to plant cabbages. He asked, if weaving the plaids was ever a domestic art in the Highlands, like spinning or knitting. They could not inform him here. But he conjectured probably, that where people lived so remote from each other, it was likely to be a domestic art; as we see it was among the ancients, from Penelope. I was sensible to-day, to an extraordinary degree, of Dr. Johnson's excellent English pronunciation. I cannot account for its striking me more now than any other day; but it was as if new to me, and I listened to every sentence which he spoke, as to a musical composition. Professor Gordon gave him an account of the plan of education in his college. Dr. Johnson said, it was similar to that at

(1) "When I was at the English church in Aberdeen, I happened to be espied by Lady Di. Middleton, whom I had sometime seen in London: she told what she had seen to Mr. Boyd, Lord Errol's brother, who wrote us an invitation to Slains Castle." — *Johnson's* Letters, vol. i. p. 118. — Lady Diana was the daughter of Harry Grey, third Earl of Stamford, and wife of George Middleton, of Lenton, Esq. She died in 1780. — C.

Oxford Waller, the poet's great-grandson, was studying here. Dr. Johnson wondered that a man should send his son so far off, when there were so many good schools in England. He said, "At a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected upon each. But we must own that neither a dull boy, nor an idle boy, will do so well at a great school as at a private one. For at a great school there are always boys enough to do well easily, who are sufficient to keep up the credit of the school; and after whipping being tried to no purpose, the dull or idle boys are left at the end of a class, having the appearance of going through the course, but learning nothing at all. Such boys may do good at a private school, where constant attention is paid to them, and they are watched. So that the question of public or private education is not properly a general one; but whether one or the other is best for *my son*."

We were told the present Mr. Waller was a plain country gentleman; and his son would be such another. I observed, a family could not expect a poet but in a hundred generations. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "not one family in a hundred can expect a poet in a hundred generations." He then repeated Dryden's celebrated lines,

"Three poets in three distant ages born," &c. (1)

(1) ["Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two."]

and a part of a Latin translation of it done at Oxford (1): he did not then say by whom.

He received a card from Sir Alexander Gordon, who had been his acquaintance twenty years ago in London, and who, "if forgiven for not answering a line from him," would come in the afternoon. Dr. Johnson rejoiced to hear of him, and begged he would come and dine with us. I was much pleased to see the kindness with which Dr. Johnson received his old friend Sir Alexander; a gentleman of good family (Lismore), but who had not the estate. The King's College here made him Professor of Medicine, which affords him a decent subsistence. He told us that the value of the stockings exported from Aberdeen was, in peace, a hundred thousand pounds; and amounted, in time of war, to one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. Dr. Johnson asked what made the difference? Here we had a proof of the comparative sagacity of the two professors. Sir Alexander answered, "Because there is more occasion for them in war." Professor Thomas Gordon answered, "Because the Germans, who are our great rivals in the manufacture of stockings, are otherwise employed in time of war." JOHNSON. "Sir, you have given a very good solution."

At dinner, Dr. Johnson ate several platefulls of Scotch broth, with barley and peas in it, and seemed

(1) London, 2d of May, 1778. Dr. Johnson acknowledged that he was himself the author of the translation above alluded to, and dictated it to me as follows:—

"Quos laudet vates Graius Romanus et Anglus
Tres tria temporibus secla dedere suis.
Sublime ingenium Graius; Romanus habebat
Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tulit.
Nil majus Natura capit: clarare priores
Quæ potuere duos tertius unus habet."

very fond of the dish. I said, "You never ate it before." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; but I don't care how soon I eat it again." My cousin, Miss Dallas, formerly of Inverness, was married to Mr. Riddoch, one of the ministers of the English chapel here. He was ill, and confined to his room; but she sent us a kind invitation to tea, which we all accepted. She was the same lively, sensible, cheerful woman, as ever. Dr. Johnson here threw out some jokes against Scotland. He said, "You go first to Aberdeen; then to *Enbru* (the Scottish pronunciation of Edinburgh); then to Newcastle, to be polished by the colliers; then to York; then to London." And he laid hold of a little girl, Stuart Dallas, niece to Mrs. Riddoch, and, representing himself as a giant, said, he would take her with him! telling her, in a hollow voice, that he lived in a cave, and had a bed in the rock, and she should have a little bed cut opposite to it!

He thus treated the point, as to prescription (1) of murder in Scotland. "A jury in England would make allowance for deficiencies of evidence, on account of lapse of time: but a general rule that a crime should not be punished, or tried for the purpose of punishment, after twenty years, is bad. It is cant to talk of the king's advocate delaying a prosecution from malice. How unlikely is it the king's advocate should have malice against persons who commit murder, or should even know them at all. If the son of the murdered man should kill the murderer who got off merely by prescription, I

(1) See *antè*, p. 14.—C.

would help him to make his escape; though, were I upon his jury, I would not acquit him. I would not advise him to commit such an act. On the contrary, I would bid him submit to the determination of society, because a man is bound to submit to the inconveniences of it, as he enjoys the good: but the young man, though politically wrong, would not be morally wrong. He would have to say, 'Here I am amongst barbarians, who not only refuse to do justice, but encourage the greatest of all crimes. I am therefore in a state of nature; for, so far as there is no law, it is a state of nature; and consequently, upon the eternal and immutable law of justice, which requires that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed, I will stab the murderer of my father.'"

We went to our inn, and sat quietly. Dr. Johnson borrowed, at Mr. Riddoch's, a volume of Massillon's Discourses on the Psalms; but I found he read little in it. Ogden too he sometimes took up, and glanced at; but threw it down again. I then entered upon religious conversation. Never did I see him in a better frame: calm, gentle, wise, holy. I said, "Would not the same objection hold against the Trinity as against transubstantiation?"—"Yes," said he, "if you take three and one in the same sense. If you do so, to be sure you cannot believe it; but the three persons in the Godhead are three in one sense, and one in another. We cannot tell how, and that is the mystery!"

I spoke of the satisfaction of Christ. He said his notion was, that it did not atone for the sins of the world; but, by satisfying divine justice, by showing

that no less than the Son of God suffered for sin, it showed to men and innumerable created beings the heinousness of it, and therefore rendered it unnecessary for divine vengeance to be exercised against sinners, as it otherwise must have been; that in this way it might operate even in favour of those who had never heard of it; as to those who did hear of it, the effect it should produce would be repentance and piety, by impressing upon the mind a just notion of sin; that original sin was the propensity to evil, which no doubt was occasioned by the fall. He presented this solemn subject in a new light to me (1), and rendered much more rational and clear the doctrine of what our Saviour has done for us; as it removed the notion of imputed righteousness in co-operating; whereas by this view, Christ has done all already that he had to do, or is ever to do, for mankind, by making his great satisfaction; the consequences of which will affect each individual according to the particular conduct of each. I would illustrate this by saying, that Christ's satisfaction resembles a sun placed to show light to men, so that it depends upon themselves whether they will walk the right way or not, which they could not have done without that sun, "*the sun of right-*

(1) My worthy, intelligent, and candid friend, Dr. Kippis, informs me, that several divines have thus explained the mediation of our Saviour. What Dr. Johnson now delivered was but a temporary opinion; for he *afterwards* was fully convinced of the propitiatory sacrifice, as I shall show at large in my future work, "The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D."—B.—Dr. Kippis was a dissenter. Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations* abundantly prove that he was, as far back as we have any record of his religious feelings, fully convinced of the *propitiatory sacrifice*. In the prayer on his birthday, in 1738 (transcribed by him in 1768), he expressly states his hope of salvation "through the *satisfaction* of Jesus Christ."—C.

eousness." There is, however, more in it than merely giving light — "*a light to lighten the Gentiles*;" for we are told, there is "*healing under his wings*." Dr. Johnson said to me, "Richard Baxter commends a treatise by Grotius, '*De Satisfactione Christi.*' I have never read it; but I intend to read it; and you may read it." I remarked, upon the principle now laid down, we might explain the difficult and seemingly hard text, "They that believe shall be saved; and they that believe not shall be damned." They that believe shall have such an impression made upon their minds, as will make them act so that they may be accepted by God.

We talked of one of our friends (¹) taking ill, for a length of time, a hasty expression of Dr. Johnson's to him, on his attempting to prosecute a subject that had a reference to religion, beyond the bounds within which the Doctor thought such topics should be confined in a mixed company. JOHNSON. "What is to become of society, if a friendship of twenty years is to be broken off for such a cause?" As Bacon says, —

> "Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
> But limns the water, or but writes in dust."

I said, he should write expressly in support of Christianity; for that, although a reverence for it shines through his works in several places, that is not enough. "You know," said I, "what Grotius has done, and what Addison has done, you should do also." He replied, "I hope I shall."

Monday, Aug. 23. — Principal Campbell, Sir

(¹) doubt Mr. Langton. But see *antè*, vol. iii. p. 305. — C.

Alexander Gordon, Professor Gordon, and Professor Ross, visited us in the morning, as did Dr. Gerard (1), who had come six miles from the country on purpose. We went and saw the Marischal College (2), and at one o'clock we waited on the magistrates in the town-hall, as they had invited us, in order to present Dr. Johnson with the freedom of the town, which Provost Jopp did with a very good grace. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with this mark of attention, and received it very politely. There was a pretty numerous company assembled. It was striking to hear all of them drinking, "Dr. Johnson! Dr. Johnson!" in the town-hall of Aberdeen, and then to see him with his burgess-ticket, or diploma (3), in his hat, which he wore as he walked along the street, according to the usual custom. It gave me great satisfaction to observe the regard, and, indeed, fondness too, which every body here had for my father.

While Sir Alexander Gordon conducted Dr. Johnson to old Aberdeen, Professor Gordon and I called on Mr. Riddoch, whom I found to be a grave worthy clergyman. He observed that, whatever might be said of Dr. Johnson while he was

(1) [Dr. Alexander Gerard, author of an "Essay on Genius," &c.; born in Aberdeenshire, 1728, died 1795.]

(2) Dr. Beattie was so kindly entertained in England, that he had not yet returned home.

(3) Dr. Johnson's burgess-ticket was in these words:—

"Aberdoniæ, vigesimo tertio die mensis Augusti, anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo tertio, in presentia honorabilium virorum, Jacobi Jopp, armigeri, præpositi, Adami Duff, Gulielmi Young, Georgii Marr, et Gulielmi Forbes, Balivorum, Gulielmi Rainie Decani guildæ, et Joannis Nicoll Thesaurarii dicti burgi. — Quo die vir generosus et doctrina clarus, Samuel Johnson, LL.D. receptus et admissus fuit in municipes et fratres guildæ præfati burgi de Aberdeen: in deditissimi amoris et affectus ac eximiæ observantiæ tesseram, quibus dicti magistratus eum amplectuntur. Extractum per me, Alex. Carnegie."

alive, he would, after he was dead, be looked upon by the world with regard and astonishment, on account of his Dictionary.

Professor Gordon and I walked over to the old college, which Dr. Johnson had seen by this time. I stepped into the chapel, and looked at the tomb of the founder, Archbishop Elphinston, of whom I shall have occasion to write in my History of James IV. of Scotland, the patron of my family. (1)

We dined at Sir Alexander Gordon's. The provost, Professor Ross, Professor Dunbar, Professor Thomas Gordon, were there. After dinner came in Dr. Gerard, Professor Leslie, Professor Macleod. We had little or no conversation in the morning; now we were but barren. The professors seemed afraid to speak.

Dr. Gerard told us that an eminent printer (2) was very intimate with Warburton. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, he has printed some of his works, and perhaps bought the property of some of them. The intimacy is such as one of the professors here may have with one of the carpenters who is repairing the college." — "But," said Gerard, "I saw a letter from him to this printer, in which he says, that the one half of the clergy of the Church of Scotland are fanatics, and the other half infidels." JOHNSON. "Warburton has accustomed himself to write letters just as he speaks, without thinking any more of what he throws out. When I read

(1) This, like many similar intimations scattered through these volumes, does not appear to have been carried into effect. Nor is Elphinston's designation as *arch*-bishop correct. Aberdeen never was an archiepiscopal see. — C.

(2) [Mr. Strahan. See Forbes's Life of Beattie, vol. ii. p. 170.]

Warburton first, and observed his force, and his contempt of mankind, I thought he had driven the world before him; but I soon found that was not the case; for Warburton, by extending his abuse, rendered it ineffectual."

He told me, when we were by ourselves, that he thought it very wrong in the printer to show Warburton's letter, as it was raising a body of enemies against him. He thought it foolish in Warburton to write so to the printer; and added, "Sir, the worst way of being intimate is by scribbling." He called Warburton's "Doctrine of Grace" a poor performance, and so he said was Wesley's Answer. "Warburton," he observed, "had laid himself very open. In particular, he was weak enough to say, that, in some disorders of the imagination, people had spoken with tongues, had spoken languages which they never heard before; a thing as absurd as to say, that in some disorders of the imagination, people had been known to fly."

I talked of the difference of genius, to try if I could engage Gerard in a disquisition with Dr. Johnson; but I did not succeed." I mentioned, as a curious fact, that Locke had written verses. JOHNSON. "I know of none, sir, but a kind of exercise prefixed to Dr. Sydenham's Works, in which he has some conceits about the dropsy, in which water and burning are united; and how Dr. Sydenham removed fire by drawing off water, contrary to the usual practice, which is to extinguish fire by bringing water upon it. I am not sure that there is a word of all this; but it is such kind of talk." (1)

(1) All this, as Dr. Johnson suspected at the time, was the

We spoke of Fingal. Dr. Johnson said calmly, "If the poems were really translated, they were cer-

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immediate invention of his own lively imagination; for there is not one word of it in Mr. Locke's complimentary performance. My readers, will, I have no doubt, like to be satisfied, by comparing them; and, at any rate, it may entertain them to read verses composed by our great metaphysician, when a bachelor in physic.

AUCTORI, IN TRACTATUM EJUS DE FEBRIBUS.

Febriles æstus, victumque ardoribus orbem
  Flevit, non tantis par medicina malis.
Quum post mille artes, medicæ tentamina curæ,
  Ardet adhuc febris; nec velit arte regi.
Præda sumus flammis; solum hoc speramus ab igne,
  Ut restet paucus, quem capit urna, cinis.
Dum quærit medicus febris causamque, modumque,
  Flammarum et tenebras, et sine luce faces;
Quas tractat patitur flammas, et febre calescens,
  Corruit ipse suis victima rapta focis.
Qui tardos potuit morbos, artusque trementes,
  Sistere, febrili se videt igne rapi.
Sic faber exesos fulsit tibicine muros;
  Dum trahit antiquas lenta ruina domos.
Sed si flamma vorax miseras incenderit ædes,
  Unica flagrantes tunc sepelire salus,
Fit fuga, tectonicas nemo tunc invocat artes;
  Cum perit artificis non minus usta domus.
Se tandem Sydenham febrisque scholæque furori
  Opponens, morbi quærit, et artis opem.
Non temere incusat tectæ putredinis ignes;
  Nec fictus, febres qui fovet, humor erit.
Non bilem ille movet, nulla hic pituita; Salutis
  Quæ spes, si fallax ardeat intus aqua?
Nec doctas magno rixas ostentet hiatu,
  Quîs ipsis major febribus ardor inest.
Innocuas placide corpus jubet urere flammas,
  Et justo rapidos temperat igne focos.
Quid febrim exstinguat, varius quid postulat usus,
  Solari ægrotos, qua potes arte, docet.
Hactenus ipsa suum timuit natura calorem,
  Dum sæpe incerto, quo calet, igne perit.
Dum reparat tacitos male provida sanguinis ignes,
  Prælusit busto, fit calor iste rogus.
Jam secura suas foveant præcordia flammas,
  Quem natura negat, dat medicina modum.
Nec solum faciles compescit sanguinis æstus,
  Dum dubia est inter spemque metumque salus;
Sed fatale malum domuit, quodque astra malignum
  Credimus, iratam vel genuisse Stygem.
Extorsit Lachesi cultros, pestisque venenum
  Abstulit, et tantos non sinit esse metus.
Quis tandem arte nova domitam mitescere pestem
  Credat, et antiquas ponere posse minas?
Post tot mille neces, cumulataque funera busto,
  Victa jacet, parvo vulnere, dira lues.
Ætheriæ quanquam spargunt contagia flammæ,
  Quicquid inest istis ignibus, ignis erit.

tainly first written down. Let Mr. Macpherson deposit the manuscript in one of the colleges at Aberdeen, where there are people who can judge; and, if the professors certify the authenticity, then there will be an end of the controversy. If he does not take this obvious and easy method, he gives the best reason to doubt; considering, too, how much is against it *à priori*."

We sauntered after dinner in Sir Alexander's garden, and saw his little grotto, which is hung with pieces of poetry written in a fair hand. It was agreeable to observe the contentment and kindness of this quiet, benevolent man. Professor Macleod was brother to Macleod of Talisker, and brother-in-law to the Laird of Col. He gave me a letter to young *Col*. I was weary of this day, and began to think wishfully of being again in motion. I was uneasy to think myself too fastidious, whilst I fancied Dr. Johnson quite satisfied. But he owned to me, that he was fatigued and teased by Sir Alexander's doing too much to entertain him. I said, it was all kindness. JOHNSON. "True, Sir;

Delapsæ cœlo flammæ licet acrius urant,
  Has gelida extingui non nisi morte putas?
Tu meliora paras victrix medicina; tuisque
  Pestis quæ superat cuncta, triumphus eris.
Vive liber, victis febrilibus ignibus; unus
  Te simul et mundum qui manet, ignis erit."
J. LOCKE, *A. M. Ex. Æde Christi, Oxon.*

Mr. Boswell says, that Dr. Johnson's observation was "the immediate invention of his own lively imagination;" and that there was "*not one word of it* in Mr. Locke's performance;" but did Mr. Boswell read the verses?—or what did he understand by "Nec fictus, febres, qui fovet, humor erit?" and "Si fallax *ardeat intus aqua?*" Surely these are the *conceits*, though not the precise expressions, which Johnson censured, and the whole is made up of the same "kind of talk."—C.

but sensation is sensation." BOSWELL. "It is so: we feel pain equally from the surgeon's probe, as from the sword of the foe."

We visited two booksellers' shops, and could not find Arthur Johnston's Poems. (1) We went and sat near an hour at Mr. Riddoch's. He could not tell distinctly how much education at the college here costs, which disgusted Dr. Johnson. I had pledged myself, that we should go to the inn, and not stay supper. They pressed us, but he was resolute. I saw Mr. Riddoch did not please him. He said to me, afterwards, "Sir, he has no vigour in his talk." But my friend should have considered, that he himself was not in good humour: so that it was not easy to talk to his satisfaction. We sat contentedly at our inn. He then became merry, and observed how little we had either heard or said at Aberdeen; that the Aberdonians had not started a single *mawkin* (the Scottish word for hare) for us to pursue.

(1) Johnston is one of the most eminent men that Aberdeen has produced. He was a native of the county (born about 1587), and rector of the university. His works were originally printed at Aberdeen; and their not being to be found in that seat of learning, to which he did so much honour, is strange. But such things sometimes happen. In Haarlem, the cradle of the art of printing, I could not find a guide-book to the town.— C.

CHAPTER V.

Ellon.—" The Great Doctor."—Goldsmith and Graham. — Slains Castle. — Lady Errol. — Education of Children.—Buller of Buchan.—Entails.— House of Peers. — Sir Joshua Reynolds.— Earl of Errol. — Feudal Times.—Strichen.—Life of Country Gentlemen. — Cullen. — Lord Monboddo. — Use and Importance of Wealth.—Elgin.—Scenery of Macbeth.—Fores.—Leonidas.— Paul Whitehead.— Derrick. — Origin of Evil.— Nairn.— Calder Castle.— Calder Manse. — Kenneth M'Aulay. — Ecclesiastical Subscription. — Family Worship.

Tuesday, August 24.— WE set out about eight in the morning, and breakfasted at Ellon. The landlady said to me, " Is not this the great doctor that is going about through the country ?" I said, " Yes." " Ay," said she, " we heard of him ; I made an errand into the room on purpose to see him. There's something great in his appearance : it is a pleasure to have such a man in one's house ; a man who does so much good. If I had thought of it, I would have shown him a child of mine, who has had a lump on his throat for some time." " But," said I, " he is not a doctor of physic." " Is he an oculist ?" said the landlord. " No," said I ; " he is only a very learned man." LANDLORD. " They say he is the greatest man in England, except Lord Mansfield." Dr. Johnson was highly entertained with this, and I do think he was

pleased too. He said, "I like the exception. To have called me the greatest man in England, would have been an unmeaning compliment; but the exception marked that the praise was in earnest, and, in Scotland, the exception must be Lord Mansfield, or — Sir John Pringle."

He told me a good story of Dr. Goldsmith. Graham, who wrote "Telemachus, a Masque," was sitting one night with him and Dr. Johnson, and was half drunk. He rattled away to Dr. Johnson. "You are a clever fellow, to be sure; but you cannot write an essay like Addison, or verses like the Rape of the Lock." At last he said, "Doctor, I should be happy to see you at Eton."(1) "I shall be glad to wait on you," answered Goldsmith. "No," said Graham, "'t is not you I mean, Dr. *Minor*; 't is Dr. *Major*, there." Goldsmith was excessively hurt by this. He afterwards spoke of it himself. "Graham," said he, "is a fellow to make one commit suicide."(2)

We had received a polite invitation to Slains Castle. We arrived there just at three o'clock, as the bell for dinner was ringing. Though, from its being just on the north-east ocean, no trees will grow here, Lord Errol has done all that can be

(1) Graham was one of the masters at Eton. — C.

(2) I am sure I have related this story exactly as Dr. Johnson told it to me; but a friend who has often heard him tell it, informs me, that he usually introduced a circumstance which ought not to be omitted. "At last, Sir, Graham, having now got to about the pitch of looking at one man, and talking to another, said, Doctor, &c."—"What effect," Dr. Johnson used to add, "this had on Goldsmith, who was as irascible as a hornet, may be easily conceived."

done. He has cultivated his fields so as to bear rich crops of every kind, and he has made an excellent kitchen-garden, with a hot-house. I had never seen any of the family; but there had been a card of invitation written by the honourable Charles Boyd, the Earl's brother. We were conducted into the house, and at the dining-room door were met by that gentleman, whom both of us at first took to be Lord Errol; but he soon corrected our mistake. My lord was gone to dine in the neighbourhood, at an entertainment given by Mr. Irvine of Drum. Lady Errol (1) received us politely, and was very attentive to us during the time of dinner. There was nobody at table but her ladyship, Mr. Boyd, and some of the children, their governor and governess. Mr. Boyd put Dr. Johnson in mind of having dined with him at Cumming (2), the quaker's, along with a Mr. Hall and Miss Williams: this was a bond of connection between them. For me, Mr. Boyd's acquaintance with my father was enough. After dinner, Lady Errol favoured us with a sight of her young family, whom she made stand up in a row: there were six daughters and two sons. It was a very pleasing sight.

Dr. Johnson proposed our setting out. Mr. Boyd said, he hoped we would stay all night; his brother would be at home in the evening, and would be very sorry if he missed us. Mr. Boyd was called out of the room. I was very desirous to stay in so

(1) Isabella, daughter of Sir William Carr, of Etal, in Northumberland, Bart. She died in 1808. — C.

(2) See as to Cumming, *post*, September 20. 1773. — C.

comfortable a house, and I wished to see Lord Errol. Dr. Johnson, however, was right in resolving to go, if we were not asked again, as it is best to err on the safe side in such cases, and to be sure that one is quite welcome. To my great joy, when Mr. Boyd returned, he told Dr. Johnson that it was Lady Errol who had called him out, and said that she would never let Dr. Johnson into the house again, if he went away that night; and that she had ordered the coach, to carry us to view a great curiosity on the coast, after which we should see the house. We cheerfully agreed.

Mr. Boyd was engaged, in 1745-6, on the same side with many unfortunate mistaken noblemen and gentlemen. He escaped, and lay concealed for a year in the island of Arran, the ancient territory of the Boyds. He then went to France, and was about twenty years on the continent. He married a French lady, and now lived very comfortably at Aberdeen, and was much at Slains Castle. He entertained us with great civility. He had a pompousness or formal plenitude in his conversation, which I did not dislike. Dr. Johnson said, "there was too much elaboration in his talk." It gave me pleasure to see him, a steady branch of the family, setting forth all its advantages with much zeal. He told us that Lady Errol was one of the most pious and sensible women in the island; had a good head, and as good a heart. He said, she did not use force or fear in educating her children. Johnson. "Sir, she is wrong; I would rather have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell

a child, if you do thus or thus, you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

During Mr. Boyd's stay in Arran, he had found a chest of medical books, left by a surgeon there, and had read them till he acquired some skill in physic, in conseqence of which he is often consulted by the poor. There were several here waiting for him as patients.

We walked round the house till stopped by a cut made by the influx of the sea. The house is built quite upon the shore; the windows look upon the main ocean, and the King of Denmark is Lord Errol's nearest neighbour on the north-east.

We got immediately into the coach, and drove to Dunbui, a rock near the shore, quite covered with sea-fowls: then to a circular basin of large extent, surrounded with tremendous rocks. On the quarter next the sea, there is a high arch in the rock, which the force of the tempest has driven out. This place is called Buchan's Buller, or the Buller of Buchan, and the country people call it the Pot. Mr. Boyd said it was so called from the French *bouloir*. It may be more simply traced from *boiler* in our own language. We walked round this monstrous cauldron. In some places, the rock is very narrow; and on each side there is a sea deep enough for a man

of war to ride in; so that it is somewhat horrid to move along. However, there is earth and grass upon the rock, and a kind of road marked out by the print of feet; so that one makes it out pretty safely: yet it alarmed me to see Dr. Johnson striding irregularly along. He insisted on taking a boat, and sailing into the Pot. We did so. He was stout and wonderfully alert. The Buchan-men all showing their teeth, and speaking with that strange sharp accent which distinguishes them, was to me a matter of curiosity. He was not sensible of the difference of pronunciation in the south and north of Scotland, which I wondered at.

As the entry into the Buller is so narrow that oars cannot be used as you go in, the method taken is, to row very hard when you come near it, and give the boat such a rapidity of motion that it glides in. Dr. Johnson observed what an effect this scene would have had, were we entering into an unknown place. There are caves of considerable depth; I think, one on each side. The boatmen had never entered either of them far enough to know the size. Mr. Boyd told us that it is customary for the company at Peterhead-well to make parties, and come and dine in one of the caves here. (1)

He told us that, as Slains is at a considerable distance from Aberdeen, Lord Errol, who has a very large family, resolved to have a surgeon of his own. With this view he educated one of his tenant's sons, who is now settled in a very neat house and farm just

(1) They were also used by smugglers. The path round the Buller is about three feet broad; so that there is little danger, though very often much fear. — WALTER SCOTT.

by, which we saw from the road. By the salary which the Earl allows him, and the practice which he has had, he is in very easy circumstances. He had kept an exact account of all that had been laid out on his education, and he came to his lordship one day, and told him that he had arrived at a much higher situation than ever he expected; that he was now able to repay what his lordship had advanced, and begged he would accept of it. The Earl was pleased with the generous gratitude and genteel offer of the man; but refused it. Mr. Boyd also told us, Cumming the quaker first began to distinguish himself, by writing against Dr. Leechman on Prayer, to prove it unnecessary, as God knows best what should be, and will order it without our asking: the old hackneyed objection.

When we returned to the house, we found coffee and tea in the drawing-room. Lady Errol was not there, being, as I supposed, engaged with her young family. There is a bow-window fronting the sea. Dr. Johnson repeated the ode, "Jam satis terris," while Mr. Boyd was with his patients. He spoke well in favour of entails, to preserve lines of men whom mankind are accustomed to reverence. His opinion was, that so much land should be entailed as that families should never fall into contempt, and as much left free as to give them all the advantages of property in case of any emergency. "If," said he, "the nobility are suffered to sink into indigence, they of course become corrupt; they are ready to do whatever the king chooses; therefore it is fit they should be kept from becoming poor, unless it

is fixed that when they fall below a certain standard of wealth they shall lose their peerages. We know the House of Peers have made noble stands, when the House of Commons durst not. The two last years of parliament they dare not contradict the populace."

This room is ornamented with a number of fine prints, and with a whole length picture of Lord Errol, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This led Dr. Johnson and me to talk of our amiable and elegant friend, whose panegyric he concluded by saying, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir, is the most invulnerable man I know; the man with whom if you should quarrel. you would find the most difficulty how to abuse."

Dr. Johnson observed, the situation here was the noblest he had ever seen; better than Mount Edgecumbe, reckoned the first in England; because, at Mount Edgecumbe, the sea is bounded by land on the other side, and, though there is there the grandeur of a fleet, there is also the impression of there being a dock-yard, the circumstances of which are not agreeable. At Slains is an excellent old house. The noble owner has built of brick, along the square in the inside, a gallery, both on the first and second story, the house being no higher; so that he has always a dry walk; and the rooms, to which formerly there was no approach but through each other, have now all separate entries from the gallery, which is hung with Hogarth's works, and other prints. We went and sat a while in the library. There is a valuable numerous collection. It was chiefly made by Mr. Falconer, husband to the late Countess of Errol in her own right. This Earl has added a good many *modern books.

About nine the Earl (1) came home. Captain Gordon, of Park, was with him. His lordship put Dr. Johnson in mind of their having dined together in London, along with Mr. Beauclerk. I was exceedingly pleased with Lord Errol. His dignified person and agreeable countenance, with the most unaffected affability, gave me high satisfaction. From perhaps a weakness, or, as I rather hope, more fancy and warmth of feeling than is quite reasonable, my mind is ever impressed with admiration for persons of high birth, and I could, with the most perfect honesty, expatiate on Lord Errol's good qualities; but he stands in no need of my praise. His agreeable manners and softness of address prevented that constraint which the idea of his being Lord High Constable of Scotland might otherwise have occasioned. (2) He talked very

(1) [James, 14th Earl of Errol, died June 3. 1778. Dr. Beattie, in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, says of him, "His stature was six feet four inches, and his countenance and deportment exhibited such a mixture of the sublime and the graceful, as I have never seen united in any other man. He often put me in mind of an ancient hero; and I remember Dr. Johnson was positive that he resembled Homer's character of Sarpedon."]

(2) Mr. Boswell need not have been in such awe on *this* account; for Lord Errol's title to that dignity was, at this period, not quite established. For he not only was not descended from the Earls of Errol, in the *male* line, but the right of his mother and grandmother rested on the *nomination* of Gilbert, the tenth Earl of Errol, who, having no children of his own, nominated (under a charter of Charles II.) his relation, Sir John Hay, of Kellour, to his honours, who accordingly succeeded as eleventh Earl; but his son, the twelfth Earl, having no issue, was succeeded by his two sisters successively. The youngest, Lady Margaret, the grandmother of the Earl who received Dr. Johnson, was married to the Earl of Linlithgow, who was attainted for the rebellion of 1715. They left an only daughter, married to Lord Kilmarnock, beheaded and attainted for the rebellion of 1745, whose son was the Earl mentioned in the text. Lord Lauderdale, at the election of the Scottish peers

easily and sensibly with his learned guest. I observed that Dr. Johnson, though he showed that respect to his lordship, which, from principle, he always does to high rank, yet, when they came to argument, maintained that manliness which becomes the force and vigour of his understanding. To show external deference to our superiors is proper: to seem to yield to them in opinion is meanness. (1)

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in 1796, protested against Lord Errol's claim to the peerage, questioning not only the right of conferring a peerage by *nomination*, but denying that any such nomination had been in fact made; but the House of Lords decided that the earldom, though originally a male fief, had become descendable to females, and also that Earl Gilbert had acquired and exercised the right of nomination. It was still more doubtful how the office of Hereditary High Constable could be transferred, either by nomination or through females; but all the late Earls of Errol have enjoyed it without question, and the present Earl executed it by deputy at the coronation of George IV., and in person during his Majesty's visit to Scotland in 1822. — C.

(1) Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters to his son, complains of one who argued in an indiscriminate manner with men of all ranks. Probably the noble lord had felt with some uneasiness what it was to encounter stronger abilities than his own. If a peer will engage at foils with his inferior in station, he must expect that his inferior in station will avail himself of every advantage; otherwise it is not a fair trial of strength and skill. The same will hold in a contest of reason, or of wit. A certain king entered the lists of genius with Voltaire. The consequence was, that, though the king had great and brilliant talents, Voltaire had such a superiority that his Majesty could not bear it; and the poet was dismissed, or escaped, from that court. In the reign of James I. of England, Crichton, Lord Sanquhar, a peer of Scotland, from a vain ambition to excel a fencing-master in his own art, played at rapier and dagger with him. The fencing-master, whose fame and bread were at stake, put out one of his lordship's eyes. Exasperated at this, Lord Sanquhar hired ruffians, and had the fencing-master assassinated; for which his lordship was capitally tried, condemned, and hanged. Not being a peer of England, he was tried by the name of Robert Crichton, Esq.; but he was admitted to be a baron of three hundred years' standing. See the *State Trials*, and the *History of England* by Hume, who applauds the impartial justice executed upon a man of high rank. — B. — Lord Chesterfield's

The Earl said grace both before and after supper, with much decency. He told us a story of a man who was executed at Perth, some years ago, for murdering a woman who was with child by him, and a former child he had by her. His hand was cut off: he was then pulled up; but the rope broke, and he was forced to lie an hour on the ground, till another rope was brought from Perth,—the execution being in a wood at some distance — at the place were the murders were committed. "There," said my lord, "I see the hand of Providence." I was really happy here. I saw in this nobleman the best dispositions and best principles; and I saw him, in my mind's eye, to be the representative of the ancient Boyds of Kilmarnock. I was afraid he might have urged drinking, as, I believe, he used formerly to do; but he drank port and water out of a large glass himself, and let us do as we pleased. He went with us to our rooms at night; said he took the visit very kindly; and told me my father and he were very old acquaintance; that I now knew the way to Slains, and he hoped to see me there again.

I had a most elegant room; but there was a fire in it which blazed; and the sea, to which my windows looked, roared; and the pillows were made of the feathers of some sea-fowl, which had to me a disagreeable smell: so that, by all these causes, I was kept awake a good while. I saw, in imagination, Lord Errol's father, Lord Kilmarnock (who

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observation is in the character of the *respectable Hottentot* (see *antè*, Vol. II. p. 14.), which was probably meant for Dr. Johnson. — C.

was beheaded on Tower-Hill in 1746), and I was somewhat dreary. But the thought did not last long, and I fell asleep.

Wednesday Aug. 25.—We got up between seven and eight, and found Mr. Boyd in the dining-room, with tea and coffee before him, to give us breakfast. We were in an admirable humour. Lady Errol had given each of us a copy of an ode by Beattie, on the birth of her son, Lord Hay. Mr. Boyd asked Dr. Johnson how he liked it. Dr. Johnson, who did not admire it, got off very well, by taking it out, and reading the second and third stanzas of it with much melody. This, without his saying a word, pleased Mr. Boyd. He observed, however, to Dr. Johnson, that the expression as to the family of Errol,

"A thousand years have seen it shine."

compared with what went before, was an anti-climax, and that it would have been better,

"Ages have seen," &c.

Dr. Johnson said, "So great a number as a thousand is better. *Dolus latet in universalibus.* Ages might be only two ages." He talked of the advantage of keeping up the connections of relationship, which produce much kindness. "Every man," said he, "who comes into the world has need of friends. If he has to get them for himself, half his life is spent before his merit is known. Relations are a man's ready friends, who support him. When a man is in real distress, he flies into the arms of his relations. An old lawyer, who had much experience in making wills, told me, that after people had deliberated long, and thought of

many for their executors, they settled at last by fixing on their relations. This shows the universality of the principle.

I regretted the decay of respect for men of family, and that a nabob now would carry an election from them. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the nabob will carry it by means of his wealth, in a country where money is highly valued, as it must be where nothing can be had without money; but, if it comes to personal preference, the man of family will always carry it. There is generally a *scoundrelism* about a low man." Mr. Boyd said, that was a good *ism*.

I said, I believed mankind were happier in the ancient feudal state of subordination, than they are in the modern state of independency. JOHNSON. "To be sure, the *chief* was: but we must think of the number of individuals. That *they* were less happy seems plain; for that state from which all escape as soon as they can, and to which none return after they have left it, must be less happy; and this is the case with the state of dependence on a chief or great man."

I mentioned the happiness of the French in their subordination, by the reciprocal benevolence (1) and attachment between the great and those in lower rank. Mr. Boyd gave us an instance of their gentlemanly spirit. An old Chevalier de Malthe, of ancient *noblesse*, but in low circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was Julien, the great manufacturer at the Gobelins, of the fine

(1) What a commentary on this opinion has the French revolution written! — C.

tapestry, so much distinguished both for the figures and the *colours*. The chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, "I think, Sir, you had better have your carriage new painted." The chevalier looked at him with indignant contempt, and answered, "Well, Sir, you may take it home and *dye* it!" All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's confusion.

We set out about nine. Dr. Johnson was curious to see one of those structures, which northern antiquarians call a Druid's temple. I had a recollection of one at Strichen, which I had seen fifteen years ago; so we went four miles out of our road, after passing Old Deer, and went thither. Mr. Fraser, the proprietor, was at home, and showed it to us. But I had augmented it in my mind; for all that remains is two stones set up on end, with a long one laid upon them, as was usual, and one stone at a little distance from them. That stone was the capital one of the circle which surrounded what now remains. Mr. Fraser was very hospitable.(1) There was a fair

(1) He is the worthy son of a worthy father, the late Lord Strichen, one of our judges, to whose kind notice I was much obliged. Lord Strichen was a man not only honest, but highly generous; for, after his succession to the family estate, he paid a large sum of debts, contracted by his predecessor, which he was not under any obligation to pay. Let me here, for the credit of Ayrshire, my own county, record a noble instance of liberal honesty in William Hutchison, drover, in Lanehead, Kyle, who formerly obtained a full discharge from his creditors upon a composition of his debts; but, upon being restored to good circumstances, invited his creditors last winter to a dinner, without telling the reason, and paid them their full sums, principal and interest. They presented him with a piece of plate, with an inscription to commemorate this extraordinary instance

at Strichen; and he had several of his neighbours from it at dinner. One of them, Dr. Fraser, who had been in the army, remembered to have seen Dr. Johnson, at a lecture on experimental philosophy, at Lichfield. The Doctor recollected being at the lecture, and he was surprised to find here some body who knew him.

Mr. Fraser sent a servant to conduct us by a short passage into the high road. I observed to Dr. Johnson, that I had a most disagreeable notion of the life of country gentlemen; that I left Mr. Fraser, just now, as one leaves a prisoner in a jail. Dr. Johnson said, that I was right in thinking them unhappy, for that they had not enough to keep their minds in motion. I started a thought this afternoon which amused us a great part of the way. "If," said I, "our Club should come and set up in St. Andrews, as a college, to teach all that each of us can in the several departments of learning and taste, we should rebuild the city: we should draw a wonderful concourse of students." Dr. Johnson entered fully into the spirit of this project. We immediately fell to distributing the offices. I was to teach civil and Scotch law; Burke, politics and eloquence; Garrick, the art of public speaking; Langton was to be our Grecian, Colman our Latin professor; Nugent to teach physic; Lord

of true worth; which should make some people in Scotland blush, while, though mean themselves, they strut about under the protection of great alliance, conscious of the wretchedness of numbers who have lost by them, to whom they never think of making reparation, but indulge themselves and their families in most unsuitable expense.

Charlemont, modern history; Beauclerk, natural philosophy; Vesey, Irish antiquities, or Celtic learning (1); Jones, Oriental learning; Goldsmith, poetry and ancient history; Chamier, commercial politics; Reynolds, painting, and the arts which have beauty for their object; Chambers, the law of England. Dr. Johnson at first said, "I 'll trust theology to nobody but myself." But, upon due consideration, that Percy is a clergyman, it was agreed that Percy should teach practical divinity and British antiquities; Dr. Johnson himself, logic, metaphysics, and scholastic divinity. In this manner did we amuse ourselves, each suggesting, and each varying or adding, till the whole was adjusted. Dr. Johnson said, we only wanted a mathematician since Dyer died, who was a very good one; but as to every thing else, we should have a very capital university. (2)

We got at night to Banff. I sent Joseph on to Duff House: but Earl Fife was not at home, which I regretted much, as we should have had a very elegant reception from his lordship. We found here but an indifferent inn. (3) Dr. Johnson wrote a

(1) Since the first edition, it has been suggested by one of the Club, who knew Mr. Vesey better than Dr. Johnson and I, that we did not assign him a proper place, for he was quite unskilled in Irish antiquities and Celtic learning, but might with propriety have been made professor of architecture, which he understood well, and has left a very good specimen of his knowledge and taste in that art, by an elegant house built on a plan of his own formation, at Lucan, a few miles from Dublin.

(2) [For an account of The Club, see Vol. II. App. No. I.]

(3) Here, unluckily, the windows had no pulleys, and Dr. Johnson, who was constantly eager for fresh air, had much struggling to get one of them kept open. Thus he had a notion impressed upon him, that this wretched defect was general in

long letter to Mrs. Thrale. I wondered to see him write so much so easily. He verified his own doctrine, that "a man may always write when he will set himself doggedly to it."

Thursday, Aug. 26. — We got a fresh chaise here, a very good one, and very good horses. We breakfasted at Cullen. They set down dried haddocks broiled, along with our tea. I ate one; but Dr. Johnson was disgusted by the sight of them, so they were removed. (1) Cullen has a comfortable appearance, though but a very small town, and the houses mostly poor buildings.

I called on Mr. Robertson, who has the charge of Lord Findlater's affairs, and was formerly Lord Monboddo's clerk, was three times in France with him, and translated Condamine's Account of the Savage Girl, to which his lordship wrote a preface,

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Scotland, in consequence of which he has erroneously enlarged upon it in his "Journey." I regretted that he did not allow me to read over his book before it was printed. I should have changed very little, but I should have suggested an alteration in a few places where he has laid himself open to be attacked. I hope I should have prevailed with him to omit or soften his assertion, that "a Scotsman must be a sturdy moralist, who does not prefer Scotland to truth," — for I really think it is not founded, and it is harshly said.

(1) A protest may be entered on the part of most Scotsmen against the Doctor's taste in this particular. A Finnon haddock dried over the smoke of the sea-weed, and sprinkled with salt water during the process, acquires a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire. Some of our Edinburgh philosophers tried to produce their equal in vain. I was one of a party at a dinner, where the philosophical haddocks were placed in competition with the genuine Finnon-fish. These were served round without distinction whence they came, but only one gentleman, out of twelve present, espoused the cause of philosophy. — WALTER SCOTT.

containing several remarks of his own. Robertson said he did not believe so much as his lordship did; that it was plain to him the girl confounded what she imagined with what she remembered; that, besides, she perceived Condamine and Lord Monboddo forming theories, and she adapted her story to them.

Dr. Johnson said, "It is a pity to see Lord Monboddo publish such notions as he has done; a man of sense, and of so much elegant learning. There would be little in a fool doing it; we should only laugh: but when a wise man does it, we are sorry. Other people have strange notions; but they conceal them. If they have tails, they hide them; but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel." I shall here put down some more remarks of Dr Johnson's on Lord Monboddo, which were not made exactly at this time, but come in well from connection. He said he did not approve of a judge's calling himself Farmer Burnett (1), and going about with a little round hat. (2) He laughed

(1) It is the custom in Scotland for the judges of the Court of Session to have the title of Lords, from their estates; thus Mr. Burnett is Lord Monboddo, as Mr. Home was Lord Kames. There is something a little awkward in this; for they are denominated in deeds by their names, with the addition of "one of the senators of the college of justice;" and subscribe their Christian and surname, as James Burnett, Henry Home, even in judicial acts. — B. — We see that the same custom prevailed amongst other gentlemen as well as the judges. All the lairds who are called by the names of their estates, as Rasay, Col, &c. sign their Christian and surnames, as J. Macleod, A. Maclean, &c. The dignity of the judicial bench has consecrated, in the case of the judges, what was once the common practice of the country. — C.

(2) Why not, in a remote country retirement? — C. — [It may be worth while to remark, that down to a very recent

heartily at his lordship's saying he was an enthusiastical farmer; "For," said he, "what can he do in farming by his enthusiasm?" Here, however, I think Dr. Johnson mistaken. He who wishes to be successful, or happy, ought to be enthusiastical, that is to say, very keen in all the occupations or diversions of life. An ordinary gentleman-farmer will be satisfied with looking at his fields once or twice a day: an enthusiastical farmer will be constantly employed on them; will have his mind earnestly engaged: will talk perpetually of them. But Dr. Johnson has much of the *nil admirari* in smaller concerns. That survey of life which gave birth to his "Vanity of Human Wishes" early sobered his mind. Besides, so great a mind as his cannot be moved by inferior objects: an elephant does not run and skip like lesser animals.

Mr. Robertson sent a servant with us, to show us through Lord Findlater's wood, by which our way was shortened, and we saw some part of his domain, which is indeed admirably laid out. Dr. Johnson did not choose to walk through it. He always said that he was not come to Scotland to see fine places, of which there were enough in England; but wild objects — mountains — water-falls — peculiar manners; in short, things which he had not seen before. I have a notion that he at no time has had much taste for rural beauties. I have myself very little.

period, judges both in London and Edinburgh were distinguished, when mixing in common society, by certain grave peculiarities of dress: these, with some few ancient and venerable exceptions, have now disappeared: and it seems doubtful whether the innovation was wise.—1835.]

Dr. Johnson said there was nothing more contemptible than a country gentleman living beyond his income, and every year growing poorer and poorer. He spoke strongly of the influence which a man has by being rich. "A man," said he, "who keeps his money, has in reality more use from it than he can have by spending it." I observed that this looked very like a paradox; but he explained it thus: "If it were certain that a man would keep his money locked up for ever, to be sure he would have no influence; but, as so many want money, and he has the power of giving it, and they know not but by gaining his favour they may obtain it, the rich man will always have the greatest influence. He, again, who lavishes his money, is laughed at as foolish, and in a great degree with justice, considering how much is spent from vanity. Even those who partake of a man's hospitality have but a transient kindness for him. If he has not the command of money, people know he cannot help them if he would; whereas the rich man always can, if he will, and for the chance of that, will have much weight." BOSWELL. "But philosophers and satirists have all treated a miser as contemptible." JOHNSON. "He is so philosophically; but not in the practice of life. BOSWELL. "Let me see now: I do not know the instances of misers in England, so as to examine into their influence." JOHNSON. "We have had few misers in England." BOSWELL. "There was Lowther." (1) JOHNSON.

(1) He means, no doubt, Sir James Lowther, of Whitehaven, Bart., who died in 1755, immensely rich, but without issue, and his estates devolved on his relation, Sir James, afterwards first Earl of Lonsdale.— C.

"Why, Sir, Lowther, by keeping his money, had the command of the county, which the family has now lost, by spending it. (1) I take it he lent a great deal; and that is the way to have influence, and yet preserve one's wealth. A man may lend his money upon very good security, and yet have his debtor much under his power." BOSWELL "No doubt, Sir. He can always distress him for the money; as no man borrows who is able to pay on demand quite conveniently."

We dined at Elgin, and saw the noble ruins of the cathedral. Though it rained much, Dr. Johnson examined them with the most patient attention. He could not here feel any abhorrence at the Scottish reformers, for he had been told by Lord Hailes, that it was destroyed before the reformation, by the Lord of Badenoch (2), who had a

(1) I do not know what was at this time the state of the parliamentary interest of the ancient family of Lowther; a family before the conquest: but all the nation knows it to be very extensive at present. A due mixture of severity and kindness, economy and munificence, characterises its present representative.—B.—The second Viscount and first Earl Lonsdale of his branch, who was recommended to Boswell's peculiar favour by having married Lady Mary Stuart, the daughter of John Earl of Bute.—C.

(2) *Note*, by Lord Hailes. — "The cathedral of Elgin was burnt by the Lord of Badenoch, because the Bishop of Moray had pronounced an award not to his liking. The indemnification that the see obtained was, that the Lord of Badenoch stood for three days barefooted at the great gate of the cathedral. The story is in the chartulary of Elgin." BOSWELL.—Light as this penance was, an Irish chieftain fared still better. The eighth Earl of Kildare was charged before Henry VII. with having burned the cathedral of Cashel: he expressed his contrition for this sacrilege, adding, that he never would have done it had he not thought that the *archbishop had been in it*. The king made him lord-lieutenant. — Mr. Chambers adds, that it is strange that Boswell should not have known, or that Lord Hailes

quarrel with the bishop. The bishop's house, and those of the other clergy, which are still pretty entire, do not seem to have been proportioned to the magnificence of the cathedral, which has been of great extent, and had very fine carved work. The ground within the walls of the cathedral is employed as a burying-place. The family of Gordon have their vault here; but it has nothing grand.

We passed Gordon Castle (1) this forenoon, which has a princely appearance. Fochabers, the neighbouring village, is a poor place, many of the houses being ruinous; but it is remarkable, they have in general orchards well stored with apple-trees. Elgin has what in England are called piazzas, that run in many places on each side of the street. It must have been a much better place formerly. Probably it had piazzas all along the town, as I have seen at Bologna. I approved much of such structures in a town, on account of their conveniency in wet weather. Dr. Johnson disapproved

should have failed to tell him, that the cathedral of Elgin had revived from the sacrilege of the *Wolf of Badenoch*, and its final ruin was accomplished by the cupidity of Murray, nick-named *the good Regent*, who stripped the lead from the roof, and shipped it to be sold in Holland; but the ship with its unhallowed freight sunk soon after it had left the harbour; so the cathedral was ruined, without any profit to the spoiler. — C.

(1) I am not sure whether the Duke was at home; but, not having the honour of being much known to his grace, I could not have presumed to enter his castle, though to introduce even so celebrated a stranger. We were at any rate in a hurry to get forward to the wildness which we came to see. Perhaps, if this noble family had still preserved that sequestered magnificence which they maintained when catholics, corresponding with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, we might have been induced to have procured proper letters of introduction, and devoted some time to the contemplation of venerable superstitious state.

of them, "because," said he, "it makes the under story of a house very dark, which greatly overbalances the conveniency, when it is considered how small a part of the year it rains; how few are usually in the street at such times; that many who are might as well be at home; and the little that people suffer, supposing them to be as much wet as they commonly are in walking a street."

We fared but ill at our inn here; and Dr. Johnson said, this was the first time he had seen a dinner in Scotland that he could not eat.

In the afternoon, we drove over the very heath where Macbeth met the witches, according to tradition. (1) Dr. Johnson again solemnly repeated —

> "How far is't call'd to Fores? What are these,
> So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?
> That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't?"

He repeated a good deal more of Macbeth. His recitation was grand and affecting, and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed to me, had no more tone than it should have: it was the better for it. He then parodied the "All hail" of the witches to Macbeth, addressing himself to me. I had pur-

(1) Mr. Macpherson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, observes on this passage, that "Boswell was quite mistaken in imagining that he saw the spot where Macbeth met the witches between Elgin and Fores. The true place is between Fores and Nairn. The "blasted heath" had been subsequently planted with trees, and when they were cut down some years ago, the late Laird of Brodie preserved a clump to mark the consecrated ground. The moor has been since replanted, but the older grove is still distinguishable from the rest of the wood. The locality of the scene has never been doubted, as far as I can learn."— C.

chased some land called Dalblair; and, as in Scotland it is customary to distinguish landed men by the name of their estates, I had thus two titles, Dalblair and young Auchinleck. So my friend, in imitation of

"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!"

condescended to amuse himself with uttering

"All hail, *Dalblair!* hail to thee, Laird of *Auchinleck!* (1)

We got to Fores at night, and found an admirable inn, in which Dr. Johnson was pleased to meet with a landlord, who styled himself "Wine-Cooper, from London."

Friday, Aug. 27.—It was dark when we came to Fores last night; so we did not see what is called King Duncan's monument. (2) I shall now mark some gleanings of Dr. Johnson's conversation. I spoke of Leonidas, and said there were some good passages in it. JOHNSON. "Why, you must *seek* for them." He said, Paul Whitehead's Manners was a poor performance. Speaking of Derrick, he told me "he had a kindness for him, and had often said, that if his letters had been written by one of a more established name, they would have been thought very pretty letters."

This morning I introduced the subject of the origin of evil. JOHNSON. "Moral evil is oc-

(1) Pronounced as a dissyllable, *Affleck*.—C.

(2) Duncan's monument; a huge column on the roadside near Fores, more than twenty feet high, erected in commemoration of the final retreat of the Danes from Scotland, and properly called Swene's Stone.—WALTER SCOTT.

casioned by free will, which implies choice between good and evil. With all the evil that there is, there is no man but would rather be a free agent, than a mere machine without the evil; and what is best for each individual, must be best for the whole. If a man would rather be a machine, I cannot argue with him. He is a different being from me." BOSWELL. "A man, as a machine, may have agreeable sensations; for instance, he may have pleasure in music." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, he cannot have pleasure in music; at least no power of producing music; for he who can produce music may let it alone: he who can play upon a fiddle may break it: such a man is not a machine." This reasoning satisfied me. It is certain, there cannot be a free agent, unless there is the power of being evil as well as good. We must take the inherent possibilities of things into consideration, in our reasonings or conjectures concerning the works of God.

We came to Nairn to breakfast. Though a county town and a royal burgh, it is a miserable place. Over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song: "I'll warrant you," said Dr. Johnson, "one of the songs of Ossian." He then repeated these lines: —

> "Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.
> All at her work the village maiden sings;
> Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
> Revolves the sad vicissitude of things." (1)

I thought I had heard these lines before. JOHNSON. "I fancy not, Sir; for they are in a detached poem,

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 150.]

the name of which I do not remember, written by one Giffard, a parson."

I expected Mr. Kenneth M'Aulay, the minister of Calder, who published the History of St. Kilda, a book which Dr. Johnson liked, would have met us here, as I had written to him from Aberdeen. But I received a letter from him telling me that he could not leave home, as he was to administer the sacrament the following Sunday, and earnestly requesting to see us at his manse. "We'll go," said Dr. Johnson; which we accordingly did. Mrs. M'Aulay received us, and told us her husband was in the church distributing tokens.(1) We arrived between twelve and one o'clock, and it was near three before he came to us.

Dr. Johnson thanked him for his book, and said "it was a very pretty piece of topography." M'Aulay did not seem much to mind the compliment. From his conversation. Dr. Johnson was persuaded that he had not written the book which goes under his name. I myself always suspected so; and I have been told it was written by the learned Dr. John M'Pherson of Sky, from the materials collected by M'Aulay. Dr. Johnson said privately to me, "There is a combination in it of which M'Aulay is not capable."(2) However, he

(1) In Scotland there is a great deal of preparation before administering the sacrament. The minister of the parish examines the people as to their fitness, and to those of whom he approves gives little pieces of tin, stamped with the name of the parish, as *tokens*, which they must produce before receiving it. This is a species of priestly power, and sometimes may be abused. I remember a lawsuit brought by a person against his parish minister, for refusing him admission to that sacred ordinance.

(2) Mr. Macpherson corroborates the surmise of Boswell

was exceedingly hospitable; and, as he obligingly promised us a route for our Tour through the Western Isles, we agreed to stay with him all night.

After dinner, we walked to the old castle of Calder (pronounced Cawder), the Thane of Cawdor's seat. I was sorry that my friend, this "prosperous gentleman,"(1) was not there. The old tower must be of great antiquity. There is a drawbridge — what has been a moat — and an ancient court. There is a hawthorn tree, which rises like a wooden pillar through the rooms of the castle; for, by a strange conceit, the walls have been built round it. The thickness of the walls, the small slanting windows, and a great iron door at the entrance on the second story as you ascend the stairs, all indicate the rude times in which this castle was erected. There were here some large venerable trees. (2)

I was afraid of a quarrel between Dr. Johnson and Mr. M'Aulay, who talked slightingly of the lower English clergy. The Doctor gave him a frowning look, and said, "This is a day of novelties: I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy treated with disrespect."

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and Johnson, and says, that Dr. Macpherson was certainly the author of the book which goes under M'Aulay's name. The doctor, an excellent scholar, was father of Sir John Macpherson, sometime governor-general of India.— C. 1835.

(1) [Mr. Campbell of Cawder was elevated to the peerage in 1796.]

(2) Cawder Castle, here described, has been since much damaged by fire.— WALTER SCOTT.

I dreaded that a whole evening at Calder manse would be heavy; however, Mr. Grant, an intelligent and well-bred minister in the neighbourhood, was there, and assisted us by his conversation. Dr. Johnson, talking of hereditary occupations in the Highlands, said, "There is no harm in such a custom as this; but it is wrong to enforce it, and oblige a man to be a tailor or a smith, because his father has been one." This custom, however, is not peculiar to our Highlands; it is well known that in India a similar practice prevails.

Mr. M'Aulay began a rhapsody against creeds and confessions. Dr. Johnson showed, that "what he called *imposition*, was only a voluntary declaration of agreement in certain articles of faith, which a church has a right to require, just as any other society can insist on certain rules being observed by its members. Nobody is compelled to be of the church, as nobody is compelled to enter into a society." This was a very clear and just view of the subject; but M'Aulay could not be driven out of his track. Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, you are a *bigot to laxness.*"

Mr. M'Aulay and I laid the map of Scotland before us; and he pointed out a route for us from Inverness, by Fort Augustus, to Glenelg, Sky, Mull, Icolmkill, Lorn, and Inverary, which I wrote down. As my father was to begin the northern circuit about the 18th of September, it was necessary for us either to make our tour with great expedition, so as to get to Auchinleck before he set out, or to protract it, so as not to be there till his return, which

would be about the 10th of October. By M'Aulay's calculation, we were not to land in Lorn till the 20th of September. I thought that the interruptions by bad days, or by occasional excursions, might make it ten days later; and I thought, too, that we might perhaps go to Benbecula, and visit Clanranald, which would take a week of itself.

Dr. Johnson went up with Mr. Grant to the library, which consisted of a tolerable collection; but the Doctor thought it rather a lady's library, with some Latin books in it by chance, than the library of a clergyman. It had only two of the Latin fathers, and one of the Greek fathers in Latin. I doubted whether Dr. Johnson would be present at a presbyterian prayer. I told Mr. M'Aulay so, and said that the Doctor might sit in the library while we were at family worship. Mr. M'Aulay said, he would omit it, rather than give Dr. Johnson offence: but I would by no means agree that an excess of politeness, even to so great a man, should prevent what I esteem as one of the best pious regulations. I know nothing more beneficial, more comfortable, more agreeable, than that the little societies of each family should regularly assemble, and unite in praise and prayer to our heavenly Father, from whom we daily receive so much good, and may hope for more in a higher state of existence. I mentioned to Dr. Johnson the over-delicate scrupulosity of our host. He said, he had no objection to hear the prayer. This was a pleasing surprise to me; for he refused to go and hear Principal Robertson preach. "I will hear him," said he, "if he will get up into a

tree and preach; but I will not give a sanction, by my presence, to a presbyterian assembly."

Mr. Grant having prayed, Dr. Johnson said, his prayer was a very good one, but objected to his not having introduced the Lord's Prayer.(1) He told us, that an Italian of some note in London said once to him, "We have in our service a prayer called the *Pater Noster*, which is a very fine composition. I wonder who is the author of it." A singular instance of ignorance in a man of some literature and general inquiry!

(1) ["The most learned of the Scottish Doctors would now gladly admit a form of prayer if the people would endure it. The zeal or rage of congregations has its different degrees. In some parishes, the Lord's Prayer is suffered: in others, it is still rejected as a form, and he that should make it part of his supplication, would be suspected of heretical pravity."—JOHNSON's Journey."]

CHAPTER VI.

Fort George. — Sir Adolphus Oughton. — Lowth and Warburton. — Dinner at Sir Eyre Coote's. — The Stage. — Mrs. Cibber. — Mrs. Clive. — Mrs. Pritchard. — Inverness. — Macbeth's Castle. — Mr. Thrale's Brewery. — "Peregrinity." — Coinage of new Words. — Johnson on Horseback. — A Highland Hut. — Fort Augustus. — Governor Trapaud. — Anoch. — Emigration. — Goldsmith. — Life of a Sailor. — Glensheal. — The Macraas. — The Rattakin. — Glenelg.

Saturday, Aug. 28.— Dr. Johnson had brought a Sallust with him in his pocket from Edinburgh. He gave it last night to Mr. M'Aulay's son, a smart young lad about eleven years old. Dr. Johnson had given an account of the education at Oxford, in all its gradations. The advantage of being a servitor to a youth of little fortune struck Mrs. M'Aulay much. I observed it aloud. Dr. Johnson very handsomely and kindly said, that, if they would send their boy to him, when he was ready for the university, he would get him made a servitor, and perhaps would do more for him. He could not promise to do more; but would undertake for the servitorship.(1)

(1) Dr. Johnson did not neglect what he had undertaken. By his interest with the Rev. Dr. Adams, master of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was educated for some time, he obtained a servitorship for young M'Aulay. But it seems he had other views; and I believe went abroad.

I should have mentioned that Mr. White, a Welshman, who has been many years factor (*i.e.* steward) on the estate of Calder, drank tea with us last night; and, upon getting a note from Mr. M'Aulay, asked us to his house. We had not time to accept of his invitation. He gave us a letter of introduction to Mr. Ferne, master of stores at Fort George. He showed it to me. It recommended "two celebrated gentlemen; no less than Dr. Johnson, *author of his Dictionary*, and Mr. Boswell, known at Edinburgh by the name of *Paoli*." He said, he hoped I had no objection to what he had written; if I had, he would alter it. I thought it was a pity to check his effusions, and acquiesced; taking care, however, to seal the letter, that it might not appear that I had read it.

A conversation took place about saying grace at breakfast (as we do in Scotland), as well as at dinner and supper; in which Dr. Johnson said, "It is enough if we have stated seasons of prayer; no matter when. A man may as well pray when he mounts his horse, or a woman when she milks her cow (which Mr. Grant told us is done in the Highlands), as at meals; and custom is to be followed." (1)

We proceeded to Fort George. When we came into the square, I sent a soldier with the letter to Mr. Ferne. He came to us immediately, and along with him Major Brewse, of the Engineers, pro-

(1) He could not bear to have it thought that, in any instance whatever, the Scots were more pious than the English. I think grace as proper at breakfast as at any other meal. It is the pleasantest meal we have. Dr. Johnson has allowed the peculiar merit of breakfast in Scotland.

nounced Bruce. He said he believed it was originally the same Norman name with Bruce: that he had dined at a house in London, where were three Bruces, one of the Irish line, one of the Scottish line, and himself of the English line. He said he was shown it in the Herald's Office, spelt fourteen different ways. (1) I told him the different spellings of my name. Dr. Johnson observed, that there had been great disputes about the spelling of Shakspeare's name; at last it was thought it would be settled by looking at the original copy of his will; but, upon examining it, he was found to have written it himself no less than three different ways.

Mr. Ferne and Major Brewse first carried us to wait on Sir Eyre Coote, whose regiment, the 37th, was lying here, and who then commanded the fort. He asked us to dine with him, which we agreed to do.

Before dinner we examined the fort. The Major explained the fortification to us, and Mr. Ferne gave us an account of the stores. Dr. Johnson talked of the proportions of charcoal and saltpetre in making gunpowder, of granulating it, and of giving it a gloss. He made a very good figure upon these topics. He said to me afterwards, that "he had talked ostentatiously." We reposed ourselves a little in Mr. Ferne's house. He had every thing in neat order as in England; and a tolerable collection of books. I looked into Pennant's Tour in Scotland. He says little of this fort; but that "the barracks,

(1) Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, found in the annals of that region a king named *Brus*, which he chooses to consider the genuine orthography of the name. This circumstance occasioned some mirth at the court of Gondar.—WALTER SCOTT.

&c. form several streets." This is aggrandising. Mr. Ferne observed, if he had said they form a square, with a row of buildings before it, he would have given a juster description. Dr. Johnson remarked, "How seldom descriptions correspond with realities; and the reason is, the people do not write them till some time after, and then their imagination has added circumstances."

We talked of Sir Adolphus Oughton. The Major said, he knew a great deal for a military man. JOHNSON. "Sir, you will find few men, of any profession, who know more. Sir Adolphus is a very extraordinary man; a man of boundless curiosity and unwearied diligence."

I know not how the Major contrived to introduce the contest between Warburton and Lowth. JOHNSON. "Warburton kept his temper all along, while Lowth was in a passion. Lowth published some of Warburton's letters. Warburton drew him on to write some very abusive letters, and then asked his leave to publish them; which he knew Lowth could not refuse, after what he had done. So that Warburton contrived that he should publish, apparently with Lowth's consent, what could not but show Lowth in a disadvantageous light." (1)

At three the drum beat for dinner. I, for a little while, fancied myself a military man, and it

(1) Here Dr. Johnson gave us part of a conversation held between a great personage and him, in the library at the Queen's palace, in the course of which this contest was considered. I have been at great pains to get that conversation as perfectly preserved as possible. It may perhaps at some future time be given to the public.— B.—It is given *antè*, Vol. III. p. 19.— C.

pleased me. We went to Sir Eyre Coote's, at the governor's house, and found him a most gentleman-like man. His lady is a very agreeable woman, with an uncommonly mild and sweet tone of voice. There was a pretty large company: Mr. Ferne, Major Brewse, and several officers. Sir Eyre had come from the East Indies by land, through the deserts of Arabia. He told us, the Arabs could live five days without victuals, and subsist for three weeks on nothing else but the blood of their camels, who could lose so much of it as would suffice for that time, without being exhausted. He highly praised the virtue of the Arabs; their fidelity, if they undertook to conduct any person; and said, they would sacrifice their lives rather than let him be robbed. Dr. Johnson, who is always for maintaining the superiority of civilised over uncivilised men, said, "Why, Sir, I can see no superior virtue in this. A serjeant and twelve men, who are my guard, will die rather than that I shall be robbed." Colonel Pennington, of the 37th regiment, took up the argument with a good deal of spirit and ingenuity. PENNINGTON. "But the soldiers are compelled to this, by fear of punishment." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir, the Arabs are compelled by the fear of infamy." PENNINGTON. "The soldiers have the same fear of infamy, and the fear of punishment besides; so have less virtue; because they act less voluntarily." Lady Coote observed very well, that it ought to be known if there was not, among the Arabs, some punishment for not being faithful on such occasions.

We talked of the stage. I observed, that we had

not now such a company of actors as in the last age; Wilks, Booth, &c. &c. JOHNSON. "You think so, because there is one who excels all the rest so much; you compare them with Garrick, and see the deficiency. Garrick's great distinction is his universality. He can represent all modes of life, but that of an easy fine-bred gentleman." (1) PENNINGTON. "He should give over playing young parts." JOHNSON. "He does not take them now; but he does not leave off those which he has been used to play, because he does them better than any one else can do them. If you had generations of actors, if they swarmed like bees, the young ones might drive off the old. Mrs. Cibber, I think, got more reputation than she deserved, as she had a great sameness; though her expression was, undoubtedly, very fine. Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw. Mrs. Pritchard was a very good one; but she had something affected in her manner: I imagine she had some player of the former age in her eye, which occasioned it."

Colonel Pennington said, Garrick sometimes failed in emphasis; as for instance, in Hamlet,

"I will speak *daggers* to her; but use *none*,"

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(1) Garrick used to tell that Johnson was so ignorant of what the manners of a fine gentleman were, that he said of some stroller at Lichfield, that there was a *courtly vivacity* about him; "whereas in fact," added Garrick, "he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards,"—(*post*, 12th March, 1776). No doubt the most difficult, though, perhaps, not the highest, branch of the actor's art is to catch the light colours and forms of fashionable life; but if Garrick, who lived so much in the highest society, had not this quality, what actor could ever hope to possess it? — C.

instead of

"I will *speak* daggers to her; but *use* none."

We had a dinner of two complete courses, variety of wines, and the regimental band of music playing in the square, before the windows, after it. I enjoyed this day much. We were quite easy and cheerful. Dr. Johnson said, "I shall always remember this fort with gratitude." I could not help being struck with some admiration, at finding upon this barren sandy point such buildings, such a dinner, such company: it was like enchantment. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, said to me more rationally, that "it did not strike *him* as any thing extraordinary; because he knew, here was a large sum of money expended in building a fort; here was a regiment. If there had been less than what we found, it would have surprised him." *He* looked coolly and deliberately through all the gradations: *my* warm imagination jumped from the barren sands to the splendid dinner and brilliant company; to borrow the expression of an absurd poet,

"Without ands or ifs,
I leapt from off the sands upon the cliffs."

The whole scene gave me a strong impression of the power and excellence of human art.

We left the fort between six and seven o'clock: Sir Eyre Coote, Colonel Pennington, and several more, accompanied us down stairs, and saw us into our chaise. There could not be greater attention paid to any visitors. Sir Eyre spoke of the hardships which Dr. Johnson had before him. BOSWELL.

"Considering what he has said of us, we must make him feel something rough in Scotland." Sir Eyre said to him, "You must change your name, Sir." Boswell. "Ay, to Dr. M'Gregor."

We got safely to Inverness, and put up at Mackenzie's inn. Mr. Keith, the collector of excise here, my old acquaintance at Ayr, who had seen us at the fort, visited us in the evening, and engaged us to dine with him next day, promising to breakfast with us, and take us to the English chapel; so that we were at once commodiously arranged.

Not finding a letter here that I expected, I felt a momentary impatience to be at home. Transient clouds darkened my imagination, and in those clouds I saw events from which I shrunk; but a sentence or two of the Rambler's conversation gave me firmness, and I considered that I was upon an expedition for which I had wished for years, and the recollection of which would be a treasure to me for life.

Sunday, Aug. 29. — Mr. Keith breakfasted with us. Dr. Johnson expatiated rather too strongly upon the benefits derived to Scotland from the Union, and the bad state of our people before it. I am entertained with his copious exaggeration upon that subject; but I am uneasy when people are by, who do not know him as well as I do, and may be apt to think him narrow-minded. (1) I therefore diverted the subject.

(1) It is remarkable that Dr. Johnson read this gentle remonstrance, and took no notice of it to me.—B.—Dr. Johnson's having read this Journal gives it a great and very peculiar interest; and we must not withhold from Mr. Boswell the merit of candour and courage in writing so freely about his great friend.—C.

The English chapel, to which we went this morning, was but mean. The altar was a bare fir table, with a coarse stool for kneeling on, covered with a piece of thick sailcloth doubled, by way of cushion. The congregation was small. Mr. Tait, the clergyman, read prayers very well, though with much of the Scotch accent. He preached on "Love your enemies." It was remarkable that, when talking of the connections amongst men, he said, that some connected themselves with men of distinguished talents; and since they could not equal them, tried to deck themselves with their merit, by being their companions. The sentence was to this purpose. It had an odd coincidence with what might be said of my connecting myself with Dr. Johnson.

After church, we walked down to the quay. We then went to Macbeth's castle. (1) I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it. It perfectly corresponds with Shakspeare's description, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so happily illustrated, in one of his notes on our immortal poet:—

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle sense," &c.

Just as we came out of it, a raven perched on one of the chimney-tops, and croaked. Then I repeated

> "——— The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."

(1) [Boswell means the ruins of the royal fortress, which have since been levelled into a bowling-green. It has recently been shown (Trans. Ant. Soc. Scot, vol. iii.), that if Macbeth had a castle in this neighbourhood at all, it must have been at a little distance from these ruins.—CHAMBERS.]

We dined at Mr. Keith's. Mrs. Keith was rather too attentive to Dr. Johnson, asking him many questions about his drinking only water. He repressed that observation, by saying to me, "You may remember that Lady Errol took no notice of this." (1)

Dr. Johnson has the happy art (for which I have heard my father praise the old Earl of Aberdeen (2) of instructing himself, by making every man he meets tell him something of what he knows best. He led Keith to talk to him of the excise in Scotland; and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that his friend Mr. Thrale, the great brewer, paid twenty thousand pounds a year to the revenue; and that he had four vats, each of which holds sixteen hundred barrels — above a thousand hogsheads. (3)

After this there was little conversation that deserves to be remembered. I shall, therefore, here again glean what I have omitted on former days. Dr. Gerard, at Aberdeen, told us, that when he was in Wales, he was shown a valley inhabited by Danes, who still retain their own language, and are quite a

(1) Of the two, however, was not Dr. Johnson's observation the least well-bred? — C.

(2) William Gordon, second Earl of Aberdeen, who died in 1746. — C.

(3) [On the death of Mr. Thrale, in 1781, the brewery was sold by his executors (of whom Dr. Johnson was one) to Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co. Since that period, the establishment has greatly increased, and it is now the largest of its kind in the world. The buildings extend over a space of about ten acres; and the various machinery is moved by two steam-engines. The store cellars contain 126 vats, varying in their contents from 4000 barrels down to 500. About 180 horses are employed in conveying beer to different parts of London. The quantity brewed, in 1826, was 360,180 barrels; upon which a duty of 10s. the barrel, or 180,090l. was paid to the revenue. The malt consumed amounted, in 1833, to 98,175, and in 1834 it came within a fraction of 100,000 quarters.]

distinct people. Dr. Johnson thought it could not be true, or all the kingdom must have heard of it. He said to me, as we travelled, "These people, Sir, that Gerard talks of, may have somewhat of a *peregrinity* in their dialect, which relation has augmented to a different language." I asked him if *peregrinity* was an English word. He laughed, and said, "No." I told him this was the second time that I had heard him coin a word. When Foote broke his leg, I observed that it would make him fitter for taking off George Faulkner as Peter Paragraph, poor George having a wooden leg. Dr. Johnson at that time said, "George will rejoice at the *depeditation* of Foote;" and when I challenged that word, laughed, and owned he had made it, and added that he had not made above three or four in his Dictionary.

Having conducted Dr. Johnson to our inn, I begged permission to leave him for a little, that I might run about and pay some short visits to several good people of Inverness. He said to me, "You have all the old-fashioned principles, good and bad." I acknowledge I have. That of attention to relations in the remotest degree, or to worthy persons in every state, whom I have once known, I inherit from my father. It gave me much satisfaction to hear every body at Inverness speak of him with uncommon regard. Mr. Keith and Mr. Grant, whom we had seen at Mr. M'Aulay's, supped with us at the inn. We had roasted kid, which Dr. Johnson had never tasted before. He relished it much.

Monday, Aug. 30. — This day we were to begin

our *equitation*, as I said; for *I* would needs make a word too. It is remarkable, that my noble, and to me most constant, friend, the Earl of Pembroke ([1]) (who, if there is too much ease on my part, will please to pardon what his benevolent, gay, social intercourse, and lively correspondence, have insensibly produced), has since hit upon the very same word. The title of the first edition of his lordship's very useful book was, in simple terms, "A Method of Breaking Horses and Teaching Soldiers to ride." The title of the second edition is "Military Equitation."

We might have taken a chaise to Fort Augustus; but, had we not hired horses at Inverness, we should not have found them afterwards: so we resolved to begin here to ride. We had three horses, for Dr. Johnson, myself, and Joseph, and one which carried our portmanteaus, and two Highlanders who walked along with us, John Hay and Lauchland Vass, whom Dr. Johnson has remembered with credit in his Journey, though he has omitted their names. Dr. Johnson rode very well.

About three miles beyond Inverness, we saw, just by the road, a very complete specimen of what is called a Druid's temple. There was a double circle, one of very large, the other of smaller stones. Dr. Johnson justly observed, that, "to go and see one druidical temple is only to see that it is nothing, for there is neither art nor power in it ([2]); and seeing one is quite enough."

(1) [Henry, tenth Earl, born March 1734, died Jan. 1794.]
(2) This seems hastily said; there must surely have been

It was a delightful day. Loch Ness, and the road upon the side of it, shaded with birch trees, and the hills above it, pleased us much. The scene was as sequestered and agreeably wild as could be desired, and for a time engrossed all our attention.

To see Dr. Johnson in any new situation is always an interesting object to me; and, as I saw him now for the first time on horseback, jaunting about at his ease in quest of pleasure and novelty, the very different occupations of his former laborious life, his admirable productions, his "London," his "Rambler," &c. &c. immediately presented themselves to my mind, and the contrast made a strong impression on my imagination.

When we had advanced a good way by the side of Loch Ness, I perceived a little hut, with an old-looking woman at the door of it. I thought here might be a scene that would amuse Dr. Johnson; so I mentioned it to him. "Let's go in," said he. We dismounted, and we and our guides entered the hut. It was a wretched little hovel of earth only, I think, and for a window had only a small hole, which was stopped with a piece of turf, that was taken out occasionally to let in light. In the middle of the room or space which we entered was a fire of peat, the smoke going out at a hole in the roof. She had a pot upon it, with goat's flesh, boiling. There was at one end under the same roof, but divided by a kind of partition made of wattles, a pen or fold in which we saw a good many kids.

some *art* and vast *power* to erect Stonehenge — C.—[See Johnson's own observations upon Stonehenge, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, *post*, October 9. 1783.—MARKLAND.]

Dr. Johnson was curious to know where she slept. I asked one of the guides, who questioned her in Erse. She answered with a tone of emotion, saying (as he told us), she was afraid we wanted to go to bed to her. This coquetry, or whatever it may be called, of so wretched a being, was truly ludicrous. Dr. Johnson and I afterwards were merry upon it. I said, it was he who alarmed the poor woman's virtue. "No, Sir," said he, "she'll say, 'There came a wicked young fellow, a wild dog, who, I believe, would have ravished me, had there not been with him a grave old gentleman, who repressed him: but when he gets out of the sight of his tutor, I'll warrant you he'll spare no woman he meets, young or old.'"—"No, Sir," I replied, "she'll say, 'There was a terrible ruffian who would have forced me, had it not been for a civil decent young man, who, I take it, was an angel sent from heaven to protect me.'"

Dr. Johnson would not hurt her delicacy, by insisting on "seeing her bed-chamber," like Archer in the Beaux Stratagem. But my curiosity was more ardent; I lighted a piece of paper, and went into the place where the bed was. There was a little partition of wicker, rather more neatly done than that for the fold, and close by the wall was a kind of bedstead of wood, with heath upon it by way of bed; at the foot of which I saw some sort of blankets or covering rolled up in a heap. The woman's name was Fraser; so was her husband's. He was a man of eighty. Mr. Fraser, of Balnain, allows him to live in this hut, and keep sixty goats, for taking care of his woods, where he then was.

They had five children, the eldest only thirteen. Two were gone to Inverness to buy meal; the rest were looking after the goats. This contented family had four stacks of barley, twenty-four sheaves in each. They had a few fowls. We were informed that they lived all the spring without meal, upon milk and curds and whey alone. What they get for their goats, kids, and fowls, maintains them during the rest of the year.

She asked us to sit down and take a dram. I saw one chair. She said she was as happy as any woman in Scotland. She could hardly speak any English except a few detached words. Dr. Johnson was pleased at seeing, for the first time, such a state of human life. She asked for snuff. It is her luxury, and she uses a great deal. We had none; but gave her sixpence apiece. She then brought out her whisky bottle. I tasted it; as did Joseph and our guides: so I gave her sixpence more. She sent us away with many prayers in Erse.

We dined at a public-house called the *General's Hut* (1), from General Wade, who was lodged there when he commanded in the north. Near it is the meanest parish kirk I ever saw. It is a shame it should be on a high road. After dinner we passed through a good deal of mountainous country. I had known Mr. Trapaud, the deputy-governor of Fort Augustus, twelve years ago, at a circuit at Inverness, where my father was judge. I sent

(1) It is very odd, that when these roads were made, there was no care taken for *Inns*. The *King's House* and the *General's Hut*, are miserable places; but the project and plans were purely military.— WALTER SCOTT.

forward one of our guides, and Joseph, with a card to him, that he might know Dr. Johnson and I were coming up, leaving it to him to invite us or not. It was dark when we arrived. The inn was wretched. Government ought to build one, or give the resident governor an additional salary; as in the present state of things, he must necessarily be put to a great expense in entertaining travellers. Joseph announced to us, when we alighted, that the governor waited for us at the gate of the fort. We walked to it. He met us, and with much civility conducted us to his house. It was comfortable to find ourselves in a well-built little square, and a neatly furnished house, in good company, and with a good supper before us; in short, with all the conveniencies of civilised life in the midst of rude mountains. Mrs. Trapaud, and the governor' daughter, and her husband, Captain Newmarsh, were all most obliging and polite. The governor had excellent animal spirits, the conversation of a soldier, and somewhat of a Frenchman, to which his extraction entitles him. He is brother to General Cyrus Trapaud. We passed a very agreeable evening.

Tuesday, Aug. 31. — The governor has a very good garden. We looked at it, and at the rest of the fort, which is but small, and may be commanded from a variety of hills around. We also looked at the galley or sloop belonging to the fort, which sails upon the Loch, and brings what is wanted for the garrison. Captains Urie and Darippe, of the 15th regiment of foot, breakfasted with us They had served in America, and en-

tertained Dr. Johnson much with an account of the Indians. He said he could make a very pretty book out of them, were he to stay there. Governor Trapaud was much struck with Dr. Johnson. "I like to hear him," said he, "it is so majestic. I should be glad to hear him speak in your court." He pressed us to stay dinner; but I considered that we had a rude road before us, which we could more easily encounter in the morning, and that it was hard to say when we might get up, were we to sit down to good entertainment, in good company: I therefore begged the governor would excuse us. Here, too, I had another very pleasing proof how much my father is regarded. The governor expressed the highest respect for him, and bade me tell him that, if he would come that way on the northern circuit, he would do him all the honours of the garrison.

Between twelve and one we set out, and travelled eleven miles, through a wild country, till we came to a house in Glenmorison, called Anoch, kept by a M'Queen. (1) Our landlord was a sensible fellow: he had learnt his grammar, and Dr. Johnson justly observed, that "a man is the better for that as long as he lives." There were some books here: a Treatise against Drunkenness, translated from the French; a volume of the Spectator; a volume

(1) *A* M'Queen is a Highland mode of expression. An Englishman would say *one* M'Queen. But where there are clans or tribes of men, distinguished by patronymic surnames, the individuals of each are considered as if they were of different species, at least as much as nations are distinguished; so that a M'Queen, a M'Donald, a M'Lean, is said, as we say a Frenchman, an Italian, a Spaniard.

of Prideaux's Connexion, and Cyrus's Travels. M'Queen said he had more volumes; and his pride seemed to be much piqued that we were surprised at his having books.

Near to this place we had passed a party of soldiers, under a serjeant's command, at work upon the road. We gave them two shillings to drink. They came to our inn, and made merry in the barn. We went and paid them a visit, Dr. Johnson saying, "Come, let's go and give 'em another shilling apiece." We did so; and he was saluted "My lord" by all of them. He is really generous, loves influence, and has the way of gaining it. He said, "I am quite feudal, Sir." Here I agree with him. I said, I regretted I was not the head of a clan: however, though not possessed of such an hereditary advantage, I would always endeavour to make my tenants follow me. I could not be a patriarchal chief, but I would be a feudal chief.

The poor soldiers got too much liquor. Some of them fought, and left blood upon the spot, and cursed whisky next morning. The house here was built of thick turfs, and thatched with thinner turfs and heath. It had three rooms in length, and a little room which projected. Where we sat, the side-walls were wainscoted, as Dr. Johnson said, with wicker, very neatly plaited. Our landlord had made the whole with his own hands.

After dinner, M'Queen sat by us a while, and talked with us. He said, all the Laird of Glenmorison's people would bleed for him, if they were well used; but that seventy men had gone out of

the Glen to America. That he himself intended to go next year; for that the rent of his farm, which, twenty years ago, was only five pounds, was now raised to twenty pounds. That he could pay ten pounds, and live, but no more. Dr. Johnson said, he wished M'Queen laird of Glenmorison, and the laird to go to America. M'Queen very generously answered, he should be sorry for it, for the laird could not shift for himself in America as he could do.

I talked of the officers whom we had left to-day; how much service they had seen, and how little they got for it, even of fame. JOHNSON. "Sir, a soldier gets as little as any man can get." BOSWELL. "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war, who were not generals." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider, that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger." I wish our friend Goldsmith had heard this.

I yesterday expressed my wonder that John Hay, one of our guides, who had been pressed aboard a man of war, did not choose to continue in it longer than nine months, after which time he got off. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for, being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

We had tea in the afternoon, and our landlord's

daughter, a modest, civil girl, very neatly dressed, made it for us. She told us, she had been a year at Inverness, and learnt reading and writing, sewing, knotting, working lace, and pastry. Dr. Johnson made her a present of a book which he had bought at Inverness. (1)

The room had some deals laid across the joists, as a kind of ceiling. There were two beds in the room, and a woman's gown was hung on a rope to make a curtain of separation between them. Joseph had sheets, which my wife had sent with us, laid on them. We had much hesitation, whether to undress, or lie down with our clothes on. I said at last, "I'll plunge in! There will be less harbour for vermin about me when I am stripped." Dr. Johnson said, he was like one hesitating whether to go into the cold bath. At last he resolved too. I observed he might serve a campaign. JOHNSON.

(1) This book has given rise to much inquiry, which has ended in ludicrous surprise. Several ladies, wishing to learn the kind of reading which the great and good Dr. Johnson esteemed most fit for a young woman, desired to know what book he had selected for this Highland nymph. "They never adverted," said he, "that I had no choice in the matter. I have said that I presented her with a book, which I happened to have about me." And what was this book? My readers, prepare your features for merriment. It was Cocker's Arithmetic! Wherever this was mentioned, there was a loud laugh, at which Dr. Johnson, when present, used sometimes to be little angry. One day, when we were dining at General Oglethorpe's, where we had many a valuable day, I ventured to interrogate him, "But, Sir, is it not somewhat singular that you should happen to have Cocker's Arithmetic about you on your journey? What made you buy such a book at Inverness?" He gave me a very sufficient answer. "Why, Sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible."

"I could do all that can be done by patience: whether I should have strength enough, I know not." He was in excellent humour. To see the *Rambler* as I saw him to-night, was really an amusement. I yesterday told him, I was thinking of writing a poetical letter to him, on his return from Scotland, in the style of Swift's humorous epistle in the character of Mary Gulliver to her husband, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, on his return to England from the country of the Houyhnhnms:—

"At early morn I to the market haste,
Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste.
A curious *fowl* and *sparagrass* I chose;
(For I remember you were fond of those:)
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for OATS."

He laughed, and asked in whose name I would write it. I said in Mrs. Thrale's. He was angry. "Sir, if you have any sense of decency or delicacy you won't do that." BOSWELL. "Then let it be in Cole's, the landlord of the Mitre tavern, where we have so often sat together." JOHNSON. "Ay, that may do."

After we had offered up our private devotions, and had chatted a little from our beds, Dr. Johnson said, "God bless us both, for Jesus Christ's sake! Good night." I pronounced "Amen." He fell asleep immediately. I was not so fortunate for a long time. I fancied myself bit by innumerable vermin under the clothes; and that a spider was travelling from the *wainscot* towards my mouth. At last I fell into insensibility.

Wednesday, Sept. 1.—I awaked very early. I

began to imagine that the landlord, being about to emigrate, might murder us to get our money, and lay it upon the soldiers in the barn. Such groundless fears will arise in the mind, before it has resumed its vigour after sleep. Dr. Johnson had had the same kind of ideas; for he told me afterwards, that he considered so many soldiers, having seen us, would be witnesses, should any harm be done, and that circumstance, I suppose, he considered as a security. When I got up, I found him sound asleep in his miserable sty, as I may call it, with a coloured handkerchief tied round his head. With difficulty could I awaken. It reminded me of Henry the Fourth's fine soliloquy on sleep (1), for there was here as uneasy a pallet as the poet's imagination could possibly conceive.

A red coat of the 15th regiment, whether officer, or only serjeant, I could not be sure, came to the house, in his way to the mountains to shoot deer, which it seems the Laird of Glenmorison does not hinder any one to do. Few, indeed, can do them harm. We had him to breakfast with us. We got away about eight. M'Queen walked some miles to give us a convoy. He had, in 1745, joined the Highland army at Fort Augustus, and continued in it till after the battle of Culloden. As he narrated the particulars of that ill-advised, but brave attempt, I could not refrain from tears. There is a certain

(1) ["Why, rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?"
— *Henry IV*. act iii. sc. 1.]

association of ideas in my mind upon that subject, by which I am strongly affected. The very Highland names, or the sound of a bagpipe, will stir my blood, and fill me with a mixture of melancholy and respect for courage; with pity for an unfortunate and superstitious regard for antiquity, and thoughtless inclination for war; in short, with a crowd of sensations with which sober rationality has nothing to do.

We passed through Glensheal(1), with prodigious mountains on each side. We saw where the battle was fought, in the year 1719. Dr. Johnson owned he was now in a scene of as wild nature as he could see; but he corrected me sometimes in my inaccurate observations. "There," said I, "is a mountain like a cone." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, it would be called so in a book; and when a man comes to look at it, he sees it is not so. It is indeed pointed

(1) In 1719, Spain projected an invasion of Scotland in behalf of the *Chevalier*, and destined a great force for that purpose, under the command of the Duke of Ormond. But owing to storms, only three frigates, with three hundred or four hundred Spaniards on board, arrived in Scotland. They had with them the banished Earl of Seaforth, chief of the Mackenzies, a man of great power, exiled for his share in the rebellion of 1715. He raised a considerable body of Highlanders of his own and friendly clans, and disembarking the Spaniards, came as far as the great valley called Glensheal, in the West Highlands. General Wightman marched against them from Inverness with a few regular forces, and several of the Grants, Rosses, Munros, and other clans friendly to government. He found the insurgents in possession of a very strong pass called Strachel, from which, after a few days' skirmishing, they retired, Seaforth's party not losing a man, and the others having several slain. But the Earl of Seaforth was dangerously wounded in the shoulder, and obliged to be carried back to the ships. His clan deserted or dispersed, and the Spaniards surrendered themselves prisoners of war to General Wightman.— WALTER SCOTT.

at the top; but one side of it is larger than the other." (1) Another mountain I called immense. JOHNSON. "No; it is no more than a considerable protuberance."

We came to a rich green valley, comparatively speaking, and stopped a while to let our horses rest and eat grass. (2) We soon afterwards came to Auchnasheal, a kind of rural village, a number of cottages being built together, as we saw all along in the Highlands. We passed many miles this day without seeing a house, but only little summer huts, called shielings. Even Campbell, servant to Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod in Glenelg, ran along with us to-day. He was a very obliging fellow. At Auchnasheal, we sat down on a green turf-seat at the end of a house; they

(1) This was hypercritical; the hill is indeed not a cone, but it is *like* one.—WALTER SCOTT.

(2) Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey," thus beautifully describes his situation here: "I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration." The Critical Reviewers, with a spirit and expression worthy of the subject, say, "We congratulate the public on the event with which this quotation concludes, and are fully persuaded that the hour in which the entertaining traveller conceived this narrative will be considered, by every reader of taste, as a fortunate event in the annals of literature. Were it suitable to the task in which we are at present engaged, to indulge ourselves in a poetical flight, we would invoke the winds of the Caledonian mountains to blow for ever, with their softest breezes, on the bank where our author reclined, and request of Flora, that it might be perpetually adorned with the gayest and most fragrant productions of the year."

brought us out two wooden dishes of milk, which we tasted. One of them was frothed like a syllabub. I saw a woman preparing it with such a stick as is used for chocolate, and in the same manner. We had a considerable circle about us, men, women, and children, all M'Craas (1), Lord Seaforth's people. Not one of them could speak English. I observed to Dr. Johnson, it was much the same as being with a tribe of Indians. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, but not so terrifying." I gave all who chose it snuff and tobacco. Governor Trapaud had made us buy a quantity at Fort Augustus, and put them up in small parcels. I also gave each person a piece of wheat bread, which they had never tasted before. I then gave a penny apiece to each child. I told Dr. Johnson of this: upon which he called to Joseph and our guides, for change for a shilling, and declared that he would distribute among the children. Upon this being announced in Erse, there was a great stir: not only did some children come running down from neighbouring huts, but I observed one black-haired man, who had been with us all along, had gone off, and returned, bringing a very young child. My fellow traveller then ordered the children to be drawn up in a row, and he dealt

(1) The Mac Raes are an example of what sometimes occurred in the Highlands, a clan who had no chief or banner of their own, but mustered under that of another tribe. They were originally attached to the Frasers, but on occasion of an intermarriage, they were transferred to the Mackenzies, and have since mustered under Seaforth's standard. They were always, and are still, a set of bold hardy men, as much attached to the *Caberfae* (or stag's head) as the Mackenzies, to whom the standard properly belongs.—WALTER SCOTT.

about his copper, and made them and their parents all happy. The poor M'Craas, whatever may be their present state, were of considerable estimation in the year 1715, when there was a line in a song:

"And aw the brave M'Craas are coming." (1)

There was great diversity in the faces of the circle around us; some were as black and wild in their appearance as any American savages whatever. One woman was as comely almost as the figure of Sappho, as we see it painted. We asked the old woman, the mistress of the house where we had the milk (which, by the by, Dr. Johnson told me, for I did not observe it myself, was built not of turf, but of stone), what we should pay. She said what we pleased. One of our guides asked her, in Erse, if a shilling was enough. She said, "Yes." But some

(1) The M'Craas, or Macraes, were, since that time, brought into the king's army, by the late Lord Seaforth. When they lay in Edinburgh Castle, in 1778, and were ordered to embark for Jersey, they, with a number of other men in the regiment, for different reasons, but especially an apprehension that they were to be sold to the East India Company, though inlisted not to be sent out of Great Britain without their own consent, made a determined mutiny, and encamped upon the lofty mountain, *Arthur's Seat*, where they remained three days and three nights, bidding defiance to all the force in Scotland. At last they came down, and embarked peaceably, having obtained formal articles of capitulation, signed by Sir Adolphus Oughton, commander-in-chief, General Skene, deputy commander, the Duke of Buccleugh, and the Earl of Dunmore, which quieted them. Since the secession of the Commons of Rome to the Mons Sacer, a more spirited exertion has not been made. I gave great attention to it from first to last, and have drawn up a particular account of it. Those brave fellows have since served their country effectually at Jersey, and also in the East Indies, to which, after being better informed, they voluntarily agreed to go.—B. The line is printed in Hogg's Jacobite Relics, vol. i. —

"And the *wild* Mac Ra's comin."—C.

of the men bade her ask more. This vexed me; because it showed a desire to impose upon strangers, as they knew that even a shilling was high payment. The woman, however, honestly persisted in her first price; so I gave her half a crown. Thus we had one good scene of life uncommon to us. The people were very much pleased, gave us many blessings, and said they had not had such a day since the old Laird of Macleod's time.

Dr. Johnson was much refreshed by this repast. He was pleased when I told him he would make a good chief. He said, "Were I a chief, I would dress my servants better than myself, and knock a fellow down if he looked saucy to a Macdonald in rags; but I would not treat men as brutes. I would let them know why all of my clan were to have attention paid to them. I would tell my upper servants why, and make them tell the others."

We rode on well, till we came to the high mountain called the Rattakin, by which time both Dr. Johnson and the horses were a good deal fatigued. It is a terrible steep to climb, notwithstanding the road is formed slanting along it; however, we made it out. On the top of it we met Captain Macleod, of Balmenoch (a Dutch officer who had come from Sky), riding with his sword slung across him. He asked, "Is this Mr. Boswell?" which was a proof that we were expected. Going down the hill on the other side was no easy task. As Dr. Johnson was a great weight, the two guides agreed that he should ride the horses alternately. Hay's were the two best, and the Doctor would not ride but upon

one or other of them, a black or a brown But, as Hay complained much after ascending the Rattakin, the Doctor was prevailed with to mount one of Vass's grays. As he rode upon it down hill, it did not go well, and he grumbled. I walked on a little before, but was excessively entertained with the method taken to keep him in good humour. Hay led the horse's head, talking to Dr. Johnson as much as he could; and (having heard him, in the forenoon, express a pastoral pleasure on seeing the goats browsing) just when the Doctor was uttering his displeasure, the fellow cried, with a very Highland accent, "See, such pretty goats!" Then he whistled *whu!* and made them jump. Little did he conceive what Dr. Johnson was. Here now was a common ignorant Highland clown imagining that he could divert, as one does a child, Dr. Samuel Johnson! The ludicrousness, absurdity, and extraordinary contrast between what the fellow fancied, and the reality, was truly comic.

It grew dusky; and we had a very tedious ride for what was called five miles, but I am sure would measure ten. We had no conversation. I was riding forward to the inn at Glenelg, on the shore opposite to Sky, that I might take proper measures, before Dr. Johnson, who was now advancing in dreary silence, Hay leading his horse, should arrive. Vass also walked by the side of his horse, and Joseph followed behind. As, therefore, he was thus attended, and seemed to be in deep meditation, I thought there could be no harm in leaving him for a little while. He called me back with a tremen-

dous shout, and was really in a passion with me for leaving him. I told him my intentions, but he was not satisfied, and said, "Do you know, I should as soon have thought of picking a pocket, as doing so." BOSWELL. "I am diverted with you, Sir." JOHNSON. "Sir, I could never be diverted with incivility. Doing such a thing makes one lose confidence in him who has done it, as one cannot tell what he may do next." His extraordinary warmth confounded me so much, that I justified myself but lamely to him; yet my intentions were not improper. I wished to get on, to see how we were to be lodged, and how we were to get a boat; all which I thought I could best settle myself, without his having any trouble. To apply his great mind to minute particulars is wrong: it is like taking an immense balance (such as is kept on quays for weighing cargoes of ships) to weigh a guinea. I knew I had neat little scales, which would do better; and that his attention to every thing which falls in his way, and his uncommon desire to be always in the right, would make him weigh, if he knew of the particulars: it was right, therefore, for me to weigh them, and let him have them only in effect. I, however, continued to ride by him, finding he wished I should do so.

As we passed the barracks at Bernéra, I looked at them wishfully, as soldiers have always every thing in the best order; but there was only a serjeant and a few men there. We came on to the inn at Glenelg. There was no provender for our horses; so they were sent to grass, with a man to

watch them. A maid showed us up stairs into a room damp and dirty, with bare walls, a variety of bad smells, a coarse black greasy fir table, and forms (1) of the same kind; and out of a wretched bed started a fellow from his sleep, like Edgar in King Lear, "*Poor Tom's a cold.*" (2)

This inn was furnished with not a single article that we could either eat or drink; but Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod, in Glenelg, sent us a bottle of rum and some sugar, with a polite message, to acquaint us, that he was very sorry that he did not hear of us till we had passed his house, otherwise he should have insisted on our sleeping there that night; and that, if he were not obliged to set out for Inverness early next morning, he would have waited upon us. Such extraordinary attention from this gentleman, to entire strangers, deserves the most honourable commemoration.

Our bad accommodation here made me uneasy, and almost fretful. Dr. Johnson was calm. I said he was so from vanity. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; it is from philosophy." It pleased me to see that the *Rambler* could practise so well his own lessons.

I resumed the subject of my leaving him on the road, and endeavoured to defend it better. He was still violent upon that head, and said, "Sir, had you gone on, I was thinking that I should have returned with you to Edinburgh, and then have parted from you, and never spoken to you more."

(1) [*Benches.*]

(2) It is amusing to observe the different images which this being presented to Dr. Johnson and me. The Doctor, in his "Journey," compares him to a *Cyclops*.

I sent for fresh hay, with which we made beds for ourselves, each in a room equally miserable. Like Wolfe, we had a "*choice of difficulties*." (1) Dr Johnson made things easier by comparison. At M'Queen's, last night, he observed, that few were so well lodged in a ship. To-night, he said, we were better than if we had been upon the hill. He lay down buttoned up in his great coat. I had my sheets spread on the hay, and my clothes and great coat laid over me, by way of blankets. (2)

(1) This phrase, now so common, excited some surprise and criticism when used by General Wolfe, in his despatch from before Quebec. See London Gazette Extraordinary, 16th October, 1759.— C.

(2) Johnson thus describes this scene to Mrs. Thrale: "*I* ordered hay to be laid thick upon the bed, and slept upon it in my great coat. Boswell laid sheets upon his bed, and reposed in linen, *like a gentleman*."—Letters vol. i. p. 137.— C.

CHAPTER VII.

Glenelg. — Isle of Sky. — Armidale. — Sir Alexander Macdonald. — Parish Church of Slate. — Ode on Sky.—Corrichatachin.—Highland Hospitality.—Ode to Mrs. Thrale.—Country Life.—Macpherson's Dissertations.—Second Sight.—Sail to Rasay.—Fingal —Homer.—Rasay.—Infidelity.—Bentley.—Mallet. —Hooke.—Duchess of Marlborough.—Heritable Jurisdictions.—Insular Life.—Laird of Macleod.

Thursday, Sept. 2.—I HAD slept ill. Dr. Johnson's anger had affected me much. I considered that, without any bad intention, I might suddenly forfeit his friendship; and was impatient to see him this morning. I told him how uneasy he had made me by what he had said, and reminded him of his own remark at Aberdeen, upon old friendships being hastily broken off. He owned, he had spoken to me in passion; that he would not have done what he threatened; and that, if he had, he should have been ten times worse than I; that forming intimacies would indeed be "limning the water," were they liable to such sudden dissolution; and he added, "Let's think no more on't." BOSWELL. "Well then, Sir, I shall be easy. Remember, I am to have fair warning in case of any quarrel. You are never to spring a mine upon me. It was absurd in me to believe you." JOHNSON. "You deserved about as much, as to believe me from night to morning."

After breakfast, we got into a boat for Sky. It rained much when we set off, but cleared up as we advanced. One of the boatmen, who spoke English, said that a mile at land was two miles at sea. I then observed, that from Glenelg to Armidale in Sky, which was our present course, and is called twelve, was only six miles; but this he could not understand. "Well," said Dr. Johnson, "never talk to me of the native good sense of the Highlanders. Here is a fellow who calls one mile two, and yet cannot comprehend that twelve such imaginary miles make in truth but six."

We reached the shore of Armidale before one o'clock. Sir Alexander Macdonald came down to receive us. He and his lady (formerly Miss Boswell[1], of Yorkshire), were then in a house built by a tenant at this place, which is in the district of Slate, the family mansion here having been burned in Sir Donald Macdonald's time.

The most ancient seat of the chief of the Macdonalds in the Isle of Sky was at Duntulm, where there are the remains of a stately castle. The principal residence of the family is now at Mugstot, at which there is a considerable building. Sir Alexander and Lady Macdonald had come to Armidale in their way to Edinburgh, where it was necessary for them to be soon after this time.

Armidale is situated on a pretty bay of the narrow sea, which flows between the main land of Scot-

(1) The Yorkshire branch of the family have generally spelt the name *Bosville*. Their estates are now possessed by Lord Macdonald.

land and the Isle of Sky. In front there is a grand prospect of the rude mountains of Moidart and Knoidart. Behind are hills gently rising and covered with a finer verdure than I expected to see in this climate, and the scene is enlivened by a number of little clear brooks. (1)

Sir Alexander Macdonald having been an Eton scholar (2), and being a gentleman of talents, Dr.

(1) Instead of finding the head of the Macdonalds surrounded with his clan, and a festive entertainment, we had a small company, and cannot boast of our cheer. The particulars are minuted in my "Journal," but I shall not trouble the public with them. I shall mention but one characteristic circumstance. My shrewd and hearty friend, Sir Thomas (Wentworth) Blacket, Lady Macdonald's uncle, who had preceded us in a visit to this chief, upon being asked by him, if the punch-bowl, then upon the table, was not a very handsome one, replied, "Yes, if it were full."—*Boswell's First Edit.*

Johnson, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, says, "We had a passage of about twelve miles to the point where Sir Alexander Macdonald resided, having come from his seat, in the middle of the island, to a small house on the shore, as we believe, that he might *with less reproach entertain us meanly.* If he aspired to meanness, his retrograde ambition was completely gratified; but he did not succeed equally in escaping reproach. He had no cook, nor I suppose much provision; nor had the lady the common decencies of her tea-table: we picked up our sugar with our fingers. Boswell was very angry, and reproached him with his improper parsimony."—Letters, vol. i. p. 137. And again: "I have done thinking of Sir Alexander Macdonald, whom we now call Sir Sawney; he has disgusted all mankind by injudicious parsimony, and given occasion to so many stories, that Boswell has some thoughts of collecting them, and making a novel of his life."

These passages leave no doubt as to the person meant in the various allusions to the *mean and parsimonious landlord and chieftain*, which the reader will find in the subsequent parts of the Tour. — C.

(2) See his Latin verses addressed to Dr. Johnson, in the Appendix, No. II.—B.—Indifferent, and, indeed, unintelligible, as these verses are, they probably *suggested* to Dr. Johnson's mind the writing those Latin verses in *Skye* and *Inch-Kenneth*, which we shall see presently.— C.

Johnson had been very well pleased with him in London. But my fellow-traveller and I were now full of the old Highland spirit, and were dissatisfied at hearing of rents racked and a chief not surrounded by his clan. Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, the Highland chiefs should not be allowed to go farther south than Aberdeen. A strong-minded man, like [his brother] Sir James Macdonald, may be improved by an English education; but in general they will be tamed into insignificance."(1)

We found here Mr. Janes of Aberdeenshire, a naturalist. Janes said he had been at Dr. Johnson's in London, with Ferguson the astronomer. JOHNSON. "It is strange that, in such distant places, I should meet with any one who knows me. I should have thought I might hide myself in Sky."

Friday, Sept. 3.—This day proving wet, we should have passed our time very uncomfortably, had we not found in the house two chests of books, which we eagerly ransacked. After dinner, when I alone was left at table with the few Highland gentlemen who were of the company, having talked (2) with very high respect of Sir James Mac-

(1) "But my fellow-traveller and I were now full of the old Highland spirit, and were dissatisfied at hearing heavy complaints of rents racked, and the people driven to emigration; and finding a chief not summoned by his clan, Dr. Johnson said, 'It grieves me to see the chief of a great clan appear to such disadvantage. This gentleman has talents, nay, some learning; but he is totally unfit for his situation.' I meditated an escape from this house the very next day; but Dr. Johnson resolved that we should weather it out till Monday."—*First Edit.*

(2) Here, in the first edition, was a leaf *cancelled*, which, no doubt, contained some of the original strictures of the "Journal"

donald, they were all so much affected as to shed tears. One of them was Mr. Donald Macdonald, who had been lieutenant of grenadiers in the Highland regiment, raised by Colonel Montgomery, now Earl of Eglintoune, in the war before last; one of those regiments which the late Lord Chatham prided himself in having brought from "the mountains of the north:" by doing which he contributed to extinguish in the Highlands the remains of disaffection to the present royal family. From this gentleman's conversation, I first learnt how very popular his colonel was among the Highlanders; of which I had such continued proofs, during the whole course of my Tour, that on my return I could not help telling the noble Earl himself, that I did not before know how great a man he was.

We were advised by some persons here to visit Rasay, in our way to Dunvegan, the seat of the Laird of Macleod. Being informed that the Rev. Mr. Donald M'Queen was the most intelligent man in Sky, and having been favoured with a letter of introduction to him, by the learned Sir James Foulis (1), I sent it to him by an express, and re-

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on Sir Alexander Macdonald's want of hospitality and spirit.— C.

(1) Sir James Foulis, of Collinton, Bart. was a man of an ancient family, a good scholar, and a hard student; duly imbued with a large share both of Scottish shrewdness and Scottish prejudice. His property, his income at least, was very moderate. Others might have increased it in a voyage to India, which he made in the character of a commissioner; but Sir James returned as poor as he went there. Sir James Foulis was one of the few Lowlanders whom Highlanders allowed to be well skilled in the Gaelic, an acquaintance which he made late in life.— WALTER SCOTT.

quested he would meet us at Rasay; and at the same time enclosed a letter to the Laird of Macleod, informing him that we intended in a few days to have the honour of waiting on him at Dunvegan.

Dr. Johnson this day endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the state of the country; but complained that he could get no distinct information about any thing, from those with whom he conversed.

Saturday, Sept. 4.—My endeavours to rouse the English-bred chieftain, in whose house we were, to the feudal and patriarchal feelings, proving ineffectual, Dr. Johnson this morning tried to bring him to our way of thinking. JOHNSON. "Were I in your place, Sir, in seven years I would make this an independent island. I would roast oxen whole, and hang out a flag as a signal to the Macdonalds, to come and get beef and whisky." Sir Alexander was still starting difficulties. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir; if you are born to object, I have done with you. Sir, I would have a magazine of arms." SIR ALEXANDER. "They would rust." JOHNSON. "Let there be men to keep them clean. Your ancestors did not use to let their arms rust." (1)

We attempted in vain to communicate to him a portion of our enthusiasm. He bore with so polite a good-nature our warm, and what some might call Gothic, expostulations on this subject,

(1) Dr. Johnson seems to have forgotten that a Highlander going armed at this period incurred the penalty of serving as a common soldier for the first, and of transportation beyond sea for a second offence. And as "for calling out his clan," twelve Highlanders and a bagpipe made a rebellion.—WALTER SCOTT. [See Johnson's letter to Mrs. Thrale of the 23d. Sept.]

that I should not forgive myself were I to record all that Dr. Johnson's ardour led him to say. This day was little better than a blank.

Sunday, Sept. 5.—I walked to the parish church of Slate, which is a very poor one. There are no church bells in the island. I was told there were once some; what was become of them, I could not learn. The minister not being at home, there was no service. I went into the church, and saw the monument of Sir James Macdonald, which was elegantly executed at Rome, and has an inscription, written by his friend, George Lord Lyttelton.(1)

Dr. Johnson said, the inscription should have been in Latin, as every thing intended to be universal and permanent should be. (2)

This being a beautiful day, my spirits were cheered by the mere effect of climate. I had felt a return of spleen during my stay at Armidale, and had it not been that I had Dr. Johnson to contemplate, I should have sunk into dejection; but his firm-

(1) Which, as well as two letters, written by Sir James, in his last illness, to his mother, will be found in the Appendix, No. III.

(2) What a strange perversion of language! — *universal!* Why, if it *had* been in Latin, so far from being *universally* understood, it would have been an utter blank to one (the *better*) half of the creation, and, even of the *men* who might visit it, *ninety-nine* will understand it in English for *one* who could in Latin. Something may be said for epitaphs and inscriptions addressed, as it were, to the *world* at large — a triumphal arch — the pillar at Blenheim — the monument on the field of Waterloo; but a Latin epitaph, in an English church, appears, in principle, as absurd as the *dinner*, which the doctor gives in Peregrine Pickle, *after the manner of the ancients*. A mortal may surely be well satisfied if his fame lasts as long as the language in which he spoke or wrote. — C.

ness supported me. I looked at him, as a man whose head is turning giddy at sea looks at a rock, or any fixed object. I wondered at his tranquillity. He said, "Sir, when a man retires into an island, he is to turn his thoughts entirely to another world. He has done with this." BOSWELL. "It appears to me, Sir, to be very difficult to unite a due attention to this world, and that which is to come; for, if we engage eagerly in the affairs of life, we are apt to be totally forgetful of a future state; and, on the other hand, a steady contemplation of the awful concerns of eternity renders all objects here so insignificant, as to make us indifferent and negligent about them." JOHNSON. "Sir, Dr. Cheyne has laid down a rule to himself on this subject, which should be imprinted on every mind: *'To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day; nor to mind any thing that my secular obligations and duties demanded of me, less than if I had been insured to live fifty years more.*"

I must here observe, that though Dr. Johnson appeared now to be philosophically calm, yet his genius did not shine forth as in companies, where I have listened to him with admiration. The vigour of his mind was, however, sufficiently manifested, by his discovering no symptoms of feeble relaxation in the dull, "weary, flat, and unprofitable" state in which we now were placed.

I am inclined to think that it was on this day he composed the following Ode upon the Isle of

Sky, which a few days afterwards he showed me at Rasay:—

"ODA.

"Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,
Quam grata defesso virentem
Skia sinum nebulosa pandis.

"His cura, credo, sedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis:
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Insidias meditatur horis.

"At non cavata rupe latescere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodest vagari, nec frementes
E scopulo numerare fluctus.

"Humana virtus non sibi sufficit,
Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi
Parare posse, ut Stoicorum
Secta crepet nimis alta fallax.

"Exæstuantis pectoris impetum,
Rex summe, solus tu regis arbiter,
Mentisque, te tollente, surgunt,
Te recidunt moderante fluctus." (1)

After supper, Dr. Johnson told us, that Isaac Hawkins Browne drank freely for thirty years, and that he wrote his poem, "De Animi Immortalitate," in some of the last of these years. (2) I listened to

(1) *Various Readings.*—Line 2. In the manuscript, Dr. Johnson, instead of *rupibus obsita*, had written *imbribus uvida*, and *uvida nubibus*, but struck them both out. Lines 15 and 16. Instead of these two lines, he had written, but afterwards struck out, the following:—

Parare posse, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

(2) [Browne died in 1760, aged fifty-four.]

this with the eagerness of one, who, conscious of being himself fond of wine, is glad to hear that a man of so much genius and good thinking as Browne had the same propensity.

Monday, Sept. 6.—We set out, accompanied by Mr. Donald M'Leod, late of Canna, as our guide. We rode for some time along the district of Slate, near the shore. The houses in general are made of turf, covered with grass. The country seemed well peopled. We came into the district of Strath, and passed along a wild moorish tract of land till we arrived at the shore. There we found good verdure, and some curious whin-rocks, or collections of stones, like the ruins of the foundations of old buildings. We saw also three cairns of considerable size.

About a mile beyond Broadfoot (1) is Corrichatachin, a farm of Sir Alexander Macdonald's, possessed by Mr. M'Kinnon (2), who received us with

(1) The true name is Broadford.—C

(2) That my readers may have my narrative in the style of the country through which I am travelling, it is proper to inform them, that the chief of a clan is denominated by his surname alone, as M'Leod, M'Kinnon, M'Intosh. To prefix *Mr.* to it would be a degradation from *the* M'Leod, &c. My old friend the Laird of M'Farlane, the great antiquary, took it highly amiss, when General Wade called him Mr. M'Farlane. Dr. Johnson said, he could not bring himself to use this mode of address; it seemed to him to be too familiar, as it is the way in which, in all other places, intimates or inferiors are addressed. When the chiefs have titles, they are denominated by them, as Sir James Grant, Sir Allan M'Lean. The other Highland gentlemen, of landed property, are denominated by their estates, as Rasay, Boisdale; and the wives of all of them have the title of *ladies*. The tacksmen, or principal tenants, are named by their farms, as Kingsburgh, Corrichatachin; and their wives are called the *mistress* of Kingsburgh, the *mistress* of Corrichatachin. Having given this explanation, I am at liberty

a hearty welcome, as did his wife, who was what we call in Scotland a *lady-like* woman. Mr. Pennant, in the course of his tour to the Hebrides, passed two nights at this gentleman's house. On its being mentioned, that a present had here been made to him of a curious specimen of Highland antiquity, Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, it was more than he deserved: the dog is a Whig."

We here enjoyed the comfort of a table plentifully furnished, the satisfaction of which was heightened by a numerous and cheerful company; and we, for the first time, had a specimen of the joyous social manners of the inhabitants of the Highlands. They talked in their own ancient language, with fluent vivacity, and sung many Erse songs with such spirit, that, though Dr. Johnson was treated with the greatest respect and attention, there were moments in which he seemed to be forgotten. For myself, though but a Lowlander, having picked up a few words of the language, I presumed to mingle in their mirth, and joined in the choruses with as much glee as any of the company. Dr. Johnson, being fatigued with his journey, retired early to his chamber, where he composed the following Ode, addressed to Mrs. Thrale (1):—

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to use that mode of speech which generally prevails in the Highlands and the Hebrides.

(1) About fourteen years since, I landed in Sky, with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to ask what was the first idea on every one's mind at landing. All answered separately that it was this Ode.—WALTER SCOTT. [1829.]

"ODA.

"Permeo terras, ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident steriles coloni
Rura labores.

"Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tugurique fumis
Fœda latescit.

"Inter erroris salebrosa longi,
Inter ignotæ strepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

"Seu viri curas pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem:

"Sit memor nostri, fideique merces
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

"Scriptum in Skiâ, 6th Sept. 1773."

Tuesday, Sept. 7. — Dr. Johnson was much pleased with his entertainment here. There were many good books in the house: Hector Boethius in Latin; Cave's Lives of the Fathers; Baker's Chronicle; Jeremy Collier's Church History; Dr. Johnson's small Dictionary; Craufurd's Officers of State, and several more; — a mezzotinto of Mrs. Brooks the actress (by some strange chance in Sky(1)); and also a print of Macdonald of Clanranald, with a Latin inscription about the cruelties

(1) Mrs. Brooks's father was a Scotchman of the name of Watson. — C.

after the battle of Culloden, which will never be forgotten.

It was a very wet stormy day; we were therefore obliged to remain here, it being impossible to cross the sea to Rasay.

I employed a part of the forenoon in writing this journal. The rest of it was somewhat dreary, from the gloominess of the weather, and the uncertain state which we were in, as we could not tell but it might clear up every hour. Nothing is more painful to the mind than a state of suspense, especially when it depends upon the weather, concerning which there can be so little calculation. As Dr. Johnson said of our weariness on the Monday at Aberdeen, "Sensation is sensation:" Corrichatachin, which was last night a hospitable house, was, in my mind, changed to-day into a prison. After dinner I read some of Dr. Macpherson's "Dissertations on the Ancient Caledonians." I was disgusted by the unsatisfactory conjectures as to antiquity, before the days of record. I was happy when tea came. Such, I take it, is the state of those who live in the country.(1) Meals are wished for from the cravings of vacuity of mind, as well as from the desire of eating. I was hurt to find even such a temporary feebleness, and that I was so far from being that robust wise man

(1) Mr. Boswell should have recollected, that he and Dr. Johnson were probably the only persons of the party who had nothing to do. A country gentleman's life would be miserable, if he had no more business or interest in the scenes around him than the visiter of a few days at a stranger's house can have. M'Kinnon would probably have been more, and with more reason, *ennuyé* in Bolt Court than Johnson and Boswell were at Corrichatachin.—C.

who is sufficient for his own happiness. I felt a kind of lethargy of indolence. I did not exert myself to get Dr. Johnson to talk, that I might not have the labour of writing down his conversation. He inquired here, if there were any remains of the second sight. Mr. Macpherson, minister of Slate, said, he was *resolved* not to believe it, because it was founded on no principle. JOHNSON. "There are many things then, which we are sure are true, that you will not believe. What principle is there, why a loadstone attracts iron? why an egg produces a chicken by heat? why a tree grows upwards, when the natural tendency of all things is downwards? Sir, it depends upon the degree of evidence that you have." Young Mr. M'Kinnon mentioned one M'Kenzie, who is still alive, who had often fainted in his presence, and when he recovered, mentioned visions which had been presented to him. He told Mr. M'Kinnon, that at such a place he should meet a funeral, and that such and such people would be the bearers, naming four; and three weeks afterwards he saw what M'Kenzie had predicted. The naming the very spot in a country where a funeral comes a long way, and the very people as bearers, when there are so many out of whom a choice may be made, seems extraordinary. We should have sent for M'Kenzie, had we not been informed that he could speak no English. Besides, the facts were not related with sufficient accuracy.

Mrs. M'Kinnon, who is a daughter of old Kingsburgh (a Macdonald), told us that her father was

one day riding in Sky, and some women, who were at work in a field on the side of the road, said to him, they had heard two *taischs* (that is, two voices of persons about to die), and what was remarkable, one of them was an *English taisch*, which they never heard before. When he returned, he at that very place met two funerals, and one of them was that of a woman who had come from the main land, and could speak only English. This, she remarked, made a great impression upon her father.

How all the people here were lodged, I know not. It was partly done by separating man and wife, and putting a number of men in one room, and of women in another.

Wednesday, Sept. 8. — When I waked, the rain was much heavier than yesterday; but the wind had abated. By breakfast, the day was better, and in a little while it was calm and clear. I felt my spirits much elated. The propriety of the expression, "*the sunshine of the breast*(1)," now struck me with peculiar force; for the brilliant rays penetrated into my very soul. We were all in better humour than before. Mrs. M'Kinnon, with unaffected hospitality and politeness, expressed her happiness in having such company in her house, and appeared to understand and relish Dr. Johnson's conversation; as indeed all the company seemed to do. When I knew she was old *Kings-*

(1) Gray's "Ode on the Prospect of Eton College." It may be here observed that no poet has, in proportion to the quantity of his works, furnished so many expressions which, by their felicity, have become proverbial, as Gray. He has written little, but his lines are in every mouth, and fall from every pen. — C.

burgh's daughter, I did not wonder at the good appearance which she made.

She as if her husband and family would emigrate, rather than be oppressed by their landlord; and said, "how agreeable would it be, if these gentlemen should come in upon us when we are in America." Somebody observed that Sir Alexander Macdonald was always frightened at sea. JOHNSON. "*He* is frightened at sea; and his tenants are frightened when he comes to land."

We resolved to set out directly after breakfast. We had about two miles to ride to the sea side, and there we expected to get one of the boats belonging to the fleet of bounty (1) herring-busses then on the coast, or at least a good country fishing-boat. But while we were preparing to set out, there arrived a man with the following card from the Reverend Mr. Donald M'Queen:—

"Mr. M'Queen's compliments to Mr. Boswell, and begs leave to acquaint him that, fearing the want of a proper boat, as much as the rain of yesterday, might have caused a stop, he is now, at Skianwden with *Macgillichallum's* (2) carriage, to convey him and Dr. Johnson to Rasay, where they will meet with a most hearty welcome, and where Macleod, being on a visit, now attends their motions.

"Wednesday afternoon."

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(1) Boats which fished under the encouragement of a *bounty*. —C.

(2) The Highland expression for Laird of Rasay. —B.— Meaning "*the son of the youth, Colin*,"—the ancestor of this branch having been, no doubt, in his day designated as "young Colin Macleod."—C.

This card was most agreeable; it was a prologue to that hospitable and truly polite reception which we found at Rasay. In a little while arrived Mr. Donald M'Queen himself; a decent minister, an elderly man with his own (1) black hair, courteous, and rather slow of speech, but candid, sensible, and well informed, nay learned. Along with him came, as our pilot, a gentleman whom I had a great desire to see, Mr. Malcolm Macleod, one of the Rasay family, celebrated in the year 1745–6. He was now sixty-two years of age, hale, and well-proportioned, — with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce, but he appeared at once firm and good humoured. He wore a pair of brogues; tartan hose which came up only near to his knees, and left them bare; a purple camblet kilt (2); a black waistcoat; a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord; a yellowish bushy wig; a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure that gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have

(1) Wigs were, at this period, still generally worn; a fashion at which posterity will wonder, as we now do at the excess of the fashion as exhibited in the pictures of Lely and Kneller. We can hardly reconcile ourselves to "a yellowish, bushy wig" as part of the costume of "a perfect Highland gentleman."— C.

(2) To evade the law against the tartan dress, the Highlands used to dye their variegated plaids and kilts into blue, green, or any single colour.— WALTER SCOTT.

a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and *polite*, in the true sense of the word.

The good family at Corrichatachin said they hoped to see us on our return. We rode down to the shore; but Malcolm walked with graceful agility.

We got into *Rasay's* carriage, which was a good strong open boat made in Norway. The wind had now risen pretty high, and was against us; but we had four stout rowers, particularly a Macleod, a robust, black-haired fellow, half naked, and bare-headed, something between a wild Indian and an English tar. Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern, like a magnificent Triton. Malcolm sung an Erse song, the chorus of which was "*Hatyin foam foam eri*," with words of his own. The tune resembled "*Owr the muir amang the heather*." The boatmen and Mr. M'Queen chorused, and all went well. At length Malcolm himself took an oar, and rowed vigorously. We sailed along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr. Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it, and found a good school, and an episcopal church (Malcolm (1) said he would come to it), and have a printing-press, where he would print all the Erse that could be found.

Here I was strongly struck with our long projected scheme of visiting the Hebrides being real-

(1) The Highlanders were all well inclined to the episcopalian form, *proviso* that the right *king* was prayed for. I suppose Malcolm meant to say, "I will come to your church because you are *honest* folk;" viz. *Jacobites*. —WALTER SCOTT.

ised I called to him, "We are contending with seas;" which I think were the words of one of his letters to me. "Not much," said he; and though the wind made the sea lash considerably upon us, he was not discomposed. After we were out of the shelter of Scalpa, and in the sound between it and Rasay, which extended about a league, the wind made the sea very rough. I did not like it. (1) JOHNSON. "This now is the Atlantic. If I should tell at a tea-table in London, that I have crossed the Atlantic in an open boat, how they'd shudder, and what a fool they'd think me to expose myself to such danger!" He then repeated Horace's Ode —

"Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo ——."

In the confusion and hurry of this boisterous sail, Dr. Johnson's spurs, of which Joseph had charge, were carried overboard into the sea, and lost. This was the first misfortune that had befallen us. Dr. Johnson was a little angry at first, observing that "there was something wild in letting a pair of spurs be carried into the sea out of a boat (2);" but then he remarked "that, as Janes the naturalist had said upon losing his pocket-book,

(1) Johnson, in his letters to Mrs. Thrale, intimates that Mr. Boswell was a timid sailor. — C.

(2) ["Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rasay's
The wind was vastly boisterous in our faces:
'T was glorious Johnson's figure to set sight on
High in the boat he look'd a noble Triton;
But, lo! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,
For Joe, the blockhead, lost his master's spurs;
This for the Rambler's temper was a rubber,
Who wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber."— *Bozzy and Piozzi.*]

it was rather an inconvenience than a loss." He told us he now recollected that he dreamt the night before, that he put his staff into a river, and chanced to let it go, and it was carried down the stream and lost. "So now you see," said he, "that I have lost my spurs; and this story is better than many of those which we have concerning second sight and dreams." Mr. M'Queen said he did not believe the second sight; that he never met with any well-attested instances; and if he should, he should impute them to chance; because all who pretend to that quality often fail in their predictions, though they take a great scope, and sometimes interpret literally, sometimes figuratively, so as to suit the events. He told us that, since he came to be minister of the parish where he now is, the belief of witchcraft, or charms, was very common, insomuch that he had many prosecutions before his session (the parochial ecclesiastical court) against women, for having by these means carried off the milk from people's cows. He disregarded them; and there is not now the least vestige of that superstition. He preached against it; and in order to give a strong proof to the people that there was nothing it, he said from the pulpit, that every woman in the parish was welcome to take the milk from his cows, provided she did not touch them. (1)

(1) Such spells are still believed in. A lady of property in Mull, a friend of mine, had a few years since much difficulty in rescuing from the superstitious fury of the people an old woman, who used a *charm* to injure her neighbour's cattle. It is now in my possession, and consists of feathers, parings of nails, hair, and such like trash, wrapt in a lump of clay.— WALTER SCOTT.

Dr. Johnson asked him as to Fingal. He said he could repeat some passages in the original; that he heard his grandfather had a copy of it; but that he could not affirm that Ossian composed all that poem as it is now published. This came pretty much to what Dr. Johnson had maintained (1), though he goes farther, and contends that it is no better than such an epic poem as he could make from the song of Robin Hood; that is to say, that, except a few passages, there is nothing truly ancient but the names and some vague traditions. Mr. M'Queen alleged that Homer was made up of detached fragments. Dr. Johnson denied this, observing, that it had been one work originally, and that you could not put a book of the Iliad out of its place, and he believed the same might be said of the Odyssey.

The approach to Rasay was very pleasing. We saw before us a beautiful bay, well defended by a rocky coast; a good family mansion, a fine verdure about it, with a considerable number of trees; and beyond it hills and mountains in gradation of wildness. Our boatmen sung with great spirit. Dr. Johnson observed, that naval music was very ancient. As we came near the shore, the singing of our rowers was succeeded by that of reapers, who were busy at work, and who seemed to shout as much as to sing, while they worked with a bounding activity. Just as we landed, I observed a cross, or rather the ruins of one, upon a rock which had to

(1) This seems the common sense of this once furious controversy.—Walter Scott.

me a pleasing vestige of religion. I perceived a large company coming out from the house. We met them as we walked up. There were *Rasay* himself; his brother Dr. Macleod; his nephew the Laird of M'Kinnon; the Laird of Macleod; Colonel Macleod of Talisker, an officer in the Dutch service, a very genteel man, and a faithful branch of the family; Mr. Macleod of Muiravenside, best known by the name of Saudie Macleod, who was long in exile on account of the part which he took in 1745; and several other persons. We were welcomed upon the green, and conducted into the house, where we were introduced to Lady Rasay, who was surrounded by a numerous family, consisting of three sons and ten daughters. (1) The Laird of Rasay is a sensible, polite, and most hospitable gentleman. I was told that his island of Rasay, and that of Rona (from which the eldest son of the family has his title), and a considerable extent of land which he has in Sky, do not altogether yield him a very large revenue (2); and yet he lives in great splendour; and so far is he from distressing

(1) "We were," says Johnson, "introduced into the house, which one of the company called the '*Court* of Rasay,' with politeness which not the *Court of Versailles* could have thought defective."—Letters, vol. i. p. 103.—C.

(2) Johnson says, "The money which *Rasay* raises from all his dominions, which contain, at least, fifty thousand acres, is not believed to exceed 250*l.*; but as he keeps a large farm in his own hands, he sells every year a great number of cattle, which adds to his revenue; and his table is furnished from the farm and from the sea with very little expense, except for those things which this country does not produce, and of those he is very liberal. The wine circulates liberally, and the tea, coffee, and chocolate, however they are got, are always at hand."—Letters, vol. i. p. 142.—C.

his people, that, in the present rage for emigration, not a man has left his estate.

It was past six o'clock when we arrived. Some excellent brandy was served round immediately, according to the custom of the Highlands, where a dram is generally taken every day. They call it a *scalch*. On a sideboard was placed for us, who had come off the sea, a substantial dinner, and a variety of wines. Then we had coffee and tea. I observed in the room several elegantly bound books and other marks of improved life. Soon afterwards a fiddler appeared, and a little ball began. *Rasay* himself danced with as much spirit as any man, and Malcolm bounded like a roe. Sandie Macleod, who has at times an excessive flow of spirits, and had it now, was, in his days of absconding, known by the name of *M'Cruslick* (1), which it seems was the designation of a kind of wild man in the Highlands, something between Proteus and Don Quixote; and so he was called here. He made much jovial noise. Dr. Johnson was so delighted with this scene, that he said, "I know not how we shall get away." It entertained me to observe him sitting by, while we danced, sometimes in deep medi-

(1) Alexander Macleod, of Muiravenside, advocate, became extremely obnoxious to government by his zealous personal efforts to engage his chief, Macleod, and Macdonald of Sky, in the Chevalier's attempt of 1745. Had he succeeded, it would have added one third at least to the Jacobite army. Boswell has oddly described *M'Cruslick*, the being whose name was conferred upon this gentleman, as something betwixt Proteus and Don Quixote. It is the name of a species of satyr, or *esprit follet*, a sort of mountain Puck or hobgoblin, seen among the wilds and mountains, as the old Highlanders believed, sometimes mirthful, sometimes mischievous. Alexander Macleod's precarious mode of life, and variable spirits, occasioned the *soubriquet*. — WALTER SCOTT.

tation, sometimes smiling complacently, sometimes looking upon Hooke's Roman History, and sometimes talking a little, amidst the noise of the ball, to Mr. Donald M'Queen, who anxiously gathered knowledge from him. He was pleased with M'Queen, and said to me, "This is a critical man, Sir. There must be great vigour of mind to make him cultivate learning so much in the isle of Sky, where he might do without it. It is wonderful how many of the new publications he has. There must be a snatch of every opportunity." Mr. M'Queen told me that his brother (who is the fourth generation of the family following each other as ministers of the parish of Snizort) and he joined together, and bought from time to time such books as had reputation. Soon after we came in, a black cock and gray hen, which had been shot, were shown, with their feathers on, to Dr. Johnson, who had never seen that species of bird before. We had a company of thirty at supper; and all was good humour and gaiety, without intemperance.

Thursday, Sept. 9. — At breakfast this morning, among a profusion of other things, there were oat-cakes, made of what is called *graddaned* meal, that is, meal made of grain separated from the husks, and toasted by fire, instead of being threshed and kiln-dried. This seems to be bad management, as so much fodder is consumed by it. Mr. M'Queen however defended it, by saying, that it is doing the thing much quicker, as one operation effects what is otherwise done by two. His chief reason however was, that the servants in Sky are, according to him,

a faithless pack, and steal what they can; so that much is saved by the corn passing but once through their hands, as at each time they pilfer some. It appears to me, that the *graddaning* is a strong proof of the laziness of the Highlanders, who will rather make fire act for them, at the expense of fodder, than labour themselves. There was also, what I cannot help disliking at breakfast, cheese: it is the custom over all the Highlands to have it; and it often smells very strong, and poisons to a certain degree the elegance of an *Indian* repast. The day was showery; however, *Rasay* and I took a walk, and had some cordial conversation. I conceived a more than ordinary regard for this worthy gentleman. His family has possessed this island above four hundred years. It is the remains of the estate of Macleod of Lewis, whom he represents. When we returned, Dr. Johnson walked with us to see the old chapel. He was in fine spirits. He said, "This is truly the patriarchal life: this is what we came to find."

After dinner, *M'Cruslick*, Malcolm, and I, went out with guns, to try if we could find any black-cock; but we had no sport, owing to a heavy rain. I saw here what is called a Danish fort. Our evening was passed as last night was. One of our company (1), I was told, had hurt himself by too much study, particularly of infidel metaphysicians, of which he gave a proof on second sight being mentioned. He immediately retailed some of the fallacious ar-

(1) Mr. William Macpherson informs me, that the gentleman alluded to was the Laird of Mackinnon.—C. 1835.

guments of Voltaire and Hume against miracles in general. Infidelity in a Highland gentleman appeared to me peculiarly offensive. I was sorry for him, as he had otherwise a good character. I told Dr. Johnson that he had studied himself into infidelity. JOHNSON. "Then he must study himself out of it again; that is the way. Drinking largely will sober him again."

Friday, Sept. 10.—Having resolved to explore the island of Rasay, which could be done only on foot, I last night obtained my fellow-traveller's permission to leave him for a day, he being unable to take so hardy a walk. Old Mr. Malcolm Macleod, who had obligingly promised to accompany me, was at my bedside between five and six. I sprang up immediately; and he and I, attended by two other gentlemen, traversed the country during the whole of this day. Though we had passed over not less than four and twenty miles of very rugged ground, and had a Highland dance on the top of Dun Can, the highest mountain in the island, we returned in the evening not at all fatigued, and piqued ourselves at not being outdone at the nightly ball by our less active friends, who had remained at home.

My survey of Rasay did not furnish much which can interest my readers; I shall therefore put into as short a compass as I can the observations upon it, which I find registered in my journal. It is about fifteen English miles long and four broad. On the south side is the Laird's family seat, situated on a pleasing low spot. The old tower of three stories, mentioned by Martin, was taken down soon after

1746, and a modern house supplies its place. There are very good grass-fields and corn-lands about it, well-dressed. I observed, however, hardly any inclosures, except a good garden plentifully stocked with vegetables, and strawberries, raspberries, currants, &c.

On one of the rocks just where we landed, which are not high, there is rudely carved a square, with a crucifix in the middle. Here, it is said, the Lairds of Rasay, in old times, used to offer up their devotions. I could not approach the spot, without a grateful recollection of the event commemorated by this symbol.

A little from the shore, westward, is a kind of subterraneous house. There has been a natural fissure, or separation of the rock, running towards the sea, which has been roofed over with long stones, and above them turf has been laid. In that place the inhabitants used to keep their oars. There are a number of trees near the house, which grow well; some of them of a pretty good size. They are mostly plane and ash. A little to the west of the house is an old ruinous chapel, unroofed, which never has been very curious. We here saw some human bones of an uncommon size. There was a heel-bone, in particular, which Dr. Macleod said was such, that if the foot was in proportion, it must have been twenty-seven inches long. Dr. Johnson would not look at the bones. He started back from them with a striking appearance of horror. (1) Mr.

(1) Lord Stowell informs me, that on the road from Newcastle to Berwick, Dr. Johnson and he passed a cottage, at the

M'Queen told us, it was formerly much the custom, in these isles, to have human bones lying above ground, especially in the windows of churches. (1) On the south of the chapel is the family burying-place. Above the door, on the east end of it, is a small bust or image of the Virgin Mary, carved upon a stone which makes part of the wall. There is no church upon the island. It is annexed to one of the parishes of Sky; and the minister comes and preaches either in *Rasay's* house, or some other house, on certain Sundays. I could not but value the family seat more, for having even the ruins of a chapel close to it. There was something comfortable in the thought of being so near a piece of consecrated ground. Dr. Johnson said, "I look with reverence upon every place that has been set apart for religion;" and he kept off his hat while he was within the walls of the chapel.

The eight crosses, which Martin mentions as pyramids for deceased ladies, stood in a semicircular line, which contained within it the chapel. They marked out the boundaries of the sacred territory within which an asylum was to be had. One of them, which we observed upon our landing, made the first point of the semicircle. There are few of

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entrance of which were set up two of those great bones of the whale, which are not unfrequently seen in maritime districts. Johnson expressed great horror at the sight of these bones; and called the people, who could use such relics of mortality as an ornament, mere savages.— C.

(1) It is perhaps a Celtic custom; for I observed it in Ireland occasionally, especially at the celebrated promontory of Mo-cruss, at Killarney.—WALTER SCOTT.

them now remaining. A good way farther north, there is a row of buildings about four feet high: they run from the shore on the east along the top of a pretty high eminence, and so down to the shore on the west, in much the same direction with the crosses. *Rasay* took them to be the marks for the asylum; but Malcolm thought them to be false sentinels, a common deception, of which instances occur in Martin, to make invaders imagine an island better guarded. Mr. Donald M'Queen justly, in my opinion, supposed the crosses which form the inner circle to be the church's landmarks.

The south end of the island is much covered with large stones or rocky strata. The Laird has enclosed and planted part of it with firs, and he showed me a considerable space marked out for additional plantations.

Dun Can is a mountain three computed miles from the Laird's house. The ascent to it is by consecutive risings, if that expression may be used when valleys intervene, so that there is but a short rise at once; but it is certainly very high above the sea. The palm of altitude is disputed for by the people of Rasay and those of Sky; the former contending for Dun Can, the latter for the mountains in Sky, over against it. We went up the east side of Dun Can pretty easily. It is mostly rocks all around, the points of which hem the summit of it. Sailors, to whom it was a good object, as they pass along, call it Rasay's cap. Before we reached this mountain, we passed by two lakes. Of the first, Malcolm told me a strange fabulous tradition. He said, there

was a wild beast in it, a sea-horse, which came and devoured a man's daughter; upon which the man lighted a great fire, and had a sow roasted at it, the smell of which attracted the monster. In the fire was put a spit. The man lay concealed behind a low wall of loose stones, and he had an avenue formed for the monster, with two rows of large flat stones, which extended from the fire over the summit of the hill, till it reached the side of the loch. The monster came, and the man with the red-hot spit destroyed it. Malcolm showed me the little hiding place and the rows of stones. He did not laugh when he told this story. I recollect having seen in the Scots Magazine, several years ago, a poem upon a similar tale, perhaps the same, translated from the Erse, or Irish, called "Albin and the Daughter of Mey." (1)

There is a large tract of land, possessed as a common, in Rasay. They have no regulations as to the number of cattle; every man puts upon it as many as he chooses. From Dun Can northward, till you reach the other end of the island, there is much good natural pasture, unencumbered by stones. We passed over a spot which is appropriated for the exercising-ground. In 1745, a hundred fighting men were reviewed here, as Malcolm told me, who was one of the officers that led them to the field. They returned home all but about fourteen. What a princely thing is it to be able to furnish such a

(1) An Hebridean version, it would seem, of the story of Perseus and Andromeda.—C.

land! *Rasay* has the true spirit of a chief. He is, without exaggeration, a father to his people.

There is plenty of limestone in the island, a great quarry of freestone, and some natural woods, but none of any age, as they cut the trees for common country uses. The lakes, of which there are many, are well stocked with trout. Malcolm catched one of four and twenty pounds' weight in the loch next to Dun Can, which, by the way, is certainly a Danish name (1), as most names of places in these islands are.

The old castle, in which the family of Rasay formerly resided, is situated upon a rock very near the sea. The rock is not one mass of stone, but a concretion of pebbles and earth, so firm that it does not appear to have mouldered. In this remnant of antiquity I found nothing worthy of being noticed, except a certain accommodation rarely to be found at the modern houses of Scotland, and which Dr. Johnson and I sought for in vain at the Laird of Rasay's new-built mansion, where nothing else was wanting. I took the liberty to tell the Laird it was a shame there should be such a deficiency in civilised times. He acknowledged the justice of the remark. But perhaps some generations may pass before the want is supplied. Dr. Johnson observed to me, how quietly people will endure an evil, which they might at any time very easily remedy; and mentioned, as

(1) It is clearly an Erse or Celtic name, compounded of *Dun* a hill, and *Can* the head — i. e. the highest hill. So in Scotland, *Kan-tyr*, the *head* land of promontory. It may be observed that *Kent*, in England, is probably a contraction of *Kan-tyr*, as the name of the capital — *Can-tyr-bury, the town of the promontorial land* — denotes. — C.

an instance, that the present family of Rasay had possessed the island for more than four hundred years ([1]), and never made a commodious landing-place, though a few men with pickaxes might have cut an ascent of stairs out of any part of the rock in a week's time.

The north end of Rasay is as rocky as the south end. From it I saw the little isle of Fladda, belonging to *Rasay*, all fine green ground; and Rona, which is of so rocky a soil that it appears to be a pavement. I was told, however, that it has a great deal of grass in the interstices. The Laird has it all in his own hands. At this end of the island of Rasay is a cave in a striking situation; it is in a recess of a great cleft, a good way up from the sea. Before it the ocean roars, being dashed against monstrous broken rocks; grand and awful *propugnacula*. On the right hand of it is a longitudinal cave, very low at the entrance, but higher as you advance. The sea having scooped it out, it seems strange and unaccountable that the interior part, where the water must have operated with less force, should be loftier than that which is more immediately exposed to its violence. The roof of it is all covered with a kind of petrifactions formed by drops, which perpetually distil from it. The first cave has been a place of much safety. I find a great difficulty in describing visible objects. I must own too, that the old castle and cave, like many other

(1) Johnson, when he came to write his Journal, observed, that "he knew not whether, for many ages, it was not considered as a part of military policy to keep the country not easily accessible."—C.

things, of which one hears much, did not answer my expectations. People are every where apt to magnify the curiosities of their country.

This island has abundance of black cattle, sheep, and goats; a good many horses, which are used for ploughing, carrying out dung, and other works of husbandry. I believe the people never ride. There are indeed no roads through the island, unless a few detached beaten tracts deserve that name. Most of the houses are upon the shore; so that all the people have little boats, and catch fish. There is great plenty of potatoes here. There are black-cock in extraordinary abundance, moor-fowl, plover and wild pigeons, which seemed to me to be the same as we have in pigeon-houses, in their state of nature. *Rasay* has no pigeon-house. There are no hares nor rabbits in the island, nor was there ever known to be a fox, till last year, when one was landed on it by some malicious person, without whose aid he could not have got thither, as that animal is known to be a very bad swimmer. He has done much mischief. There is a great deal of fish caught in the sea round Rasay; it is a place where one may live in plenty, and even in luxury. There are no deer; but *Rasay* told us he would get some.

They reckon it rains nine months in the year in this island, owing to its being directly opposite to the *western*(1) coast of Sky, where the watery clouds are broken by high mountains. The hills here, and indeed all the heathy grounds in general, abound

(1) So in all the editions, but the *eastern* coast of Sky is next to Rasay.—C.

with the sweet-smelling plant which the Highlanders call *gaul*, and (I think) with dwarf juniper in many places. There is enough of turf, which is their fuel, and it is thought there is a mine of coal. Such are the observations which I made upon the island of Rasay, upon comparing it with the description given by Martin, whose book we had with us.

There has been an ancient league between the families of Macdonald and Rasay. Whenever the head of either family dies, his sword is given to the head of the other. The present *Rasay* has the late Sir James Macdonald's sword. Old *Rasay* joined the Highland army in 1745, but prudently guarded against a forfeiture, by previously conveying his estate to the present gentleman, his eldest son. On that occasion, Sir Alexander, father of the late Sir James Macdonald, was very friendly to his neighbour. "Don't be afraid, *Rasay*," said he, "I'll use all my interest to keep you safe; and if your estate should be taken, I'll buy it for the family." And he would have done it.

Let me now gather some gold dust, some more fragments of Dr. Johnson's conversation, without regard to order of time. He said, "he thought very highly of Bentley; that no man now went so far in the kinds of learning that he cultivated; that the many attacks on him were owing to envy, and to a desire of being known, by being in competition with such a man; that it was safe to attack him, because he never answered his opponents, but let them die away. It was attacking a man who would not beat them, because his beating them would make

them live the longer. And he was right not to answer; for, in his hazardous method of writing, he could not but be often enough wrong; so it was better to leave things to their general appearance, than own himself to have erred in particulars." He said, "Mallet was the prettiest dressed puppet about town, and always kept good company. That, from his way of talking, he saw, and always said, that he had not written any part of the Life of the Duke of Marlborough, though perhaps he intended to do it at some time, in which case he was not culpable in taking the pension. That he imagined the Duchess furnished the materials for her Apology, which Hooke wrote, and Hooke furnished the words and the order, and all that in which the art of writing consists. That the Duchess had not superior parts, but was a bold frontless woman, who knew how to make the most of her opportunities in life. That Hooke got a *large* sum of money for writing her Apology. That he wondered Hooke should have been weak enough to insert so profligate a maxim, as that to tell another's secret to one's friend is no breach of confidence, though perhaps Hooke, who was a virtuous man, as his History shows, and did not wish her well, though he wrote her Apology, might see its ill tendency, and yet insert it at her desire.(1) He was acting only ministerially." I apprehend, however, that Hooke was bound to give his best advice. I speak as a lawyer. Though I have had clients whose causes I could not, as a private man, approve; yet, if I undertook them, I

(1) [See ante, Vol. I. p. 178.]

would not do any thing that might be prejudicial to them, even at their desire, without warning them of their danger.

Saturday, Sept. 11.—It was a storm of wind and rain, so we could not set out. I wrote some of this journal, and talked awhile with Dr. Johnson in his room, and passed the day, I cannot well say how, but very pleasantly. I was here amused to find Mr. Cumberland's comedy of the "Fashionable Lover," in which he has very well drawn a Highland character, Colin Macleod, of the same name with the family under whose roof we now were. Dr. Johnson was much pleased with the Laird of Macleod (1), who is indeed a most promising youth, and with a noble spirit struggles with difficulties, and endeavours to preserve his people. He has been left with an incumbrance of forty thousand pounds debt, and annuities to the amount of thirteen hundred pounds a year. Dr. Johnson said, "If he gets the better of all this, he'll be a hero; and I hope he will. I have not met with a young man who had more desire to learn, or who has learnt more. I have seen nobody that I wish more to do

(1) The late General Macleod, born in 1754. In 1776, he entered the army, raising, then, an independent company, and in 1780, the second battalion of the forty-second, which he led to India, where he served with great distinction. On his return home, he became M.P. for the county of Inverness, as his grandfather had been; but so far from extinguishing the debt on his estate, he increased it; for though he had sold a great tract of land in Harris, he left at his death, in 1801, the original debt of 50,000*l.* increased to 70,000*l.*—C.—[An autobiographical fragment by General Macleod, was communicated to Mr. Croker by that gentleman's son, the late M.P. for Sudbury, and will be found in the Appendix to this volume, No. IV.]

a kindness to than Macleod." Such was the honourable eulogium on this young chieftain, pronounced by an accurate observer, whose praise was never lightly bestowed.

There is neither justice of peace nor constable in Rasay. Sky has Mr. Macleod of Ulinish, who is the sheriff substitute, and no other justice of peace. The want of the execution of justice is much felt among the islanders. Macleod very sensibly observed, that taking away the heritable jurisdictions had not been of such service in the islands as was imagined. They had not authority enough in lieu of them. What could formerly have been settled at once, must now either take much time and trouble, or be neglected. Dr. Johnson said, "A country is in a bad state, which is governed only by laws; because a thousand things occur for which laws cannot provide, and where authority ought to interpose. Now destroying the authority of the chiefs sets the people loose. It did not pretend to bring any positive good, but only to cure some evil; and I am not well enough acquainted with the country to know what degree of evil the heritable jurisdictions occasioned." I maintained, hardly any; because the chiefs generally acted right, for their own sakes.

Dr. Johnson was now wishing to move. There was not enough of intellectual entertainment for him, after he had satisfied his curiosity, which he did, by asking questions, till he had exhausted the island: and where there was so numerous a company, mostly young people, there was such a flow

of familiar talk, so much noise, and so much singing and dancing, that little opportunity was left for his energetic conversation. He seemed sensible of this; for when I told him how happy they were at having him there, he said, "Yet we have not been able to entertain them much." I was fretted, from irritability of nerves, by *M'Cruslick's* too obstreperous mirth. I complained of it to my friend, observing we should be better if he was gone. "No, Sir," said he. "He puts something into our society, and takes nothing out of it." Dr. Johnson, however, had several opportunities of instructing the company; but I am sorry to say, that I did not pay sufficient attention to what passed, as his discourse now turned chiefly on mechanics, agriculture, and such subjects, rather than on science and wit. Last night Lady Rasay showed him the operation of *wawking* cloth, that is, thickening it in the same manner as is done by a mill. Here it is performed by women, who kneel upon the ground, and rub it with both their hands, singing an Erse song all the time. He was asking questions while they were performing this operation, and, amidst their loud and wild howl, his voice was heard even in the room above.

They dance here every night. The queen of our ball was the eldest Miss Macleod, of Rasay, an elegant well-bred woman, and celebrated for her beauty over all those regions, by the name of Miss Flora *Rasay*. (1) There seemed to be no jealousy,

(1) She had been some time at Edinburgh, to which she again went, and was married [1777] to my worthy neighbour,

no discontent among them; and the gaiety of the scene was such, that I for a moment doubted whether unhappiness had any place in Rasay. But my delusion was soon dispelled, by recollecting the following lines of my fellow-traveller: —

"Yet hope not life from pain or danger free,
Or think the doom of man reversed for thee!"

Colonel Mure Campbell, now Earl of Loudoun; but she died soon afterwards, leaving one daughter. — B. — Her daughter, Countess of Loudoun in her own right, married the late Earl of Moira, created Marquis of Hastings, and is the mother of the present Marquis. — C.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sail to Portree in Sky.— Discourse on Death.— Lord Elibank.— Ride to Kingsburgh.— Flora Macdonald. —Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stewart.— Emigration.— Dunvegan.— Female Chastity.— Dr. Cadogan.—Preaching and Practice.—Good Humour. —Sir George Mackenzie.—Burke's Wit, Knowledge, and Eloquence.— Johnson's Hereditary Melancholy. — His " Seraglio."— Polygamy.

Sunday, Sept. 12.— It was a beautiful day, and although we did not approve of travelling on Sunday, we resolved to set out, as we were in an island from whence one must take occasion as it serves. Macleod and *Talisker* sailed in a boat of Rasay's for Sconser, to take the shortest way to Dunvegan. *M'Cruslick* went with them to Sconser, from whence he was to go to Slate, and so to the main land. We were resolved to pay a visit at Kingsburgh, and see the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald, who is married to the present Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh; so took that road, though not so near. All the family, but Lady Rasay, walked down to the shore to see us depart. *Rasay* himself went with us in a large boat, with eight oars, built in his island; as did Mr. Malcolm Macleod, Mr. Donald M'Queen, Dr. Macleod, and some others. We had a most pleasant sail between Rasay and Sky; and passed by a cave, where Martin says fowls were caught by lighting fire in

the mouth of it. Malcolm remembers this. But it is not now practised, as few fowls come into it.

We spoke of Death. Dr. Johnson on this subject observed, that the boastings of some men, as to dying easily, were idle talk (1), proceeding from partial views. I mentioned Hawthornden's Cypress Grove, where it is said that the world is a mere show; and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out and give place to other spectators. (2) JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, if he is sure he is to be well, after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see any thing again; or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation: for however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it, than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ." This short sermon, delivered with an earnest tone, in a boat upon the sea, which was

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 114.]

(2) ["They which forewent us did leave a room for us, and why should we grieve to doe the same to those which should come after us? Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new Pilgrims?" &c.—Cypress Grove, edit. 1630.]

perfectly calm, on a day appropriated to religious worship, while every one listened with an air of satisfaction, had a most pleasing effect upon my mind.

Pursuing the same train of serious reflection, he added, that it seemed certain that happiness could not be found in this life, because so many had tried to find it, in such a variety of ways, and had not found it.

We reached the harbour of Portree, in Sky, which is a large and good one. There was lying in it a vessel to carry off the emigrants, called the Nestor. It made a short settlement of the differences between a chief and his clan: —

——— "Nestor componere lites
Inter Peleiden festinat et inter Atriden."

We approached her, and she hoisted her colours. Dr. Johnson and Mr. M'Queen remained in the boat: *Rasay* and I, and the rest, went on board of her. She was a very pretty vessel, and, as we were told, the largest in Clyde. Mr. Harrison, the captain, showed her to us. The cabin was commodious, and even elegant. There was a little library, finely bound. Portree has its name from King James the Fifth having landed there in his tour through the Western Isles, *ree* in Erse being king, as *re* is in Italian; so it is Port-Royal. There was here a tolerable inn. On our landing, I had the pleasure of finding a letter from home; and there were also letters to Dr. Johnson and me, from Lord Elibank, which had been sent after us

from Edinburgh. His lordship's letter to me was as follows: —

LETTER 157. TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"21st August, 1773.

"DEAR BOSWELL, — I flew to Edinburgh the moment I heard of Mr. Johnson's arrival; but so defective was my intelligence, that I came too late.

"It is but justice to believe, that I could never forgive myself, nor deserve to be forgiven by others, if I was to fail in any mark of respect to that very great genius. I hold him in the highest veneration; for that very reason I was resolved to take no share in the merit, perhaps guilt, of enticing him to honour this country with a visit. I could not persuade myself there was any thing in Scotland worthy to have a summer of Samuel Johnson bestowed on it; but since he has done us that compliment, for Heaven's sake inform me of your motions. I will attend them most religiously; and though I should regret to let Mr. Johnson go a mile out of his way on my account, old as I am (1), I shall be glad to go five hundred miles to enjoy a day of his company. Have the charity to send a council-post (2) with intelligence; the post does not suit us in the country. At any rate, write to me. I will attend you in the north, when I shall know where to find you. I am, my dear Boswell, your sincerely obedient humble servant, ELIBANK."

The letter to Dr. Johnson was in these words: —

LETTER 158. TO DR. JOHNSON.

"DEAR SIR, — I was to have kissed your hands at Edinburgh, the moment I heard of you, but you was gone.

(1) His lordship was now 70, having been born in 1703.—C.
(2) A term in Scotland for a special messenger, such as was formerly sent with despatches by the Lords of the Council.

"I hope my friend Boswell will inform me of your motions. It will be cruel to deprive me an instant of the honour of attending you. As I value you more than any king in Christendom, I will perform that duty with infinitely greater alacrity than any courtier. I can contribute but little to your entertainment; but my sincere esteem for you gives me some title to the opportunity of expressing it.

"I dare say you are by this time sensible that things are pretty much the same as when Buchanan complained of being born *solo et seculo inerudito.* Let me hear of you, and be persuaded that none of your admirers is more sincerely devoted to you, than, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, ELIBANK."

Dr. Johnson, on the following Tuesday, answered for both of us, thus:—

LETTER 159. TO LORD ELIBANK.

"Skie, Sept. 14. 1773.

"MY LORD,—On the rugged shore of Skie I had the honour of your lordship's letter, and can with great truth declare that no place is so gloomy but that it would be cheered by such a testimony of regard, from a mind so well qualified to estimate characters, and to deal out approbation in its due proportions. If I have more than my share, it is your lordship's fault; for I have always reverenced your judgment too much, to exalt myself in your presence by any false pretensions.

"Mr. Boswell and I are at present at the disposal of the winds, and therefore cannot fix the time at which we shall have the honour of seeing your lordship. But we should either of us think ourselves injured by the supposition that we would miss your lordship's conversation when we could enjoy it; for I have often declared that I never met you without going away a wiser man. I am, my Lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON."

At Portree, Mr. Donald M'Queen went to church and officiated in Erse, and then came to dinner. Dr. Johnson and I resolved that we should treat the company, so I played the landlord, or master of the feast, having previously ordered Joseph to pay the bill.

Sir James Macdonald intended to have built a village here, which would have done great good. A village is like a heart to a country. It produces a perpetual circulation, and gives the people an opportunity to make profit of many little articles, which would otherwise be in a good measure lost. We had here a dinner, *et præterea nihil.* Dr. Johnson did not talk. When we were about to depart, we found that *Rasay* had been beforehand with us, and that all was paid; I would fain have contested this matter with him, but seeing him resolved, I declined it. We parted with cordial embraces from him and worthy Malcolm. In the evening Dr. Johnson and I remounted our horses, accompanied by Mr. M'Queen and Dr. Macleod. It rained very hard. We rode what they call six miles, upon *Rasay*'s lands in Sky, to Dr. Macleod's house. On the road Dr. Johnson appeared to be somewhat out of spirits. When I talked of our meeting Lord Elibank, he said, "I cannot be with him much. I long to be again in civilised life; but can stay but a short while;" (he meant at Edinburgh). He said, "let us go to Dunvegan to-morrow." — "Yes" said I, "if it is not a deluge." "At any rate," he replied. This showed a kind of fretful impatience; nor was it to be wondered at, considering our disagreeable ride. I feared he would give up Mull and

Icolmkill; for he said something of his apprehensions of being detained by bad weather in going to Mull and *Iona*. However, I hoped well. We had a dish of tea at Dr. Macleod's, who had a pretty good house, where was his brother, a half-pay officer. His lady was a polite, agreeable woman. Dr. Johnson said, he was glad to see that he was so well married, for he had an esteem for physicians. The doctor accompanied us to Kingsburgh, which is called a mile farther; but the computation of Sky has no connection whatever with real distance.

I was highly pleased to see Dr. Johnson safely arrived at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr. Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. *Kingsburgh* was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, — exhibiting "the graceful mien and manly looks," which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black riband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance.

There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By and by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated Miss FLORA MACDONALD.(1)

(1) It is stated in the account of the rebellion, published under the title of "*Ascanius*," that she was the daughter of Mr.

She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the isle of Sky, was a striking sight; for, though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here.

Miss Flora Macdonald (for so I shall call her) told me, she heard upon the main land, as she was returning home about a fortnight before, that Mr. Boswell was coming to Sky, and one Mr. Johnson, a young English *buck* (1), with him. He was highly

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Macdonald, a tacksman or gentleman-farmer, of Melton, in South Uist, and was, in 1746, about twenty-four years old. It is also said, that her portrait was painted in London in 1747, for Commodore Smith, in whose ship she had been brought prisoner from Scotland; but I have not been able to trace it. Dr. Johnson says of her to Mrs. Thrale, "She must then have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. 'If thou likest her opinions, thou wilt praise her virtue.' She was carried to London, but dismissed without a trial, and came down with Malcolm Macleod, against whom sufficient evidence could not be procured. She and her husband are poor, and are going to try their fortune in America. Sic rerum volvitur orbis."—Letters, vol. i. p. 153.—They did emigrate to America; but returned to Sky, where she died on the 4th of March, 1790.—C. — It is remarkable that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled *Flory*. — WALTER SCOTT.

(1) It may be useful to future readers to know that the word "*macaroni*" used in a former passage of this work, and the word "*buck*," here used, are nearly synonymous with the term "*dandy*," employed now-a-days (1831) to express a young gentleman who in his dress and manners affects the extreme of the fashion.—C.



entertained with this fancy. Giving an account of the afternoon which we passed at Anock, he said, "I, being a *buck*, had *Miss* in to make tea." He was rather quiescent to-night, and went early to bed. I was in a cordial humour, and promoted a cheerful glass. The punch was excellent. Honest Mr. M'Queen observed that I was in high glee, "my *governor* being gone to bed." Yet in reality my heart was grieved, when I recollected that *Kingsburgh* was embarrassed in his affairs, and intended to go to America. However, nothing but what was good was present, and I pleased myself in thinking that so spirited a man would be well every where. I slept in the same room with Dr. Johnson. Each had a neat bed, with tartan curtains, in an upper chamber.

Monday, Sept. 13.—The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed (1) in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second (2) lay, on one of the nights

(1) In the examination of *Kingsburgh* and his wife, by Captain Fergussone, of the Furnace man of war, relative to this affair, Fergussone asked " where Miss Flora, and the person in woman's clothes who was with her, lay?" *Kingsburgh* answered with gentlemanly spirit, " He knew where Miss Flora lay; but as for servants he never asked any questions about them." The captain then, brutally enough, asked Mrs. Macdonald "whether she laid the young Pretender and Miss Flora in the same bed?" She answered with great temper and readiness, " Sir, whom you mean by the young Pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you it is not the fashion in Sky to lay mistress and maid in the same bed together." The captain then desired to see the rooms where they lay, and remarked shrewdly enough that the room wherein the supposed maid-servant lay was better than that of her mistress.—*Ascanius.*—C.

(2) I do not call him *the Prince of Wales*, or *the Prince*, because I am quite satisfied that the right which the house of

after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745–6, while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of government, which had offered thirty thousand pounds as a reward for apprehending him. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson lying in that bed, in the isle of Sky, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said, "I have had no ambitious thoughts in it." (1) The room was decorated with a great variety of maps and prints. Among others,

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Stuart had to the throne is extinguished. I do not call him the *Pretender*, because it appears to me as an insult to one who is still alive, and, I suppose, thinks very differently. It may be a parliamentary expression, but it is not a gentlemanly expression. I know, and I exult in having it in my power to tell, that "the only person in the world who is entitled to be offended at this delicacy thinks and feels as I do;" and has liberality of mind and generosity of sentiment enough to approve of my tenderness for what even *has been* blood royal. That he is a prince by courtesy cannot be denied; because his mother was the daughter of Sobiesky, King of Poland. I shall, therefore, on that account alone, distinguish him by the name of Prince Charles Edward."—B.—The generosity of King George the Third, alluded to in this note, was felt by his successor, who caused a monument to be erected over the remains of the Cardinal of York, in whom the line of James the Second ended. It was a royal and a national tribute to private and to public feeling: the political danger had been extinguished for more than half a century; and the claims of kindred, the honour of the English name, and the personal feelings of a generous prince, not only justified, but seemed to require such an evidence of British generosity.—C.

(1) This, perhaps, was said in allusion to some lines ascribed to Pope, on his lying, at John Duke of Argyle's, at Adderbury, in the same bed in which Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, had slept:—

"With no poetic ardour fired,
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lived, or here expired,
Begets no numbers, grave or gay."

was Hogarth's print of Wilkes grinning, with the cap of liberty on a pole by him. That, too, was a curious circumstance in the scene this morning; such a contrast was Wilkes to the above group. It reminded me of Sir William Chambers's "Account of Oriental Gardening," in which we are told all odd, strange, ugly, and even terrible objects, are introduced for the sake of variety; a wild extravagance of taste which is so well ridiculed in the celebrated Epistle to him. (1) The following lines of that poem immediately occurred to me: —

> "Here too, O king of vengeance! in thy fane,
> Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain."

Upon the table in our room I found in the morning a slip of paper, on which Dr. Johnson had written with his pencil these words. —

> "Quantum cedat virtutibus aurum. (2)

What he meant by writing them I could not tell. (3) He had caught cold a day or two ago, and the rain yesterday having made it worse, he was become very deaf. At breakfast he said, he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed. I owned he was the lucky man, and observed, that without doubt it had been contrived between

(1) [The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, by Mason, had just appeared.]

(2) "With virtue weigh'd, what worthless trash is gold!"

(3) Since the first edition of this book, an ingenious friend has observed to me, that Dr. Johnson had probably been thinking on the reward which was offered by government for the apprehension of the grandson of King James II., and that he meant by these words to express his admiration of the Highlanders, whose fidelity and attachment had resisted the golden temptation that had been held out to them.

Mrs. Macdonald and him. She seemed to acquiesce; adding, "You know young *bucks* are always favourites of the ladies." He spoke of Prince Charles being here, and asked Mrs. Macdonald "*Who* was with him? We were told, Madam, in England, there was one Miss Flora Macdonald with him." She said "they were very right;" and perceiving Dr. Johnson's curiosity, though he had delicacy enough not to question her, very obligingly entertained him with a recital of the particulars which she herself knew of that escape, which does so much honour to the humanity, fidelity, and generosity of the Highlanders. Dr. Johnson listened to her with placid attention, and said, "All this should be written down."

From what she told us, and from what I was told by others personally concerned, and from a paper of information which *Rasay* was so good as to send me, at my desire, I have compiled an abstract, which, as it contains some curious anecdotes, will, I imagine, not be uninteresting to my readers, and even, perhaps, be of some use to future historians. (1)

The gallant Malcolm (2) was apprehended in about ten days after they separated, put aboard a ship, and carried prisoner to London. He said, the prisoners in general were very ill treated in their passage; but there were soldiers on board who lived well, and sometimes invited him to share with them: that he had the good fortune not to be thrown into

(1) [See Account of the Escape of the young Pretender, APPENDIX, No. V.]

(2) Who had succeeded Flora Macdonald as guide to the Prince, and had so greatly contributed to his escape.—C.

jail, but was confined in the house of a messenger of the name of Dick. To his astonishment, only one witness could be found against him, though he had been so openly engaged; and therefore, for want of sufficient evidence, he was set at liberty. He added, that he thought himself in such danger, that he would gladly have compounded for banishment. Yet, he said, "he should never be so ready for death as he then was." There is philosophical truth in this. A man will meet death much more firmly at one time than another. The enthusiasm even of a mistaken principle warms the mind, and sets it above the fear of death; which in our cooler moments, if we really think of it, cannot but be terrible, or at least very awful.

Miss Flora Macdonald being then also in London (1), under the protection (2) of Lady Primrose,

(1) When arrested, which was a few days after parting from the Prince, Flora was conveyed on board the Furnace, Captain Fergussone, and conveyed to Leith. There she was removed on board Commodore Smith's ship, and conveyed to the Nore, whence, on the 6th of December, after being five months on ship-board, she was transferred to the custody of the messenger Dick, in which she remained till July, 1747, when she was discharged, and returned to Edinburgh.—*Ascanius.*— C.

(2) It seems strange that Mr. Boswell, affecting to give an *accurate* account of all this affair, should use expressions which not only give no intimation of Flora's arrest and confinement, but seem even to negative the fact. Is it possible that the lady's delicacy wished to suppress all recollection of her having been a *prisoner?* It will be seen, by a comparison of Mr. Boswell's account with other statements of the transaction, that Flora gave him very little information —*none*, indeed, that had not been already forty years in print. Lady Primrose's *protection* must have been very short, for Flora returned, it seems, to Scotland immediately after her release from confinement. Lady Primrose was Miss Drelincourt, daughter of the Dean of Armagh, and relict of Hugh, third Viscount Primrose. It is not known how she became so ardent a Jacobite; but she

that lady provided a postchaise to convey her to Scotland, and desired that she might choose any friend she pleased to accompany her. She chose Malcolm. "So," said he with a triumphant air, "I went to London to be hanged, and returned in a postchaise with Miss Flora Macdonald."

Mr. Macleod of Muiravenside, whom we saw at Rasay, assured us that Prince Charles was in London in 1759, and that there was then a plan in agitation for restoring his family. Dr. Johnson could scarcely credit this story, and said there could be no probable plan at that time. (1) Such an attempt could not have succeeded, unless the King of Prussia had stopped the army in Germany; for both the army and the fleet would, even without orders, have fought for the king, to whom they had engaged themselves.

Having related so many particulars concerning the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second; having given due praise to fidelity and generous attachment, which, however erroneous the judgment may be, are honourable for the heart; I must do the Highlanders the justice to attest, that

certainly was so, for she was in the secret of the young Pretender's visit to London, which (notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's disbelief) did certainly occur, though some years earlier than 1759. See King's Anecdotes, p. 196., and *antè*, Vol. II. p. 30. — C.

(1) [We have evidence that Charles Edward spent some days in London in 1750, and also that he repeated his visit in 1753; but it appears to be ascertained that he never was in England after 1753. See Sir Walter Scott's Introduction to Redgauntlet Gentleman's Magazine, May 1778; and Thickness's Memoirs, vol. ii.]

I found every where amongst them a high opinion of the virtues of the king now upon the throne, and an honest disposition to be faithful subjects to his Majesty, whose family has possessed the sovereignty of this country so long, that a change, even for the abdicated family, would now hurt the best feelings of all his subjects.

The abstract point of right would involve us in a discussion of remote and perplexed questions; and, after all, we should have no clear principle of decision. That establishment, which, from political necessity, took place in 1688, by a breach in the succession of our kings, and which, whatever benefits may have accrued from it, certainly gave a shock to our monarchy, the able and constitutional Blackstone wisely rests on the solid footing of authority. "Our ancestors having most indisputably a competent jurisdiction to decide this great and important question, and having, in fact, decided it, it is now become our duty, at this distance of time, to acquiesce in their determination." (1)

Mr. Paley, the present Archdeacon of Carlisle, in his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," having, with much clearness of argument, shown the duty of submission to civil government to be founded neither on an indefeasible *jus divinum*, nor on compact, but on expediency, lays down this rational position: "Irregularity in the first foundation of a state, or subsequent violence,

(1) Commentaries on the Laws of England, book i. chap. 3.

fraud, or injustice, in getting possession of the supreme power, are not sufficient reasons for resistance, after the government is once peaceably settled. No subject of the British empire conceives himself engaged to vindicate the justice of the Norman claim or conquest, or apprehends that his duty in any manner depends upon that controversy. So likewise, if the house of Lancaster, or even the posterity of Cromwell, had been at this day seated upon the throne of England, we should have been as little concerned to inquire how the founder of the family came there." (1)

(1) Book vi. chap. 3. Since I have quoted Mr. Archdeacon Paley upon one subject, I cannot but transcribe, from his excellent work, a distinguished passage in support of the Christian revelation. After showing, in decent but strong terms, the unfairness of the *indirect* attempts of modern infidels to unsettle and perplex religious principles, and particularly the irony, banter, and sneer of one, whom he politely calls "an eloquent historian," the Archdeacon thus expresses himself: —

"Seriousness is not constraint of thought; nor levity, freedom. Every mind which wishes the advancement of truth and knowledge, in the most important of all human researches, must abhor this licentiousness, as violating no less the laws of reasoning than the rights of decency. There is but one description of men to whose principles it ought to be tolerable. I mean that class of reasoners who can see *little* in Christianity, even supposing it to be true. To such adversaries we address this reflection. Had Jesus Christ delivered no other declaration than the following, 'The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done well unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation,' he had pronounced a message of inestimable importance, and well worthy of that splendid apparatus of prophecy and miracles with which his mission was introduced and attested: a message in which the wisest of mankind would rejoice to find an answer to their doubts, and rest to their inquiries. It is idle to say that a future state had been discovered already. It had been discovered as the Copernican system was; it was one guess amongst many. He alone discovers who *proves*; and no man can prove this point but the teacher who testifies by miracles that his doctrine comes from God." — Book v. chap. 9.

If infidelity be disingenuously dispersed in every shape that is likely to allure, surprise, or beguile the imagination, in a fable, a tale, a novel, a poem, in books of travels, of philosophy, of natural history, as Mr. Paley has well observed, I hope it is fair in me thus to meet such poison with an unexpected antidote, which I cannot doubt will be found powerful.

In conformity with this doctrine, I myself, though fully persuaded that the house of Stuart had originally no right to the crown of Scotland, for that Baliol, and not Bruce, was the lawful heir, should yet have thought it very culpable to have rebelled, on that account, against Charles the First, or even a prince of that house much nearer the time, in order to assert the claim of the posterity of Baliol.

However convinced I am of the justice of that principle, which holds allegiance and protection to be reciprocal, I do, however, acknowledge, that I am not satisfied with the cold sentiment which would confine the exertions of the subject within the strict line of duty. I would have every breast animated with the fervour of loyalty; with that generous attachment which delights in doing somewhat more than is required, and makes "service perfect freedom." And, therefore, as our most gracious sovereign, on his accession to the throne, gloried in being *born a Briton;* so, in my more private sphere, *Ego me nunc* denique natum *gratulor.* I am happy that a disputed succession no longer distracts our minds; and that a monarchy, established by law, is now so sanctioned by time, that we can fully indulge those feelings of loyalty which I am ambitious to excite. They are feelings which have ever actuated the inhabitants of the Highlands and the Hebrides. The plant of loyalty is there in full vigour, and the Brunswick graft now flourishes like a native shoot. To that spirited race of people I may with propriety apply the

elegant lines of a modern poet, on the "facile temper of the beauteous sex:"

> "Like birds new-caught, who flutter for a time,
> And struggle with captivity in vain;
> But by-and-by they rest, they smooth their plumes,
> And to *new masters* sing their former notes." (1)

Surely such notes are much better than the querulous growlings of suspicious Whigs and discontented republicans.

Kingsburgh conducted us in his boat across one of the lochs, as they call them, or arms of the sea, which flow in upon all the coasts of Sky, to a mile beyond a place called Grishinish. Our horses had been sent round by land to meet us. By this sail we saved eight miles of bad riding. Dr. Johnson said, "When we take into the computation what we have saved, and what we have gained by this agreeable sail, it is a great deal." He observed, "it is very disagreeable riding in Sky. The way is so narrow, one only at a time can travel, so it is quite unsocial; and you cannot indulge in meditation by yourself, because you must be always attending to the steps which your horse takes." This was a just and clear description of its inconveniencies.

The topic of emigration being again introduced, Dr. Johnson said, that "a rapacious chief would make a wilderness of his estate." Mr. Donald M'Queen told us, that the oppression, which then made so much noise, was owing to landlords listen-

(1) Agis, a tragedy, by John Home.

ing to bad advice in the letting of their lands (1); that interested and designing people flattered them with golden dreams of much higher rents than could reasonably be paid; and that some of the gentlemen tacksmen, or upper tenants, were themselves in part the occasion of the mischief, by over-rating the farms of others. That many of the tacksmen, rather than comply with exorbitant demands, had gone off to America, and impoverished the country, by draining it of its wealth; and that their places were filled by a number of poor people, who had lived under them, properly speaking, as servants, paid by a certain proportion of the produce of the lands, though called sub-tenants. I observed, that if the men of substance were once banished from a Highland estate, it might probably be greatly reduced in its value; for one bad year might ruin a set of poor tenants, and men of any property would not settle in such a country, unless from the temptation of getting land extremely cheap; for an inhabitant of any good county in Britain had better go to America than to the Highlands or the Hebrides. Here, therefore, was a consideration that ought to induce a chief to act a more liberal part, from a mere motive of interest, independent of the lofty and honourable principle of keeping a clan together, to be in readiness to serve his king. I added, that I could not help thinking a little arbitrary power in the sovereign, to control the bad policy and greediness of the chiefs, might sometimes be of service.

(1) See General Macleod's account of this matter in his Memoirs, APPENDIX, No. IV. — C.

In France, a chief would not be permitted to force a number of the king's subjects out of the country. Dr. Johnson concurred with me, observing, that "were an oppressive chieftain a subject of the French king, he would, probably, be admonished by a *letter*." (1)

During our sail, Dr. Johnson asked about the use of the dirk, with which he imagined the Highlanders cut their meat. He was told, they had a knife and fork besides to eat with. He asked, how did the women do? and was answered, some of them had a knife and fork too; but in general the men, when they had cut their meat, handed their knives and forks to the women, and they themselves eat with their fingers. The old *tutor* (2) of Macdonald always eat fish with his fingers, alleging that a knife and fork gave it a bad taste. I took the liberty to observe to Dr. Johnson, that he did so. "Yes," said he, "but it is because I am short-sighted, and afraid of bones, for which reason I am not fond of eating many kinds of fish, because I must use my fingers."

Dr. M'Pherson's "Dissertations on Scottish Antiquities," which he had looked at when at Corrichatachin, being mentioned, he remarked, that "you might read half an hour, and ask yourself what you had been reading: there were so many words to so little matter, that there was no getting through the book."

As soon as we reached the shore, we took leave of *Kingsburgh*, and mounted our horses. We passed

(1) Meaning, no doubt, a "*lettre de cachet*."—C.

(2) He means one of the family (an uncle probably) who was guardian during the minority of the young heir.—C.

through a wild moor, in many places so soft that we were obliged to walk, which was very fatiguing to Dr. Johnson. Once he had advanced on horseback to a very bad step. There was a steep declivity on his left, to which he was so near, that there was not room for him to dismount in the usual way. He tried to alight on the other side, as if he had been a young buck indeed, but in the attempt he fell at his length upon the ground; from which, however, he got up immediately without being hurt. During this dreary ride, we were sometimes relieved by a view of branches of the sea, that universal medium of connection amongst mankind. A guide, who had been sent with us from Kingsburgh, explored the way (much in the same manner as, I suppose, is pursued in the wilds of America) by observing certain marks known only to the inhabitants. We arrived at Dunvegan late in the afternoon. The great size of the castle, which is partly old and partly new, and is built upon a rock close to the sea, while the land around it presents nothing but wild, moorish, hilly, and craggy appearances, gave a rude magnificence to the scene. Having dismounted, we ascended a flight of steps, which was made by the late Macleod, for the accommodation of persons coming to him by land, there formerly being, for security, no other access to the castle but from the sea; so that visiters who came by the land were under the necessity of getting into a boat, and sailed round to the only place where it could be approached. We were introduced into a stately dining-room, and received by Lady Macleod, mother of

the Laird, who, with his friend *Talisker*, having been detained on the road, did not arrive till some time after us.

We found the lady of the house a very polite and sensible woman, who had lived for some time in London, and had there been in Dr. Johnson's company. After we had dined, we repaired to the drawing-room, where some of the young ladies of the family, with their mother, were at tea. This room had formerly been the bed-chamber of Sir Roderick Macleod, one of the old lairds: and he chose it, because, behind it, there was a considerable cascade, the sound of which disposed him to sleep. Above his bed was this inscription: —"Sir Rorie Macleod of Dunvegan, Knight. God send good rest!" Rorie is the contraction of Roderick. He was called *Rorie More*, that is, great Rorie, not from his size, but from his spirit. Our entertainment here was in so elegant a style, and reminded my fellow-traveller so much of England, that he became quite joyous. He laughed, and said, "Boswell, we came in at the wrong end of this island." "Sir," said I, "it was best to keep this for the last." He answered, "I would have it both first and last."

Tuesday, Sept. 14. — Dr. Johnson said in the morning, "Is not this a fine lady?" (1) There was

(1) She was the daughter of Alexander Brodie, Esq. of Brodie, Lyon King at Arms. She had lately come with her daughters out of Hampshire, to superintend her son's house hold at Dunvegan. See his Memoirs in the Appendix, No. V. This respectable lady died in 1803. It has been said that she expressed considerable dissatisfaction at Dr. Johnson's rude be-

not a word now of his "impatience to be in civilised life;" though indeed I should beg pardon — he found it here. We had slept well, and lain long. After breakfast we surveyed the castle and the garden. Mr. Bethune, the parish minister, Magnus Macleod of Claggan, brother to *Talisker*, and Macleod of Bay, two substantial gentlemen of the clan, dined with us. We had admirable venison, generous wine: in a word, all that a good table has. This was really the hall of a chief. Lady Macleod had been much obliged to my father, who had settled, by arbitration, a variety of perplexed claims between her and her relation, the Laird of Brodie, which she now repaid by particular attention to me. Macleod started the subject of making women do penance in the church for fornication. JOHNSON. "It is right, Sir. Infamy is attached to the crime, by universal opinion, as soon as it is known. I would not be the man who would discover it, if I alone knew it, for a woman may reform; nor would I commend a parson who divulges a woman's first offence; but being once divulged, it ought to be infamous. Consider of what importance to society the chastity of women is. Upon that all the property in the world depends. We hang a thief for stealing a sheep, but the unchastity of a woman transfers sheep, and farm, and all, from the right owner. I have much more reverence for a common

haviour at Dunvegan. Her grandson, the present Macleod, assures me that it was not so: "they were all," he says emphatically, "*delighted* with him;" and, indeed, his father's Memoirs give the same impression.—C.

prostitute than for a woman who conceals her guilt The prostitute is known. She cannot deceive: she cannot bring a strumpet into the arms of an honest man, without his knowledge." BOSWELL. "There is, however, a great difference between the licentiousness of a single woman, and that of a married woman." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; there is a great difference between stealing a shilling and stealing a thousand pounds; between simply taking a man's purse, and murdering him first, and then taking it. But when one begins to be vicious, it is easy to go on. Where single women are licentious, you rarely find faithful married women." BOSWELL. "And yet we are told, that in some nations in India, the distinction is strictly observed." JOHNSON. "Nay, don't give us India. That puts me in mind of Montesquieu, who is really a fellow of genius too in many respects; whenever he wants to support a strange opinion, he quotes you the practice of Japan, or of some other distant country, of which he knows nothing. To support polygamy, he tells you of the island of Formosa, where there are ten women born for one man. He had but to suppose another island, where there are ten men born for one woman, and so make a marriage between them. (1)

At supper, Lady Macleod mentioned Dr. Cadogan's book on the gout. JOHNSON. "It is a good book in general, but a foolish one in particulars. is good in general, as recommending temperance,

(1) What my friend treated as so wild a supposition, has actually happened in the western islands of Scotland, if we may believe Martin, who tells it of the islands of Col and Tyr-yi, and says that it is proved by the parish registers.

and exercise, and cheerfulness. In that respect it is only Dr. Cheyne's book told in a new way; and there should come out such a book every thirty years, dressed in the mode of the times. It is foolish, in maintaining that the gout is not hereditary, and that one fit of it, when gone, is like a fever when gone." Lady Macleod objected that the author does not practise what he teaches. (2) JOHNSON. "I cannot help that, Madam. That does not make his book the worse. People are influenced more by what a man says, if his practice is suitable to it, because they are blockheads. The more intellectual people are, the readier will they attend to what a man tells them. If it is just, they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practises so well as he writes. I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good. Only consider! You read a book; you are convinced by it; you do not know the author. Suppose you afterwards know him, and find that he does not practise what he teaches; are you to give up your former conviction? At this rate you would be kept in a state of equilibrium, when reading every book, till you knew how the author practised."

(1) This was a general reflection against Dr. Cadogan, when his very popular book was first published. It was said, that whatever precepts he might give to others, he himself indulged freely in the bottle. But I have since had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him, and, if his own testimony may be believed (and I have never heard it impeached), his course of life has been conformable to his doctrine. — B. — [Dr. Cadogan died in 1797, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.]

"But," said Lady Macleod, "you would think better of Dr. Cadogan, if he acted according to his principles." JOHNSON. "Why, Madam, to be sure, a man who acts in the face of light is worse than a man who does not know so much; yet I think no man should be the worse thought of for publishing good principles. There is something noble in publishing truth, though it condemns one's self. I expressed some surprise at Cadogan's recommending good humour, as if it were quite in our own power to attain it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, a man grows better humoured as he grows older. He improves by experience. When young, he thinks himself of great consequence, and every thing of importance. As he advances in life, he learns to think himself of no consequence, and little things of little importance; and so he becomes more patient, and better pleased. All good humour and complaisance are acquired. Naturally a child seizes directly what it sees, and thinks of pleasing itself only. By degrees, it is taught to please others, and to prefer others; and that this will ultimately produce the greatest happiness. If a man is not convinced of that, he never will practise it. Common language speaks the truth as to this: we say, a person is well bred. As it is said, that all material motion is primarily in a right line, and is never *per circuitum*, never in another form, unless by some particular cause; so it may be said intellectual motion is." Lady Macleod asked, if no man was naturally good? JOHNSON. "No, Madam, no more than a wolf." BOSWELL. "Nor no woman, Sir?" JOHNSON "No, Sir." Lady Macleod started at

this, saying, in a low voice, "This is worse than Swift!" (1)

M'Leod of Ulinish had come in the afternoon. We were a jovial company at supper. The Laird, surrounded by so many of his clan, was to me a pleasing sight. They listened with wonder and pleasure, while Dr. Johnson harangued. I am vexed that I cannot take down his full strain of eloquence.

Wednesday, Sept. 15. — The gentlemen of the clan went away early in the morning to the harbour of Lochbraccadale, to take leave of some of their friends who were going to America. It was a very wet day. We looked at *Rorie More's* horn, which is a large cow's horn, with the mouth of it ornamented with silver curiously carved. It holds rather more than a bottle and a half. Every Laird of Macleod, it is said, must, as a proof of his manhood, drink it off full of claret without laying it down. (2) From *Rorie More* many of the branches of the family are descended; in particular, the Talisker branch; so that his name is much talked of. We also saw his bow, which hardly any man now can bend, and his *glaymore*, which was wielded with both hands, and is of a prodigious size. We saw here some old pieces of iron armour, immensely heavy. The broad-sword now used, though called the *glaymore* (*i. e.* the *great sword*), is much smaller than that used in *Rorie More's* time. There is hardly a

(1) It seems as if Boswell and Lady Macleod had expected that Johnson would have excepted women from the general lot of mankind. — C.

(2) [If ever Macleod's heirs were obliged to receive investiture by bumpering that horn, the breed must be woefully degenerated. — MACCULLOCH.]

target now to be found in the Highlands. After the disarming act, they made them serve as covers to their butter-milk barrels; a kind of change, like beating spears into pruning-hooks.

Sir George Mackenzie's Works (the folio edition) happened to lie in a window in the dining-room. I asked Dr. Johnson to look at the *Characteres Advocatorum.* He allowed him power of mind, and that he understood very well what he tells; but said, that there was too much declamation, and that the Latin was not correct. He found fault with *appropinquabant* in the character of Gilmour. I tried him with the opposition between *gloria* and *palma,* in the comparison between Gilmour and Nisbet, which Lord Hailes, in his "Catalogue of the Lords of Session," thinks difficult to be understood. The words are, "*penes illum gloria, penes hunc palma.*" (1) In a short Account of the Kirk of Scotland, which I published some years ago, I applied these words to the two contending parties, and explained them thus: "The popular party has most eloquence; Dr. Robertson's party most influence." I was very desirous to hear Dr. Johnson's explication. JOHNSON. "I see no difficulty. Gilmour was admired for his parts; Nisbet carried his cause by his skill in law. *Palma* is victory." I

(1) ["Opposuit Gilmorio providentia Nisbetum; qui summâ doctrinâ consummatâque eloquentiâ causas agebat, ut justitiæ scalæ in equilibrio essent; nimiâ tamen arte semper utens artem suam suspectam reddebat. Quoties ergo conflixerunt, penes Gilmorium gloria, penes Nisbetum palma fuit; quoniam in hoc plus artis et cultus, in illo plus naturæ et virium."— Mackenzie's Works, edited by Ruddiman, 2 vols. folio, 1722.]

observed, that the character of Nicholson, in this book, resembled that of Burke: for it is said, in one place, "*in omnes lusos et jocos se sæpe resolvebat* (1);" and, in another, "*sed accipitris more è conspectu aliquando astantium sublimi se protrahens volatu, in prædam miro impetu descendebat.*" (2) JOHNSON. "No, Sir; I never heard Burke make a good joke in my life." (3) BOSWELL. "But, Sir, you will allow he is a hawk." Dr. Johnson, thinking that I meant this of his joking, said, "No, Sir, he is not the hawk there. He is the beetle in the mire." I still adhered to my metaphor; "But he *soars* as the hawk." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; but he catches nothing." Macleod asked, what is the particular excellence of Burke's eloquence? JOHNSON. "Copiousness and fertility of allusion; a power of diversifying his matter, by placing it in various relations. Burke has great information, and great command of language; though, in my opinion, it has not in every respect the highest elegance. BOSWELL. "Do you think, Sir, that Burke has read Cicero much?" JOHNSON. "I don't believe it, Sir. Burke has great knowledge, great fluency of words, and great promptness of ideas, so that he can speak with great illustration on any subject that comes before him. He is neither like Cicero, nor

(1) He often indulged himself in every species of pleasantry and wit.

(2) But like the hawk, having soared with a lofty flight to a height which the eye could not reach, he was wont to swoop upon his quarry with wonderful rapidity.

(3) [See *antè*, p. 23., and p. 28. n.]

like Demosthenes, nor like any one else, but speaks as well as he can."

In the sixty-fifth page of the first volume of Sir George Mackenzie, Dr. Johnson pointed out a paragraph beginning with Aristotle, and told me there was an error in the text, which he bade me try to discover. I was lucky enough to hit it at once. As the passage is printed, it is said that the devil answers *even* in *engines*. I corrected it to — *ever* in *ænigmas*. "Sir," said he, "you are a good critic. This would have been a great thing to do in the text of an ancient author."

Thursday, Sept. 16. — Last night much care was taken of Dr. Johnson, who was still distressed by his cold. He had hitherto most strangely slept without a nightcap. Miss Macleod made him a large flannel one, and he was prevailed with to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, "I am sure, Sir, you would not carry it too far." JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine; and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it."

In the argument on Tuesday night, about natural goodness, Dr. Johnson denied that any child was better than another, but by difference of instruction; though, in consequence of greater attention being paid to instruction by one child than another, and of

a variety of imperceptible causes, such as instruction being counteracted by servants, a notion was conceived, that of two children, equally well educated, one was naturally much worse than another. He owned, this morning, that one might have a greater aptitude to learn than another, and that we inherit dispositions from our parents. "I inherited," said he, "a vile melancholy from my father, which has made me *mad* all my life, at least not sober." Lady Macleod wondered he should tell this. "Madam," said I, "he knows that with that madness (1) he is superior to other men."

I have often been astonished with what exactness and perspicuity he will explain the process of any art. He this morning explained to us all the operation of coining, and, at night, all the operation of brewing, so very clearly, that Mr. M'Queen said, when he heard the first, he thought he had been bred in the Mint; when he heard the second, that he had been bred a brewer. (2)

I was elated by the thought of having been able to entice such a man to this remote part of the world. A ludicrous, yet just image presented itself to my mind, which I expressed to the company. I compared myself to a dog who has got hold of a large piece of meat, and runs away with it to a cor-

(1) Mr. Boswell was, we see, the *first* to publish this fact, though he chose to blame others for alluding to it; see *ante* Vol. I. p. 64. — C.

(2) ["Of thatching well the Doctor knew the art,
And with his thrashing wisdom made us start;
Described the greatest secrets of the Mint,
And made folks fancy that he had been in 't.
Of hops and malt, 't is wondrous what he knew,
And well as any brewer he could brew."
Bozzy and Piozzi.]

ner, where he may devour it in peace, without any fear of others taking it from him. "In London, Reynolds, Beauclerk, and all of them, are contending who shall enjoy Dr. Johnson's conversation. We are feasting upon it, undisturbed, at Dunvegan."

It was still a storm of wind and rain. Dr. Johnson however walked out with Macleod, and saw *Rorie More's* cascade in full perfection. Colonel Macleod, instead of being all life and gaiety, as I have seen him, was at present grave, and somewhat depressed by his anxious concern about Macleod's affairs, and by finding some gentlemen of the clan by no means disposed to act a generous or affectionate part to their chief in his distress, but bargaining with him as with a stranger. (1) However, he was agreeable and polite, and Dr. Johnson said he was a very pleasing man. My fellow-traveller and I talked of going to Sweden; and, while we were settling our plan, I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the king. JOHNSON. "I doubt, Sir, if he would speak to us." Colonel Macleod said, "I am sure Mr. Boswell would speak to *him*." But seeing me a little disconcerted by his remark, he politely added, "and with great propriety." Here let me offer a short defence of that propensity in my disposition, to which this gentleman alluded. It has procured me much happiness. I hope it does not deserve so hard a name as either forwardness or impudence. If I know myself, it is nothing more than an eagerness to share the society of men distin-

(1) See Macleod's Memoirs, Appendix No. IV.—C.

guished either by their rank or their talents, and a diligence to attain what I desire. If a man is praised for seeking knowledge, though mountains and seas are in his way, may he not be pardoned, whose ardour, in the pursuit of the same object, leads him to encounter difficulties as great, though of a different kind?

After the ladies were gone from the table, we talked of the Highlanders not having sheets; and this led us to consider the advantage of wearing linen. JOHNSON. "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetables. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel therefore is not so cleanly as linen. I remember I used to think tar dirty; but when I knew it to be only a preparation of the juice of the pine, I thought so no longer. It is not disagreeable to have the gum that oozes from a plum-tree upon your fingers, because it is vegetable; but if you have any candle-grease, any tallow upon your fingers, you are uneasy till you rub it off. — I have often thought that, if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns, or cotton — I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean: it will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness."

To hear the grave Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom," while sitting solemn in an arm-chair in the isle of Sky, talk, *ex cathedrâ*, of his keeping a seraglio, and acknowledge that the supposition had *often* been in his thoughts, struck me so forcibly with ludicrous

contrast, that I could not but laugh immoderately. He was too proud to submit, even for a moment, to be the object of ridicule, and instantly retaliated with such keen sarcastic wit, and such a variety of degrading images, of every one of which I was the object, that, though I can bear such attacks as well as most men, I yet found myself so much the sport of all the company, that I would gladly expunge from my mind every trace of this severe retort.

Talking of our friend Langton's house in Lincolnshire, he said "the old house of the family was burnt. A temporary building was erected in its room; and to this day they have been always adding as the family increased. It is like a shirt made for a man when he was a child, and enlarged always as he grows older."

We talked to-night of Luther's allowing the Landgrave of Hesse two wives, and that it was with the consent of the wife to whom he was first married. JOHNSON. "There was no harm in this, so far as she was only concerned, because *volenti non fit injuria*. But it was an offence against the general order of society, and against the law of the Gospel, by which one man and one woman are to be united. No man can have two wives, but by preventing somebody else from having one." (1)

(1) This is a false, and, if it had even more of truth in it, a too narrow ground on which to rest this great doctrine — a doctrine which is the foundation of all human civilisation, and of all individual happiness. — C.

CHAPTER IX.

Dunvegan Castle.—Cunning.—"Temple of Anaitis."—Family Portraits.—Bacon's Henry VII.—Pennant the Tourist.—Johnson's Birth-day.—Languages the Pedigree of Nations.—The Laird of Muck.—Choice of a Wife.—Johnson on Boswell's Journal.—History of Lady Grange.—Poetry of Savages.—French Literati.—Prize Fighting.—French and English Soldiers.—Duelling.—Change of Manners.—Landed and trading Interests.—Loval's Pyramid.—Ulinish.—Lord Orrery, &c. &c.

Friday, Sept. 17.—AFTER dinner yesterday, we had a conversation upon cunning. Macleod said that he was not afraid of cunning people; but would let them play their tricks about him like monkeys. "But," said I, "they'll scratch;" and Mr. M'Queen added, "they'll invent new tricks, as soon as you find out what they do." JOHNSON. "Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning. It requires no extraordinary talents to lie and deceive." This led us to consider whether it did not require great abilities to be very wicked. JOHNSON. "It requires great abilities to have the *power* of being very wicked; but not to *be* very wicked. A man who has the power, which great abilities procure him, may use it well or ill; and it requires more abilities to use it well, than to use it ill. Wicked-

ness is always easier than virtue; for it takes th short cut to every thing. It is much easier to steal a hundred pounds, than to get it by labour, or any other way. Consider only what act of wickedness requires great abilities to commit it, when once the person who is to do it has the power; for *there* is the distinction. It requires great abilities to conquer an army, but none to massacre it after it is conquered."

The weather this day was rather better than any that we had since we came to Dunvegan. Mr. M'Queen had often mentioned a curious piece of antiquity near this, which he called a temple of the goddess Anaitis. Having often talked of going to see it, he and I set out after breakfast, attended by his servant, a fellow quite like a savage. I must observe here, that in Sky there seems to be much idleness; for men and boys follow you, as colts follow passengers upon a road. The usual figure of a Sky-boy is a lown with bare legs and feet, a dirty kilt, ragged coat and waistcoat, a bare head, and a stick in his hand, which, I suppose, is partly to help the lazy rogue to walk, partly to serve as a kind of a defensive weapon. We walked what is called two miles, but is probably four, from the castle, till we came to the sacred place. The country around is a black dreary moor on all sides, except to the sea-coast, towards which there is a view through a valley; and the farm of Bay shows some good land. The place itself is green ground, being well drained, by means of a deep glen on each side, in both of which there runs a rivulet with a good quantity of

water, forming several cascades, which make a considerable appearance and sound. The first thing we came to was an earthen mound, or dyke, extending from the one precipice to the other. A little farther on was a strong stone wall, not high, but very thick, extending in the same manner. On the outside of it were the ruins of two houses, one on each side of the entry or gate to it. The wall is built all along of uncemented stones, but of so large a size as to make a very firm and durable rampart. It has been built all about the consecrated ground, except where the precipice is steep enough to form an enclosure of itself. The sacred spot contains more than two acres. There are within it the ruins of many houses, none of them large, — a cairn, — and many graves marked by clusters of stones. Mr. M'Queen insisted that the ruin of a small building, standing east and west, was actually the temple of the goddess Anaitis, where her statue was kept, and from whence processions were made to wash it in one of the brooks. There is, it must be owned, a hollow road visible for a good way from the entrance; but Mr. M'Queen, with the keen eye of an antiquary, traced it much farther than I could perceive it. There is not above a foot and a half in height of the walls now remaining; and the whole extent of the building was never, I imagine, greater than an ordinary Highland house. Mr. M'Queen has collected a great deal of learning on the subject of the temple of Anaitis; and I had endeavoured, in my Journal, to state such particulars as might give some idea of it, and of the surrounding scenery;

but from the great difficulty of describing visible objects, I found my account so unsatisfactory, that my readers would probably have exclaimed,

"And write about it, goddess, and about it (1);"

and therefore I have omitted it.

When we got home, and were again at table with Dr. Johnson, we first talked of portraits. He agreed in thinking them valuable in families. I wished to know which he preferred, fine portraits, or those of which the merit was resemblance. JOHNSON. "Sir, their chief excellence is being like." BOSWELL. "Are you of that opinion as to the portraits of ancestors, whom one has never seen?" JOHNSON. "It then becomes of more consequence that they should be like; and I would have them in the dress of the times, which makes a piece of history. One should like to see how *Rorie More* looked. Truth, Sir, is of the greatest value in these things." Mr. M'Queen observed, that if you think it of no consequence whether portraits are like, if they are but well painted, you may be indifferent whether a piece of history is true or not, if well told.

Dr. Johnson said at breakfast to-day, "that it was but of late that historians bestowed pains and attention in consulting records, to attain to accuracy. Bacon, in writing his History of Henry VII., does not seem to have consulted any, but to have just taken what he found in other histories, and blended it with what he learned by tradition."

(1) Dunciad, b. 4. v. 252. — C.

He agreed with me that there should be a chronicle kept in every considerable family, to preserve the characters and transactions of successive generations.

After dinner I started the subject of the temple of Anaitis. Mr. M'Queen had laid stress on the name given to the place by the country people, — *Ainnit*; and added, "I knew not what to make of this piece of antiquity, till I met with the *Anaitidis delubrum* in Lydia, mentioned by Pausanias and the elder Pliny." Dr. Johnson, with his usual acuteness, examined Mr. M'Queen as to the meaning of the word *Ainnit*, in Erse; and it proved to be a water-place, or a place near water, "which," said Mr. M'Queen, "agrees with all the descriptions of the temples of that goddess, which were situated near rivers, that there might be water to wash the statue." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, the argument from the name is gone. The name is exhausted by what we see. We have no occasion to go to a distance for what we can pick up under our feet. Had it been an accidental name, the similarity between it and *Anaitis* might have had something in it; but it turns out to be a mere physiological name." Macleod said, Mr. M'Queen's knowledge of etymology had destroyed his conjecture. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; Mr. M'Queen is like the eagle mentioned by Waller, who was shot with an arrow feathered from his own wing." Mr. M'Queen would not, however, give up his conjecture. JOHNSON. "You have one possibility for you, and all possibilities against you. It is possible it may be the temple of Anaitis; but it is also possible that it may

be a fortification; or it may be a place of Christian worship, as the first Christians often chose remote and wild places, to make an impression on the mind; or, if it was a heathen temple, it may have been built near a river, for the purpose of lustration; and there is such a multitude of divinities, to whom it may have been dedicated, that the chance of its being a temple of Anaitis is hardly any thing. It is like throwing a grain of sand upon the sea-shore to-day, and thinking you may find it to-morrow. No, Sir, this temple, like many an ill-built edifice, tumbles down before it is roofed in." In his triumph over the reverend antiquarian, he indulged himself in a conceit; for, some vestige of the *altar* of the goddess being much insisted on in support of the hypothesis, he said, "Mr. M'Queen is fighting *pro aris et focis.*"

It was wonderful how well time passed in a remote castle, and in dreary weather. After supper, we talked of Pennant. It was objected that he was superficial. Dr. Johnson defended him warmly. He said, "Pennant has greater variety of inquiry than almost any man, and has told us more than perhaps one in ten thousand could have done, in the time that he took. He has not said what he was to tell; so you cannot find fault with him for what he has not told. If a man comes to look for fishes, you cannot blame him if he does not attend to fowls." "But," said Colonel Macleod, "he mentions the unreasonable rise of rents in the Highlands, and says, 'the gentlemen are for emptying the bag without filling it,' for that is the phrase

he uses. Why does he not tell how to fill it?" JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no end of negative criticism. He tells what he observes, and as much as he chooses. If he tells what is not true, you may find fault with him; but, though he tells that the land is not well cultivated, he is not obliged to tell how it may be well cultivated. If I tell that many of the Highlanders go barefooted, I am not obliged to tell how they may get shoes. Pennant tells a fact. He need go no farther, except he pleases. He exhausts nothing; and no subject whatever has yet been exhausted. But Pennant has surely told a great deal. Here is a man six feet high, and you are angry because he is not seven." Notwithstanding this eloquent *Oratio pro Pennantio*, which they who have read this gentleman's Tours, and recollect the savage and the shopkeeper at Monboddo, will probably impute to the spirit of contradiction, I still think that he had better have given more attention to fewer things, than have thrown together such a number of imperfect accounts.

Saturday, Sept. 18. — Before breakfast, Dr. Johnson came up to my room, to forbid me to mention that it was his birthday; but I told him I had done it already; at which he was displeased — I suppose from wishing to have nothing particular done on his account.(1) Lady Macleod and I got

(1) ["Boswell, with some of his troublesome kindness, has informed this family and reminded me, that the 18th of September is my birthday. The return of my birthday, if I remember it, fills me with thoughts which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape. I can now look back upon three score and four years, in which little has been done,

into a warm dispute. She wanted to build a house upon a farm which she has taken, about five miles from the castle, and to make gardens and other ornaments there; all of which I approved of; but insisted that the seat of the family should always be upon the rock of Dunvegan. JOHNSON. "Ay, in time we'll build all round this rock. You may make a very good house at the farm; but it must not be such as to tempt the Laird of Macleod to go thither to reside. Most of the great families of England have a secondary residence, which is called a jointure-house; let the new house be of that kind." The lady insisted that the rock was very inconvenient; that there was no place near it where a good garden could be made; that it must always be a rude place; that it was a *Herculean* labour to make a dinner here. I was vexed to find the alloy of modern refinement in a lady who had so much old family spirit. "Madam," said I, "if once you quit this rock, there is no knowing where you may settle. You move five miles first; then to St. Andrews, as the late Laird did; then to Edinburgh; and so on till you end at Hampstead, or in France. No, no; keep to the rock; it is the very jewel of the estate. It looks as if it had been let down from heaven by the four corners, to be the residence of a

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and little has been enjoyed; a life diversified by misery, spent part in the sluggishness of penury, and part under the violence of pain, in gloomy discontent or importunate distress. But, perhaps, I am better than I should have been, if I had been less afflicted. With this I will try to be content."—JOHNSON, Letters, vol. i. p. 124.]

chief. Have all the comforts and conveniences of life upon it, but never leave *Rorie More's* cascade." "But," said she, "is it not enough if we keep it? Must we never have more convenience than *Rorie More* had? he had his beef brought to dinner in one basket, and his bread in another. Why not as well be *Rorie More* all over, as live upon his rock? And should not we tire, in looking perpetually on this rock? It is very well for you, who have a fine place, and every thing easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself." "Yes, Madam," said I, "I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy if I were not upon it." JOHNSON (with a strong voice and most determined manner). "Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon." I felt a degree of elation, at finding my resolute feudal enthusiasm thus confirmed by such a sanction. The lady was puzzled a little. She still returned to her pretty farm — rich ground — fine garden. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "were they in Asia, I would not leave the rock." (1) My

(1) Dunvegan well deserves the stand which was made by Dr. Johnson in its defence. Its greatest inconvenience was that of access. This had been originally obtained from the sea, by a subterranean staircase, partly arched, partly cut in the rock, which, winding up through the cliff, opened into the court of the castle. This passage, at all times very inconvenient, had been abandoned, and was ruinous. A very indifferent substitute had been made by a road, which, rising from the harbour, reached the bottom of the moat, and then ascended to the gate by a very long stair. The present chief, whom I am happy to call my *friend*, has made a perfectly convenient and characteristic access, which gives a direct approach to the further side of the moat, in front of the castle gate, and surmounts the chasm by a draw-

opinion on this subject is still the same. An ancient family residence ought to be a primary object; and though the situation of Dunvegan be such that little can be done here in gardening or pleasure ground, yet, in addition to the veneration acquired by the lapse of time, it has many circumstances of natural grandeur, suited to the seat of a Highland chief: it has the sea — islands — rocks — hills — a noble cascade; and when the family is again in opulence, something may be done by art. (1)

Mr. Donald M'Queen went away to-day, in order to preach at Braccadale next day. We were so comfortably situated at Dunvegan, that Dr. Johnson could hardly be moved from it. I proposed to him that we should leave it on Monday. "No, Sir," said he, "I will not go before Wednesday. I will have some more of this good." However, as the weather was at this season so bad, and so very un-

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bridge, which would have delighted *Rorie More* himself. I may add, that neither Johnson nor Boswell were antiquaries, otherwise they must have remarked, amongst the *Cimelia* of Dunvegan, the fated or fairy banner, said to be given to the clan by a Banshee, and a curious drinking cup (probably), said to have belonged to the family when kings of the Isle of Man — certainly of most venerable antiquity. — WALTER SCOTT, 1829.

(1) Something has indeed been, partly in the way of accommodation and ornament, partly in improvements yet more estimable, under the direction of the present beneficent Lady of Macleod. She has completely acquired the language of her husband's clan, in order to qualify herself to be their effectual benefactress. She has erected schools, which she superintends herself, to introduce among them the benefits, knowledge, and comforts of more civilised society; and a young and beautiful woman has done more for the enlarged happiness of this primitive people, than had been achieved for ages before. — WALTER SCOTT.

certain, and we had a great deal to do yet, Mr. M'Queen and I prevailed with him to agree to set out on Monday, if the day should be good. Mr. M'Queen, though it was inconvenient for him to be absent from his harvest, engaged to wait on Monday at Ulinish for us. When he was going away, Dr. Johnson said, "I shall ever retain a great regard for you:" then asked him if he had the "Rambler." Mr. M'Queen said, "No, but my brother has it." JOHNSON. "Have you the "Idler?" M'QUEEN. "No, Sir." JOHNSON. "Then I will order one for you at Edinburgh, which you will keep in remembrance of me." Mr. M'Queen was much pleased with this. He expressed to me in the strongest terms, his admiration of Dr. Johnson's wonderful knowledge, and every other quality for which he is distinguished. I asked Mr. M'Queen if he was satisfied with being a minister in Sky. He said he was; but he owned that his forefathers having been so long there, and his having been born there, made a chief ingredient in forming his contentment. I should have mentioned, that on our left hand, between Portree and Dr. Macleod's house, Mr. M'Queen told me there had been a college of the Knights Templars; that tradition said so; and that there was a ruin remaining of their church, which had been burnt: but I confess Dr. Johnson has weakened my belief in remote tradition. In the dispute about *Anaitis*, Mr. M'Queen said, Asia Minor was peopled by Scythians, and, as they were the ancestors of the Celts, the same religion might be in Asia Minor and Sky. JOHNSON. "Alas! Sir, what

can a nation that has not letters tell of its original? I have always difficulty to be patient when I hear authors gravely quoted, as giving accounts of savage nations, which accounts they had from the savages themselves. What can the M'Craas tell about themselves a thousand years ago? (1) There is no tracing the connection of ancient nations, but by language; and therefore I am always sorry when any language is lost, because languages are the pedigree of nations. If you find the same language in distant countries, you may be sure that the inhabitants of each have been the same people; that is to say, if you find the languages a good deal the same; for a word here and there being the same, will not do. Thus Butler, in his 'Hudibras,' remembering that *penguin*, in the Straits of Magellan, signifies a bird with a white head, and that the same word has, in Wales, the signification of a white-headed wench, (*pen* head, and *guin* white), by way of ridicule, concludes that the people of those straits are Welsh."

A young gentleman of the name of M'Lean, ne-

(1) "What can the M'Craas tell of themselves a thousand years ago?" More than the Doctor would suppose. I have a copy of their family history, written by Mr. John Mac Ra, minister of Dingwal, in Ross-shire, in 1702. In this history, they are averred to have come over with those Fitzgeralds now holding the name of M'Kenzie, at the period of the battle of Largs, in 1263. I was indulged with a copy of the pedigree, by the consent of the principal persons of the clan, in 1826, and had the original in my possession for some time. It is modestly drawn up, and apparently with all the accuracy which can be expected when tradition must be necessarily much relied upon. The name was in Irish, Mac Grath, softened in the Highlands into Mac Ra, Mac Corow, Mac Rae, &c.; and in the Lowlands, where the patronymic was often dropped, by the names of Crow, Craw, &c. — WALTER SCOTT.

phew to the Laird of the Isle of Muck, came this morning; and, just as we sat down to dinner, came the Laird of the Isle of Muck himself, his lady, sister to *Talisker*, two other ladies, their relations, and a daughter of the late M'Leod of Hamer, who wrote a treatise on the second sight, under the designation of "Theophilus Insulanus.(1)" It was somewhat droll to hear this laird called by his title. *Muck* would have sounded ill; so he was called *Isle of Muck*, which went off with great readiness. The name, as now written, is unseemly, but is not so bad in the original Erse, which is *Mouach*, signifying the Sows' Island. Buchanan calls it *Insula Porcorum*. It is so called from its form. Some call it the Isle of *Monk*. The Laird insists that this is the proper name. It was formerly church-land belonging to Icolmkill, and a hermit lived in it. It is two miles long, and about three quarters of a mile broad. The Laird said, he had seven score of souls upon it. Last year he had eighty persons inoculated, mostly children, but some of them eighteen years of age. He agreed with the surgeon to come and do it at half a crown a head. It is very fertile in corn, of which they export some; and its coasts abound in fish. A tailor comes there six times in a year. They get a good blacksmith from the Isle of Egg.

Sunday, Sept. 19.—It was rather worse weather than any that we had yet. At breakfast Dr. Johnson said, "Some cunning men choose fools for

(1) The work of "Theophilus Insulanus" was written in as credulous a style as either Dr. Johnson or his biographer could have desired.—WALTER SCOTT.

their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool, and a mule fool. The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words nor blows; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last: and suppose a fool to be made do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge." Whether afterwards he meant merely to say a polite thing, or to give his opinion, I could not be sure; but he added, "Men know that women are an over-match for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves." In justice to the sex, I think it but candid to acknowledge, that in a subsequent conversation, he told me that he was serious in what he had said.

He came to my room this morning before breakfast, to read my Journal, which he has done all along. He often before said, "I take great delight in reading it." To-day he said, "You improve: it grows better and better." I observed, there was a danger of my getting a habit of writing in a slovenly manner. "Sir," said he, "it is not written in a slovenly manner. It might be printed, were the subject fit for printing." (1) While Mr. Bethune preached to us in the dining-room, Dr. Johnson sat in his own room, where I saw lying before him a volume of

(1) As I have faithfully recorded so many minute particulars, I hope I shall be pardoned for inserting so flattering an encomium on what is now offered to the public.

Lord Bacon's works, "The Decay of Christian Piety," Monboddo's "Origin of Language," and Sterne's Sermons. He asked me to-day, how it happened that we were so little together: I told him my Journal took up much time. Yet, on reflection, it appeared strange to me, that although I will run from one end of London to another, to pass an hour with him, I should omit to seize any spare time to be in his company, when I am settled in the same house with him. But my Journal is really a task of much time and labour, and he forbids me to contract it.

I omitted to mention, in its place, that Dr. Johnson told Mr. M'Queen that he had found the belief of the second sight universal in Sky, except among the clergy, who seemed determined against it. took the liberty to observe to Mr. M'Queen, tha the clergy were actuated by a kind of vanity "The world," say they, "takes us to be credulous men in a remote corner. We'll show them that we are more enlightened than they think." The worthy man said, that his disbelief of it was from his not finding sufficient evidence; but I could perceive that he was prejudiced (1) against it.

After dinner to-day, we talked of the extra-

(1) By the very use of this word, Mr. Boswell shows, that *he* was *prejudiced in favour* of the *second sight*, either because it suited the credulous temper of his own mind, or because it looked like a national honour. The clergy were probably not *prejudiced* against it, otherwise than as, being the best educated and most intelligent persons in those regions, they saw the absurdity of the fables on which the superstition was supported. — See General Macleod's Memoirs (Appendix, No. IV.), as to Johnson's willingness to believe in the second sight. — C.

ordinary fact of Lady Grange's (1) being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there for several years, without any means of relief. (2) Dr. Johnson said, if

(1) The true story of this lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, a man of the very first blood of his country. For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly journeys was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained, amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter of a Catechist, who concealed it in a clue of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but intelligence of this being received, she was conveyed to Macleod's island of Herries, where she died. — B. — [She was buried, as Macleod informs me, at Dunvegan.] — C.

The story of Lady Grange is well known. I have seen her Journal. She had become privy to some of the Jacobite intrigues, in which her husband, Lord Grange (brother of the Earl of Mar, and a Lord of Session), and his family were engaged. Being on indifferent terms with her husband, she is said to have thrown out hints that she knew as much as would cost him his life. The judge probably thought with Mrs. Peachum, that it is rather an awkward state of domestic affairs, when the wife has it in her power to hang the husband. Lady Grange was the more to be dreaded, as she came of a vindictive race, being the grandchild of that Chiesley of Dalry, who assassinated Sir George Lockhart, the Lord President. Many persons of importance in the Highlands were concerned in removing her testimony. The notorious Lovat, with a party of his men, were the direct agents in carrying her off (see *antè*, Vol. II. p. 208.); and St. Kilda, belonging then to Macleod, was selected as the place of confinement. The name by which she was spoken or written of was *Corpach*, an ominous distinction, corresponding to what is called *subject* in the lecture-room of an anatomist, or *shot* in the slang of the Westport murderers. — WALTER SCOTT. — [Rachel Chiesley was the daughter, not the grand-daughter, of the murderer. The Earl of Mar, restored in 1824, was her grandson. — CHAMBERS.]

(2) In "Carstare's State Papers," we find an authentic narrative of Connor, a catholic priest, who turned protestant, being seized by some of Lord Seaforth's people, and detained prisoner

Macleod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island. We had, in the course of our tour, heard of St. Kilda poetry. Dr. Johnson observed, "It must be very poor, because they have very few images." BOSWELL. "There may be a poetical genius shown in combining these, and in making poetry of them." JOHNSON. "Sir, a man cannot make fire but in proportion as he has fuel. He cannot coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." At tea he talked of his intending to go to Italy in 1775. Macleod said, he would like Paris better. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; there are none of the French literati now alive, to visit whom I would cross a sea. I can find in Buffon's book all that he can say." (1)

After supper he said, "I am sorry that prize-

in the island of Harris several years: he was fed with bread and water, and lodged in a house where he was exposed to the rains and cold. Sir James Ogilvy writes, June 18. 1667, "that the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Advocate, and himself, were to meet next day, to take effectual methods to have this redressed. Connor was then still detained." — p. 310. This shows what private oppression might in the last century be practised in the Hebrides. In the same collection, the Earl of Argyle gives a picturesque account of an embassy from *the great M'Neil of Barra*, as that insular chief used to be denominated. "I received a letter yesterday from M'Neil of Barra, who lives very far off, sent by a gentleman in all formality, offering his service, which had made you laugh to see his entry. The style of his letter runs as if he were of another kingdom." — p. 648. — B. — It was said of M'Neil of Barra, that when he dined, his bagpipes blew a particular strain, intimating that all the world might go to dinner. — WALTER SCOTT.

(1) I doubt the justice of my fellow-traveller's remark concerning the French literati, many of whom, I am told, have considerable merit in conversation, as well as in their writings. That of M. de Buffon, in particular, I am well assured is highly instructive and entertaining.

fighting is gone out; every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important. It is absurd that our soldiers should have swords, and not be taught the use of them.' Prize-fighting (1) made people accustomed not to be alarmed at seeing their own blood, or feeling a little pain from a wound. I think the heavy *glaymore* was an ill-contrived weapon. A man could only strike once with it. It employed both his hands, and he must of course be soon fatigued with wielding it; so that if his antagonist could only keep playing awhile, he was sure of him. I would fight with a dirk against *Rorie More's* sword. I could ward off a blow with a dirk, and then run in upon my enemy. When within that heavy sword, I have him; he is quite helpless, and I could stab him at my leisure, like a calf. It is thought by sensible military men, that the English do not enough avail themselves of their superior strength of body against the French; for that must always have a great advantage in pushing with bayonets. I have heard an officer say, that if women could be made to stand, they would do as well as men in mere interchange of bullets from a distance; but if a body of men should come close up to them, then to be sure they must be overcome: now," said he, "in the same manner the weaker-

(1) Mr. Johnson was very conversant in the art of attack and defence by boxing, which science he had learned from his uncle Andrew, I believe; and I have heard him descant upon the age when people were received, and when rejected, in the schools once held for that brutal amusement, much to the admiration of those who had no expectation of his skill in such matters, and the sight of a figure which precluded all possibility of personal prowess. — PIOZZI.

bodied French must be overcome by our strong soldiers."

The subject of duelling was introduced. JOHNSON. "There is no case in England where one or other of the combatants *must* die: if you have overcome your adversary by disarming him, that is sufficient, though you should not kill him; your honour, or the honour of your family, is restored, as much as it can be by a duel. It is cowardly to force your antagonist to renew the combat, when you know that you have the advantage of him by superior skill. You might just as well go and cut his throat while he is asleep in his bed. When a duel begins, it is supposed there may be an equality; because it is not always skill that prevails. It depends much on presence of mind; nay, on accidents. The wind may be in a man's face. He may fall. (1) Many such things may decide the superiority. A man is sufficiently punished by being called out, and subjected to the risk that is in a duel." But on my suggesting that the injured person is equally subjected to risk, he fairly owned he could not explain the rationality of duelling.

Monday, Sept. 20. — When I awaked, the storm was higher still. It abated about nine, and the sun shone; but it rained again very soon, and it was not a day for travelling. At breakfast, Dr. John-

(1) Johnson considers duels as only fought with *swords*, a practice now wholly superseded, in those countries, by the use of pistols, a weapon which, generally speaking, is more equal than the sword could be. — C.

son told us, "there was once a pretty good tavern in Catharine Street in the Strand, where very good company met in an evening, and each man called for his own half-pint of wine, or gill, if he pleased; they were frugal men, and nobody paid but for what he himself drank. The house furnished no supper; but a woman attended with mutton pies, which any body might purchase. I was introduced to this company by Cumming the Quaker (1), and used to go there sometimes when I drank wine. In the last age, when my mother lived in London, there were two sets of people, those who gave the wall, and those who took it; the peaceable and the quarrelsome. When I returned to Lichfield, after

(1) Thomas Cumming was a bold and busy man, who mistook his vocation when he turned Quaker (for he was not born in that sect). He planned and almost commanded a military expedition to the coast of Africa, in 1758, which ended in the capture of Senegal. It and its author make a considerable figure in Smollett's History of England, vol. ii. p. 278., where the anomaly of a *Quaker's* heading an army is attempted to be excused by the event of the enemy's having surrendered without fighting; and a protest that Cumming would not have engaged in it, had he not been assured, that against an overpowering force the enemy could not have resisted. This reminds us of another story of Cumming. During the rebellion of 1745, he was asked, whether the time was not come when even he, as a Quaker, ought to take arms for the civil and religious liberties of his country? "*No*," said Cumming, "but I will drive an ammunition waggon." Yet this bustling man was, it seems, morbidly sensitive. Mrs. Piozzi says, "Dr. Johnson once told me that Cumming, the famous Quaker, whose friendship he valued very highly, fell a sacrifice to the insults of the newspapers, having declared on his death-bed, that the pain of an anonymous letter, written in some of the common prints of the day, fastened on his heart, and threw him into the slow fever of which he died."—*Anecdotes*, p. 148.—One libel, in which *Tomocomingo* is severely handled, will be found in the Town and Country Magazine of January 1774—the year of Cumming's death.—C.

having been in London, my mother asked me, whether I was one of those who gave the wall, or those who took it. Now, it is fixed that every man keeps to the right; or, if one is taking the wall, another yields it, and it is never a dispute." He was very severe on a lady whose name was mentioned. He said, he would have sent her to St. Kilda. That she was as bad as negative badness could be, and stood in the way of what was good: that insipid beauty would not go a great way; and that such a woman might be cut out of a cabbage, if there was a skilful artificer.

Macleod was too late in coming to breakfast. Dr Johnson said, laziness was worse than the tooth-ache. BOSWELL. "I cannot agree with you, Sir; a basin of cold water, or a horsewhip, will cure laziness." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; it will only put off the fit; it will not cure the disease. I have been trying to cure my laziness all my life, and could not do it." BOSWELL. "But if a man does in a shorter time what might be the labour of a life, there is nothing to be said against him." JOHNSON (perceiving at once that I alluded to him and his Dictionary). "Suppose that flattery to be true, the consequence would be, that the world would have no right to censure a man; but that will not justify him to himself."

After breakfast, he said to me, "A Highland chief should now endeavour to do every thing to raise his rents, by means of the industry of his people. Formerly, it was right for him to have his house full of idle fellows; they were his defenders,

his servants, his dependants, his friends. Now they may be better employed. The system of things is now so much altered, that the family cannot have influence but by riches, because it has no longer the power of ancient feudal times. An individual of a family may have it; but it cannot now belong to a family, unless you could have a perpetuity of men with the same views. Macleod has four times the land that the Duke of Bedford has. I think, with his spirit, he may in time make himself the greatest man in the king's dominions; for land may always be improved to a certain degree. I would never have any man sell land, to throw money into the funds, as is often done, or to try any other species of trade. Depend upon it, this rage of trade will destroy itself. You and I shall not see it; but the time will come when there will be an end of it. Trade is like gaming. If a whole company are gamesters, play must cease; for there is nothing to be won. When all nations are traders, there is nothing to be gained by trade, and it will stop first where it is brought to the greatest perfection. Then the proprietors of land only will be the great men." I observed, it was hard that Macleod should find ingratitude in so many of his people. JOHNSON. "Sir, gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people." I doubt of this. Nature seems to have implanted gratitude in all living creatures. The lion, mentioned by Aulus Gellius, had it. (1) It appears to me that culture,

(1) Aul. Gellius, lib. v. c. xiv.

which brings luxury and selfishness with it, has a tendency rather to weaken than promote this affection.

Dr. Johnson said this morning, when talking of our setting out, that he was in the state in which Lord Bacon represents kings. He desired the end, but did not like the means. He wished much to get home, but was unwilling to travel in Sky. "You are like kings too in this, Sir," said I, "that you must act under the direction of others."

Tuesday, Sept. 21.—The uncertainty of our present situation having prevented me from receiving any letters from home for some time, I could not help being uneasy. Dr. Johnson had an advantage over me in this respect, he having no wife or child to occasion anxious apprehensions in his mind. It was a good morning; so we resolved to set out. But, before quitting this castle, where we have been so well entertained, let me give a short description of it.

Along the edge of the rock, there are the remains of a wall, which is now covered with ivy. A square court is formed by buildings of different ages, particularly some towers, said to be of great antiquity; and at one place there is a row of false cannon (1) of stone. There is a very large unfinished pile, four stories high, which we were told was here when Leod, the first of this family, came from the Isle of Man, married the heiress of the M'Crails,

(1) Dunvegan Castle is mounted with real cannon; not unnecessarily, for its situation might expose it in war time to be plundered by privateers.—WALTER SCOTT.

the ancient possessors of Dunvegan, and afterwards acquired by conquest as much land as he had got by marriage. He surpassed the house of Austria; for he was *felix* both *bella gerere* et *nubere.* (1) John *Breck* (2) Macleod, the grandfather of the late laird, began to repair the castle, or rather to complete it: but he did not live to finish his undertaking. Not doubting, however, that he should do it, he, like those who have had their epitaphs written before they died, ordered the following inscription, composed by the minister of the parish, to be cut upon a broad stone above one of the lower windows, where it still remains to celebrate what was not done, and to serve as a memento of the uncertainty of life, and the presumption of man. (3)

"Joannes Macleod, Beganoduni Dominus, gentis suæ Philarchus (4) Durinesiæ, Haraiæ, Vaternesiæ, &c. Baro: D. Floræ Macdonald matrimoniali vinculo conjugatus, turrem hanc Beganodunensem, proavorum habitaculum longe vetustissimum, diu penitus labefectatam, Anno æræ vulgaris MDCLXXXVI instauravit.

"Quem stabilire juvat proavorum tecta vetusta,
Omne scelus fugiat, justitiamque colat.
Vertit in aërias turres magalia virtus,
Inque casas humiles tecta superba nefas."

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(1) This is an allusion to a celebrated epigram, quoted with so much effect by the late Mr. Whitbread, in a speech in the House of Commons (9th March, 1810), in allusion to the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Louisa with Buonaparte;

"Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube;
Quæ dat Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus." — C.

(2) *Breck* means marked with the small-pox. — C.

(3) It is now finished, though not on so lofty a scale as was originally designed. — C.

(4) Macleod's titles run in English, "*Lord of Dunvegan, Chief of his Clan, Baron of Durinish, Harris, Waterness,* &c. — C.

Macleod and *Talisker* accompanied us. We passed by the parish church of Durinish. The churchyard is not enclosed, but a pretty murmuring brook runs along one side of it. In it is a pyramid erected to the memory of Thomas Lord Lovat, by his son Lord Simon, who suffered on Tower Hill. It is of freestone, and, I suppose, about thirty feet high. There is an inscription on a piece of white marble inserted in it, which I suspect to have been the composition of Lord Lovat himself, being much in his pompous style.

I have preserved this inscription (1), though of no great value, thinking it characteristical of a man who has made some noise in the world. Dr. Johnson said, it was poor stuff, such as Lord Lovat's butler might have written.

I observed, in this churchyard, a parcel of people assembled at a funeral, before the grave was dug. The coffin, with the corpse in it, was placed on the

(1) "This pyramid was erected by Simon Lord Fraser, of Lovat, in honour of Lord Thomas his father, a peer of Scotland, and chief of the great and ancient clan of the Frasers. Being attacked for his birthright by the family of Atholl, then in power and favour with King William, yet, by the valour and fidelity of his clan, and the assistance of the Campbells, the old friends and allies of his family, he defended his birthright with such greatness and fermety of soul, and such valour and activity, that he was an honour to his name, and a good pattern to all brave chiefs of clans. He died in the month of May, 1699, in the sixty-third year of his age, in Dunvegan, the house of the Laird of Macleod, whose sister he had married: by whom he had the above Simon Lord Fraser, and several other children. And, for the great love he bore to the family of Macleod, he desired to be buried near his wife's relations, in the place where two of her uncles lay. And his son Lord Simon, to show to posterity his great affection for his mother's kindred, the brave Macleods, chooses rather to leave his father's bones with them, than carry them to his own burial-place, near Lovat."

ground, while the people alternately assisted in making a grave. One man, at a little distance, was busy cutting a long turf for it, with the crooked spade (1) which is used in Sky; a very awkward instrument The iron part of it is like a plough-coulter. It has a rude tree for a handle, in which a wooden pin is placed for the foot to press upon. A traveller might, without further inquiry, have set this down as the mode of burying in Sky. I was told, however, that the usual way is to have a grave previously dug.

I observed to-day, that the common way of carrying home their grain here is in loads on horseback. They have also a few sleds, or *cars*, as we call them in Ayrshire, clumsily made, and rarely used.

We got to Ulinish about six o'clock, and found a very good farm-house, of two stories. Mr. Macleod of Ulinish, the sheriff-substitute of the island, was a plain honest gentleman, a good deal like an English justice of peace; not much given to talk, but sufficiently sagacious, and somewhat droll. His daughter, though she was never out of Sky, was a very well-bred woman. Our reverend friend, Mr. Donald M'Queen, kept his appointment, and met us here.

Talking of Phipps's voyage to the North Pole, Dr Johnson observed, that it was "conjectured that our former navigators have kept too near land, and so have found the sea frozen far north, because the land hinders the free motion of the tide; but, in the wide ocean, where the waves tumble at their full

(1) An instrument somewhat like this (if not the same) is still in general use in Ireland. — C.

convenience, it is imagined that the frost does not take effect."

Wednesday, Sept. 22. — In the morning I walked out, and saw a ship, the Margaret of Clyde, pass by with a number of emigrants on board. It was a melancholy sight. After breakfast, we went to see what was called a subterraneous house, about a mile off. It was upon the side of a rising ground. It was discovered by a fox's having taken up his abode in it, and in chasing him, they dug into it. It was very narrow and low, and seemed about forty feet in length. Near it, we found the foundations of several small huts, built of stone. Mr. M'Queen, who is always for making every thing as ancient as possible, boasted that it was the dwelling of some of the first inhabitants of the island, and observed, what a curiosity it was to find here a specimen of the houses of the *aborigines*, which he believed could be found nowhere else; and it was plain that they lived without fire. Dr. Johnson remarked, that they who made this were not in the rudest state; for that it was more difficult to make *it* than to build a house; therefore certainly those who made it were in possession of houses, and had this only as a hiding-place. It appeared to me, that the vestiges of houses just by it confirmed Dr. Johnson's opinion.

From an old tower, near this place, is an extensive view of Loch-Braccadale, and, at a distance, of the isles of Barra and South Uist; and, on the land-side, the Cuillin (1), a prodigious range of moun-

(1) These picturesque mountains of Sky take their name from the ancient hero *Cuchullin*. The name is pronounced Quillen

tains, capped with rocky pinnacles in a strange variety of shapes. They resemble the mountains near Corte, in Corsica, of which there is a very good print. They make part of a great range for deer, which, though entirely devoid of trees, is in these countries called a *forest*.

In the afternoon, *Ulinish* carried us in his boat to an island possessed by him, where we saw an immense cave, much more deserving the title of *antrum immane* than that of the Sibyl described by Virgil, which I likewise have visited. It is one hundred and eighty feet long, about thirty feet broad, and at least thirty feet high. This cave, we were told, had a remarkable echo; but we found none. They said it was owing to the great rains having made it damp. Such are the excuses by which the exaggeration of Highland narratives is palliated. There is a plentiful garden at Ulinish (a great rarity in Sky), and several trees; and near the house is a hill, which has an Erse name, signifying "the hill of strife," where, Mr. M'Queen informed us, justice was of old administered. It is like the *mons placiti* of Scone, or those hills which are called *laws*, such as Kelly *law*, North-Berwick *law*, and several others. It is singular that this spot should happen now to be the sheriff's residence.

We had a very cheerful evening, and Dr. John-

I wonder that Boswell nowhere mentions *Macleod's Maidens*—two or three immense stacks of rock, like the needles at the Isle of Wight; and *Macleod's Dining-Tables*—hills which derive their name from their elevated steep sides, and flat tops.—WALTER SCOTT.

son talked a good deal on the subject of literature. Speaking of the noble family of Boyle, he said, that all the Lord Orrerys, till the present, had been writers. The first wrote several plays; the second [1] was Bentley's antagonist; the third wrote the Life of Swift, and several other things; his son Hamilton wrote some papers in the Adventurer and World. He told us he was well acquainted with Swift's Lord Orrery. He said he was a feeble-minded man; that, on the publication of Dr. Delany's Remarks on his book, he was so much alarmed that he was afraid to read them. Dr. Johnson comforted him, by telling him they were both in the right; that Delany had seen most of the good side of Swift,—Lord Orrery most of the bad. Macleod asked, if it was not wrong in Orrery to expose the defects of a man with whom he lived in intimacy. JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir, after the man is dead; for then it is done historically." He added, "If Lord Orrery had been rich, he would have been a very liberal patron. His conversation was like his writings, neat and elegant, but without strength. He grasped at more than his abilities could reach; tried to pass for a better talker, a better writer, and a better thinker than he was. [2] There was a quarrel between him and his father, in which his father was to blame;

(1) Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate in his enumeration. The first Lord Orrery wrote, as he says, several plays. Horace Walpole called him "a man who never made a bad figure but as an author." Roger, the second, and Lionel, the third, Earls, are not known as authors. Charles, the fourth, was the antagonist of Bentley, and wrote a comedy; John, the fifth Earl, was the friend of Swift and Johnson. — C.

(2) See *anté*, Vol. I. p. 214. — C.

because it arose from the son's not allowing his wife to keep company with his father's mistress. The old lord showed his resentment in his will (1), leaving his library from his son, and assigning, as his reason, that he could not make use of it."

I mentioned the affectation of Orrery, in ending all his letters on the Life of Swift in studied varieties of phrase, and never in the common mode of "I am," &c. — an observation which I remember to have been made several years ago by old Mr. Sheridan. This species of affectation in writing, as a foreign lady of distinguished talents once remarked to me, is almost peculiar to the English. I took up a volume of Dryden, containing the Conquest of Granada, and several other plays, of which all the dedications had such studied conclusions. Dr. Johnson said, such conclusions were more elegant, and, in addressing persons of high rank (as when Dryden dedicated to the Duke of York), they were likewise more respectful. I agreed that *there* it was much better: it was making his escape

(1) The young lord was married on the 8th of May, 1728, and the father's will is dated the 6th of Nov. following. "Having," says the testator, "never observed that my son hath showed much taste or inclination, either for the entertainment or knowledge which study and learning afford, I give and bequeath all my books and mathematical instruments (except my Journals of the House of Lords, and except those books and instruments which, at the time of my death, shall be in and belonging to my houses at Marston and Britwell) to Christchurch College, in Oxford, &c. my said son, within two years next after my decease, taking thereout, and which I do hereby give him for his sole use and benefit, such books relating to the English constitution and parliamentary affairs, as he shall think fit to make choice of." The quarrel, however, was probably made up, as Earl John is represented as being excessively grieved by the death of his father. — C.

from the royal presence with a genteel sudden timidity, in place of having the resolution to stand still, and make a formal bow.

Lord Orrery's unkind treatment of his son in his will led us to talk of the dispositions a man should have when dying. I said, I did not see why a man should act differently with respect to those of whom he thought ill when in health, merely because he was dying. JOHNSON. "I should not scruple to speak against a party, when dying; but should not do it against an individual. It is told of Sixtus Quintus, that on his deathbed, in the intervals of his last pangs, he signed death-warrants." Mr. M'Queen said, he should not do so; he would have more tenderness of heart. JOHNSON. "I believe I should not either; but Mr. M'Queen and I are cowards. It would not be from tenderness of heart; for the heart is as tender when a man is in health as when he is sick, though his resolution may be stronger. Sixtus Quintus was a sovereign as well as a priest; and, if the criminals deserved death, he was doing his duty to the last. You would not think a judge died ill, who should be carried off by an apoplectic fit while pronouncing sentence of death. Consider a class of men whose business it is to distribute death: — soldiers, who die scattering bullets. Nobody thinks they die ill on that account."

Talking of biography, he said, he did not think that the life of any literary man in England had been well written. Beside the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his mode of living, the means by which he attained to excellence and his

opinion of his own works. He told us he had sent Derrick to Dryden's relations, to gather materials for his life; and he believed Derrick had got all that he himself should have got; but it was nothing. He added, he had a kindness for Derrick (1), and was sorry he was dead.

His notion as to the poems published by Mr. M'Pherson, as the works of Ossian, was not shaken here. Mr. M'Queen always evaded the point of authenticity, saying only that Mr. M'Pherson's pieces fell far short of those he knew in Erse, which were said to be Ossian's. JOHNSON. "I hope they do. I am not disputing that you may have poetry of great merit; but that M'Pherson's is not a translation from ancient poetry. You do not believe it. I say before you, you do not believe it, though you are very willing that the world should believe it." Mr. M'Queen made no answer to this. Dr. Johnson proceeded: "I look upon M'Pherson's Fingal to be as gross an imposition as ever the world was troubled with. Had it been really an ancient work, a true specimen how men thought at that time, it would have been a curiosity of the first rate. As a modern production, it is nothing." He said he could never get the meaning of an Erse song explained to him. They told him the chorus was generally unmeaning. "I take it," said he, "Erse songs are like a song which I remember: it was composed in Queen Elizabeth's time on the Earl of Essex; and the burthen was —

(1) See antè, Vol. I. p. 86. — C

'Radaratoo, radarate, radara tadara tandore.'"

"But surely," said Mr. M'Queen, "there were words to it which had meaning." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Sir; I recollect a stanza, and you shall have it:—

'O! then bespoke the prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
For Essex's sake they would fight all.
Radaratoo, radarate, radara, tadara, tandore.'" (1)

When Mr. M'Queen began again to expatiate on the beauty of Ossian's poetry, Dr. Johnson entered into no further controversy, but with a pleasant smile, only cried, "Ay, ay; *Radaratoo radarate.*"

Thursday, Sept. 23.—I took *Fingal* down to the parlour in the morning, and tried a test proposed by Mr. Roderick Macleod, son to *Ulinish.* Mr. M'Queen had said he had some of the poem in the original. I desired him to mention any passage in the printed book, of which he could repeat the original. He pointed out one in page 50. of the quarto edition, and read the Erse, while Mr. Roderick Macleod and I looked on the English; and Mr.

(1) This droll quotation, I have since found, was from a song in honour of the Earl of Essex, called "*Queen Elizabeth's Champion,*" which is preserved in a collection of Old Ballads, in three volumes, published in London in different years, between 1720 and 1730. The full verse is as follows:—

"Oh! then bespoke the prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall,
In a kind letter sent straight to the queen,
For Essex's sake they would fight all.
Raderer too, tandaro te,
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re."—B.

The old ballad here mentioned also occurs in Mr. Evans's collection of historical ballads, published as a Supplement to Percy's Reliques, under the inspection, I believe, of William Julius Mickle, who inserted many modern imitations of the heroic ballads of his own composing.—WALTER SCOTT.

Macleod said that it was pretty like what Mr. M'Queen had recited. But when Mr. M'Queen read a description of Cuchullin's sword in Erse, together with a translation of it in English verse, by Sir James Foulis, Mr. M'Leod said, that was much more like than Mr. M'Pherson's translation of the former passage. Mr. M'Queen then repeated in Erse a description of one of the horses in Cuchullin's car. Mr. M'Leod said, Mr. M'Pherson's English was nothing like it.

When Dr. Johnson came down, I told him that I had now obtained some evidence concerning Fingal; for that Mr. M'Queen had repeated a passage in the original Erse, which Mr. M'Pherson's translation was pretty like (1); and reminded him that he himself had once said, he did not require Mr. M'Pherson's Ossian to be more like the original than Pope's Homer. JOHNSON. "Well, Sir, this is just what I always maintained. He has found names, and stories, and phrases, nay passages in old songs, and with them has blended his own compositions, and so made what he gives to the world as the translation of an ancient poem." (2) If this was the case, I observed, it was wrong to publish it as a poem in six books. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; and to ascribe it to a time

(1) Mr. Boswell seems to have reported but half the evidence to Dr. Johnson. He tells him of the passage which was *something like* M'Pherson's version; but he does not appear to have noticed the other, which was *nothing like* it. — C.

(2) This account of Ossian's Poems, as published by M'Pherson, is that at which most sensible people have arrived, though there may be some difference between the plus and minus of the ancient ingredients employed by the translator. — WALTER SCOTT.

too when the Highlanders knew nothing of *books*, and nothing of *six*; or perhaps were got the length of counting six. We have been told, by Condamine, of a nation that could count no more than four. This should be told to Monboddo; it would help him. There is as much charity in helping a man down-hill, as in helping him up-hill." BOSWELL. "I don t think there is as much charity." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, if his *tendency* be downwards. Till he is at the bottom, he flounders; get him once there, and he is quiet. Swift tells, that Stella had a trick, which she learned from Addison, of encouraging a man in absurdity, instead of endeavouring to extricate him." (1)

Mr. M'Queen's answers to the inquiries concerning Ossian were so unsatisfactory, that I could not help observing, that, were he examined in a court of justice, he would find himself under a necessity of being more explicit. JOHNSON. "Sir, he has told Blair a little too much, which is published; and he sticks to it. He is so much at the head of things here, that he has never been accustomed to be closely examined; and so he goes on quite smoothly." BOSWELL. "He has never had any body to work him." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; and a man is seldom disposed to work himself, though he ought to work

(1) ["When she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she gave was, 'that it prevented noise, and saved time.' Yet I have known her very angry with some, whom she much esteemed, for sometimes falling into that infirmity."--SWIFT's Character of Stella.]

himself, to be sure." Mr. M'Queen made no reply. (1)

Having talked of the strictness with which witnesses are examined in courts of justice, Dr. Johnson told us, that Garrick, though accustomed to face multitudes, when produced as a witness in Westminster Hall, was so disconcerted by a new mode of public appearance, that he could not understand what was asked. It was a cause where an actor claimed a free benefit, that is to say, a benefit without paying the expense of the house; but the meaning of the term was disputed. Garrick was asked, "Sir, have you a free benefit?" "Yes." "Upon what terms have you it?" "Upon — the terms — of — a free benefit." He was dismissed as one from whom no information could be obtained. Dr. Johnson is often too hard on our friend Mr. Garrick. When I asked him, why he did not mention him in the Preface to his Shakspeare, he said, "Garrick has been liberally paid for any thing he has done for Shakspeare. If I should praise him, I should much more praise the nation who paid him. He has not made Shakspeare better known (2); he cannot illus-

(1) I think it but justice to say, that I believe Dr. Johnson meant to ascribe Mr. M'Queen's conduct to inaccuracy and enthusiasm, and did not mean any severe imputation against him.

(2) It has been triumphantly asked, "Had not the plays of Shakspeare lain dormant for many years before the appearance of Mr. Garrick? Did he not exhibit the most excellent of them frequently for thirty years together, and render them extremely popular by his own inimitable performance?" He undoubtedly did. But Dr. Johnson's assertion has been misunderstood. Knowing as well as the objectors what has been just stated, he must necessarily have meant, that "Mr. Garrick did not, as a

trate Shakspeare: so I have reasons enough against mentioning him, were reasons necessary. There should be reasons *for* it." I spoke of Mrs. Montagu's very high praises of Garrick. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is fit she should say so much, and I should say nothing. Reynolds is fond of her book, and I wonder at it; for neither I, nor Beauclerk, nor Mrs. Thrale, could get through it. (1)

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critic, make Shakspeare better known; he did not illustrate any one passage in any of his plays by acuteness of disquisition, or sagacity of conjecture:" and what had been done with any degree of excellence in *that* way, was the proper and immediate subject of his preface. I may add in support of this explanation the following anecdote, related to me by one of the ablest commentators on Shakspeare, who knew much of Dr. Johnson: "Now I have quitted the theatre," cries Garrick, "I will sit down and read Shakspeare." "'Tis time you should," exclaimed Johnson, "for I much doubt if you ever examined one of his plays from the first scene to the last."

(1) No man has less inclination to controversy than I have, particularly with a lady. But as I have claimed, and am conscious of being entitled to, credit, for the strictest fidelity, my respect for the public obliges me to take notice of an insinuation which tends to impeach it. Mrs. Piozzi (late Mrs. Thrale), to her "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," added the following postscript:—

"Naples, 10th Feb. 1786.

"Since the foregoing went to press, having seen a passage from Mr. Boswell's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' in which it is said, that *I could not get through Mrs. Montagu's* 'Essay on Shakspeare,' I do not delay a moment to declare, that, on the contrary, I have always commended it myself, and heard it commended by every one else; and few things would give me more concern than to be thought incapable of tasting, or unwilling to testify my opinion of its excellence."

It is remarkable, that this postscript is so expressed, as not to point out the person who said that Mrs. Thrale could not get through Mrs. Montagu's book; and, therefore, I think it necessary to remind Mrs. Piozzi, that the assertion concerning her was Dr. Johnson's, and not mine. The second observation that I shall make on this postscript is, that it does not deny the fact asserted, though I must acknowledge, from the praise it bestows on Mrs. Montagu's book, it may have been designed to convey that meaning.

What Mrs. Thrale's opinion is, or was, or what she may or

may not have said to Dr. Johnson concerning Mrs. Montagu's book, it is not necessary for me to inquire. It is only incumbent on me to ascertain what Dr. Johnson said to me. I shall therefore confine myself to a very short state of the fact.

The unfavourable opinion of Mrs. Montagu's book, which Dr. Johnson is here reported to have given, is known to have been that which he uniformly expressed, as many of his friends well remember. So much for the authenticity of the paragraph, as far as it relates to his own sentiments. The words containing the assertion, to which Mrs. Piozzi objects, are printed from my manuscript Journal, and were taken down at the time. The Journal was read by Dr. Johnson, who pointed out some inaccuracies, which I corrected, but did not mention any inaccuracy in the paragraph in question: and what is still more material, and very flattering to me, a considerable part of my Journal, containing this paragraph, *was read several years ago by Mrs. Thrale herself*, who had it for some time in her possession, and returned it to me, *without* intimating that Dr. Johnson had mistaken her sentiments.

When the first edition of my Journal was passing through the press, it occurred to me, that a peculiar delicacy was necessary to be observed in reporting the opinion of one literary lady concerning the performance of another; and I had such scruples on that head, that, in the proof sheet, I struck out the name of Mrs. Thrale from the above paragraph, and two or three hundred copies of my book were actually printed and published without it; of these Sir Joshua Reynolds's copy happened to be one. But while the sheet was working off, a friend, for whose opinion I have great respect, suggested that I had no right to deprive Mrs. Thrale of the high honour which Dr. Johnson had done her, by stating her opinion along with that of Mr. Beauclerk, as coinciding with, and, as it were, sanctioning his own. The observation appeared to me so weighty and conclusive, that I hastened to the printing-house, and, as a piece of justice, restored Mrs. Thrale to that place from which a too scrupulous delicacy had excluded her. On this simple state of facts I shall make no observation whatever. — B.

The fact of Mrs. Piozzi's having read his Journal, as we know she did, and made no objection, completely justifies Mr. Boswell, and throws some doubt over her own veracity. Yet it is *possible* that this lively lady may not have read every line of the manuscript, or, thinking it a mere private memorandum never likely to be published, may not have thought it worth while to contradict such an *obiter dictum* of Dr. Johnson's. — C.

CHAPTER X.

Ulinish.—Tanners.—Butchers.—Learning of the Scots.—Life of a Sailor.—Peter the Great.—Talisker.—Scottish Clergy.—French Hunting.—Cuchillin's Well.—Young Col.—Birch.—Percy.—"Every Island is a Prison."—Corrichatachin.—Good Fellowship—and Head-ache.—Kingsburgh's Song.—Lady Margaret M'Donald.—Threshing and thatching.—Price of Labour.—Ostig.—Shenstone.—Hammond.—Sir C. H. Williams.—Burke.—Young.—Doddridge's Family Motto.—"Adventures of a Guinea."—Armidale.—German Courts.—Goldsmith's Love of Talk.—St. Kilda.

LAST night Dr. Johnson gave us an account of the whole process of tanning, and of the nature of milk, and the various operations upon it, as making whey, &c. His variety of information is surprising (1); and it gives one much satisfaction to find such a man bestowing his attention on the useful arts of life. *Ulinish* was much struck with his knowledge; and said, "He is a great orator, Sir; it is music to hear this man speak." A strange thought struck me, to try if he knew any thing of an art, or whatever it should be called, which is no doubt very useful in life, but which lies far out of the way of a philosopher and poet; I mean the trade of a butcher. I enticed him into the subject, by connecting it with the various researches into the manners and customs

(1) We have already seen (Vol. I. p. 31.), that he had an early opportunity of learning the details of the art of tanning.—C.

of uncivilised nations, that have been made by our late navigators into the South Seas. I began with observing, that Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Banks tells us, that the art of slaughtering animals was not known in Otaheite, for, instead of bleeding to death their dogs (a common food with them), they strangle them. This he told me himself; and I supposed that their hogs were killed in the same way. Dr. Johnson said, "This must be owing to their not having knives, though they have sharp stones with which they can cut a carcass in pieces tolerably." By degrees, he showed that he knew something even of butchery. "Different animals," said he, "are killed differently. An ox is knocked down, and a calf stunned; but a sheep has its throat cut, without any thing being done to stupify it. The butchers have no view to the ease of the animals, but only to make them quiet, for their own safety and convenience. (1) A sheep can give them little trouble. Hales is of opinion that every animal should be blooded, without having any blow given to it, because it bleeds better." BOSWELL. "That would be cruel." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; there is not much pain, if the jugular vein be properly cut." Pursuing the subject, he said, the kennels of Southwark ran with blood

(1) ["At Ulinish, our friend, to pass the time,
Regaled us with his knowledges sublime;
Showed that all sorts of learning filled his knob,
And that in butchery he could bear a bob.
He sagely told us of each different feat
Employed to kill the animals we eat;
'An ox,' says he, 'in country and in town,
'Is by the butchers constantly knocked down;
'As for that lesser animal, a calf,
'The knock is really not so strong by half,
'The beast is only stunn'd, but as for goats,
'And sheep and lambs — the butchers cut their throats.
'Those fellows only want to keep them quiet,
'Not choosing that the brutes should breed a riot.'"—*Bozzy*, &c.]

two or three days in the week; that he was afraid there were slaughter-houses in more streets in London than one supposes (speaking with a kind of horror of butchering); "and yet," he added, "any of us would kill a cow, rather than not have beef." I said we *could* not. "Yes," said he, "any one may. The business of a butcher is a trade indeed, that is to say, there is an apprenticeship served to it; but it may be learnt in a month."

I mentioned a club in London, at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, the very tavern where Falstaff and his joyous companions met; the members of which all assume Shakspeare's characters. One is Falstaff, another Prince Henry, another Bardolph, and so on. JOHNSON. "Don't be of it, Sir. Now that you have a name, you must be careful to avoid many things, not bad in themselves, but which will lessen your character. (1) This every man who has a name must observe. A man who is not publicly known may live in London as he pleases, without any notice being taken of him; but it is wonderful how a person of any consequence is watched. There was a member of parliament (2), who wanted to prepare himself to speak on a question that was to come on

(1) I do not see why I might not have been of this club without lessening my character. But Dr. Johnson's caution against supposing one's self concealed in London may be very useful to prevent some people from doing many things, not only foolish, but criminal.

(2) I suspect that Johnson's friend, Mr. William Fitzherbert, (see *antè*, Vol. I. p. 85, Vol. II. p. 190, and *post*, 15th Sept. 1777) was here meant. No speech of his is preserved — a circumstance very natural, if the anecdote alludes to an attempt of his. — C.

in the house; and he and I were to talk it over together. He did not wish it should be known that he talked with me; so he would not let me come to his house, but came to mine. Some time after he had made his speech in the house, Mrs. Cholmondeley (1), a very airy lady, told me, 'Well, you could make nothing of him!' naming the gentleman; which was a proof that he was watched. I had once some business (2) to do for government, and I went to Lord North's. Precaution was taken that it should not be known. It was dark before I went; yet a few days after I was told, 'Well, you have been with Lord North.' That the door of the prime minister should be watched is not strange; but that a member of parliament should be watched, is wonderful."

We set out this morning on our way to Talisker, in *Ullinish's* boat, having taken leave of him and his family. Mr. Donald M'Queen still favoured us with his company, for which we were much obliged to him. As we sailed along, Dr. Johnson got into one of his fits of railing at the Scots. He owned that they had been a very learned nation for a hundred years, from about 1550 to about 1650; but that they afforded the only instance of a people among whom the arts of civil life did not advance in proportion with learning; that they had hardly any

(1) Mrs. Cholmondeley was a younger sister of the celebrated Margaret Woffington. She married the Hon. and Rev. George Cholmondeley. — C.

(2) No doubt about one of his political pamphlets; probably that respecting the Falkland Islands. — C.

trade, any money, or any elegance, before the Union; that it was strange that, with all the advantages possessed by other nations, they had not any of those conveniencies and embellishments which are the fruit of industry, till they came in contact with a civilised people. "We have taught you," said he, "and we'll do the same in time to all barbarous nations, to the Cherokees, and at last to the Ouran-Outangs," laughing with as much glee as if Monboddo had been present. BOSWELL. "We had wine before the Union." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." BOSWELL. "I assure you, Sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

I must here glean some of his conversation at Ulinish, which I have omitted. He repeated his remark, that a man in a ship was worse than a man in a jail. "The man in a jail," said he, "has more room, better food, and commonly better company, and is in safety." "Ay; but," said Mr. M'Queen, "the man in the ship has the pleasing hope of getting to shore." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am not talking of a man's getting to shore, but of a man while he is in a ship; and then, I say, he is worse than a man while he is in a jail. A man in a jail *may* have the '*pleasing hope*' of getting out. A man confined for only a limited time actually *has* it." (1) Macleod mentioned his schemes for carrying on fisheries with

(1) See more on this subject, *post*, 18th March, 1776. — C.

spirit, and that he would wish to understand the construction of boats. I suggested that he might go to a dock-yard and work, as Peter the Great did. JOHNSON. "Nay Sir, he need not work. Peter the Great had not the sense to see that the mere mechanical work may be done by any body, and that there is the same art in constructing a vessel, whether the boards are well or ill wrought. Sir Christopher Wren might as well have served his time to a bricklayer, and first, indeed, to a brickmaker."

There is a beautiful little island in the Loch of Dunvegan, called Isa. Macleod said, he would give it to Dr. Johnson, on condition of his residing on it three months in the year; nay one month. Dr. Johnson was highly amused with the fancy. I have seen him please himself with little things, even with mere ideas like the present. He talked a great deal of this island; how he would build a house there — how he would fortify it — how he would have cannon — how he would plant — how he would sally out, and *take* the Isle of Muck; and then he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off. I have seen him do so at a small matter that struck him, and was a sport to no one else. (1) Mr. Langton told me, that one night he did so while the company were all grave about him; — only Garrick, in his significant smart manner, darting his eyes around, exclaimed, "*Very* jocose, to be sure!"

(1) When Buonaparte first surveyed his new sovereignty of Elba, he talked jocularly of *taking* the little island of Pianosa. So natural to mankind seems to be the desire of conquest, that it was the first thought of the speculative moralist, as well as of the dethroned usurper. — C.

Macleod encouraged the fancy of Dr. Johnson's becoming owner of an island; told him, that it was the practice in this country to name every man by his lands; and begged leave to drink to him in that mode: "*Island Isa*, your health!" *Ulinish*, *Talisker*, Mr. M'Queen, and I, all joined in our different manners, while Dr. Johnson bowed to each, with much good humour.

We had good weather, and a fine sail this day. The shore was varied with hills, and rocks, and corn fields, and bushes, which are here dignified with the name of natural *wood*. We landed near the house of Ferneley, a farm possessed by another gentleman of the name of Macleod, who, expecting our arrival, was waiting on the shore, with a horse for Dr. Johnson. The rest of us walked. At dinner, I expressed to Macleod the joy which I had in seeing him on such cordial terms with his clan. "Government," said he, "has deprived us of our ancient power; but it cannot deprive us of our domestic satisfactions. I would rather drink punch in one of their houses (meaning the houses of his people), than be enabled, by their hardships, to have claret in my own." This should be the sentiment of every chieftain. All that he can get by raising his rents is mere luxury in his own house. Is it not better to share the profits of his estate, to a certain degree, with his kinsmen, and thus have both social intercourse and patriarchal influence?

We had a very good ride, for about three miles, to Talisker, where Colonel Macleod introduced us to his lady. We found here Mr. Donald M'Lean,

the young Laird of Col (nephew to *Talisker*), to whom I delivered the letter with which I had been favoured by his uncle, Professor Macleod, at Aberdeen. He was a little lively young man. We found he had been a good deal in England, studying farming, and was resolved to improve the value of his father's lands, without oppressing his tenants, or losing the ancient Highland fashions.

Talisker is a better place than one commonly finds in Sky. It is situated in a rich bottom. Before it is a wide expanse of sea, on each hand of which are immense rocks; and, at some distance in the sea, there are three columnal rocks rising to sharp points. The billows break with prodigious force and noise on the coast of Talisker. There are here a good many well-grown trees. Talisker is an extensive farm. The possessor of it has, for several generations, been the next heir to *Macleod*, as there has been but one son always in that family. The court before the house is most injudiciously paved with the round bluish-grey pebbles which are found upon the seashore; so that you walk as if upon cannon balls driven into the ground.

After supper, I talked of the assiduity of the Scottish clergy, in visiting and privately instructing their parishioners, and observed how much in this they excelled the English clergy. Dr. Johnson would not let this pass. He tried to turn it off, by saying, "There are different ways of instructing. Our clergy pray and preach." Macleod and I pressed the subject, upon which he grew warm, and broke forth: "I do not believe your people are bet-

ter instructed. If they are, it is the blind leading the blind; for your clergy are not instructed themselves." Thinking he had gone a little too far, he checked himself, and added, "When I talk of the ignorance of your clergy, I talk of them as a body: I do not mean that there are not individuals who are learned (looking at Mr. M'Queen). I suppose there are such among the clergy in Muscovy. The clergy of England have produced the most valuable books in support of religion, both in theory and practice. What have your clergy done, since you sunk into presbyterianism? Can you name one book of any value, on a religious subject, written by them?" We were silent. "I'll help you. Forbes wrote very well; but I believe he wrote before episcopacy was quite extinguished." And then pausing a little, he said, "Yes, you have Wishart AGAINST Repentance." (1) BOSWELL. "But, Sir, we are not contending for the superior learning of our clergy, but for their superior assiduity." He bore us down

(1) This was a dexterous mode of description, for the purpose of his argument; for what he alluded to was, a sermon published by the learned Dr. William Wishart, formerly principal of the college at Edinburgh, to warn men *against* confiding in a *death-bed* repentance, of the inefficacy of which he entertained notions *very different from those of Dr. Johnson*.—B.—Mr. Boswell seems here to have been betrayed by the personal or national offence which he took at Dr. Johnson's depreciation of the Scottish clergy, into making an uncharitable and, as it would seem, unfounded charge on his great friend's religious tenets. It does not—that I am aware of—appear that Johnson ever expressed any confidence in a *deathbed repentance*; on the contrary, his whole life was a practical contradiction of his entertaining any such belief. His *Prayers and Meditations* refute such an imputation in every page; and, in his conversations, Boswell himself records, in numberless instances, an absolutely opposite opinion.—*C.*

again, with thundering against their ignorance, and said to me, "I see you have not been well taught; for you have not charity." He had been in some measure forced into this warmth, by the exulting air which I assumed; for, when he began, he said, "Since you *will* drive the nail!" He again thought of good Mr. M'Queen, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Sir, I did not mean any disrespect to you."

Here I must observe, that he conquered by deserting his ground, and not meeting the argument as I had put it. The assiduity of the Scottish clergy is certainly greater than that of the English. His taking up the topic of their not having so much learning, was, though ingenious, yet a fallacy in logic. It was as if there should be a dispute whether a man's hair is well dressed, and Dr. Johnson should say, "Sir, his hair cannot be well dressed; for he has a dirty shirt. No man who has not clean linen has his hair well dressed." When some days afterwards he read this passage, he said, "No, Sir; I did not say that a man's hair could not be well dressed because he has not clean linen, but because he is bald."

He used one argument against the Scottish clergy being learned, which I doubt was not good. "As we believe a man dead till we know that he is alive; so we believe men ignorant till we know that they are learned." Now our maxim in law is, to presume a man alive, till we know he is dead. However, indeed, it may be answered, that we must first know he has lived; and that we have never known the learning of the Scottish clergy. Mr

M'Queen, though he was of opinion that Dr. Johnson had deserted the point really in dispute, was much pleased with what he said, and owned to me, he thought it very just; and Mrs. Macleod was so much captivated by his eloquence, that she told me, "I was a good advocate for a bad cause."

Friday, Sept. 24. — This was a good day. Dr Johnson told us, at breakfast, that he rode harder at a fox chase than any body. (1) "The English," said he, "are the only nation who ride hard a-hunting. A Frenchman goes out upon a managed horse, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge (2) than of mounting a breach. Lord Powerscourt (3) laid a wager, in France, that he would ride a great many miles in a certain short time. The French academicians set to work, and calculated that, from the resistance of the air, it was impossible. His lordship, however, performed it."

Our money being nearly exhausted, we sent a bill for thirty pounds, drawn on Sir William Forbes and Co., to Lochbraccadale, but our messenger found it very difficult to procure cash for it; at length, however, he got us value from the master of a vessel which was to carry away some emigrants. There is

(1) [He certainly rode on Mr. Thrale's old hunter with a good firmness, and though he would follow the hounds fifty miles an end sometimes, would never own himself either tired or amused. — PIOZZI.]

(2) Because, in the greater part of France, there are no hedges; nor do they hunt, in the sense — in which we use that word — of *running down* the animal. — C.

(3) Edward Wingfield, second Viscount of the last creation, born in 1729, succeeded his brother in 1762, and died in 1764. — C

a great scarcity of specie in Sky. (1) Mr. M'Queen said he had the utmost difficulty to pay his servants' wages, or to pay for any little thing which he has to buy. The rents are paid in bills, which the drovers give. The people consume a vast deal of snuff and tobacco, for which they must pay ready money; and pedlars, who come about selling goods, as there is not a shop in the island, carry away the cash. If there were encouragement given to fisheries and manufactories, there might be a circulation of money introduced. I got one and twenty shillings in silver at Portree, which was thought a wonderful store. (2)

Talisker, Mr. M'Queen, and I, walked out, and looked at no less than fifteen different waterfalls, near the house, in the space of about a quarter of a mile. We also saw Cuchillin's well, said to have been the favourite spring of that ancient hero. I drank of it. The water is admirable. On the shore are many stones full of crystallisations in the heart.

Though our obliging friend, Mr. M'Lean, was but the young laird, he had the title of *Col* constantly given him. After dinner he and I walked to the top of Prieshwell, a very high rocky hill, from whence there is a view of Barra — the Long

(1) This scarcity of cash still exists on the islands, in several of which five-shilling notes are necessarily issued to have some circulating medium. If you insist on having change, you must purchase something at a shop. — WALTER SCOTT.

(2) [When Prince Charles was about to sail from Portree in disguise, he wanted change of a guinea, but only thirteen shillings could be collected, which the Prince was for accepting in lieu of his coin, till his more prudent friend Malcolm Macleod pointed out the suspicion to which such unreasonable liberality might give rise. — CHAMBERS.]

Island (1) — Bernera — the Loch of Dunvegan — part of Rum — part of Rasay — and a vast deal of the Isle of Sky. *Col*, though he had come into Sky with an intention to be at Dunvegan, and pass a considerable time in the island, most politely resolved first to conduct us to Mull, and then to return to Sky. This was a very fortunate circumstance; for he planned an expedition for us of more variety than merely going to Mull. He proposed we should see the islands of Egg, Muck, Col, and Tyryi. In all these islands he could show us every thing worth seeing; and in Mull he said he should be as if at home, his father having lands there, and he at a farm.

Dr. Johnson did not talk much to-day, but seemed intent in listening to the schemes of future excursion, planned by *Col*. Dr. Birch, however, being mentioned, he said, he had more anecdotes than any man. I said, Percy had a great many; that he flowed with them like one of the brooks here. JOHNSON. "If Percy is like one of the brooks here, Birch was like the river Thames. Birch excelled Percy in that, as much as Percy excels Goldsmith." I mentioned Lord Hales as a man of anecdote. He was not pleased with him, for publishing only such memorials and letters as were unfavourable for the Stuart family. "If," said he, "a man fairly warns you, 'I am to give all the ill — do you find the good,' he may; but if the object

(1) A series of islands; the two Uists, Benbecula, and some others, are called by the general name of *Long Island*. — C.

which he professes be to give a view of a reign, let him tell all the truth. I would tell truth of the two Georges, or of that scoundrel, King William. Granger's 'Biographical History' is full of curious anecdote (1), but might have been better done. The dog is a Whig. I do not like much to see a Whig in any dress; but I hate to see a Whig in a parson's gown."

Saturday, Sept. 25. — It was resolved that we should set out, in order to return to Slate, to be in readiness to take a boat whenever there should be a fair wind. Dr. Johnson remained in his chamber writing a letter, and it was long before we could get him into motion. He did not come to breakfast, but had it sent to him. When he had finished his letter, it was twelve o'clock, and we should have set out at ten. When I went up to him, he said to me, "Do you remember a song which begins (2),

'Every island is a prison
Strongly guarded by the sea;
Kings and princes, for that reason,
Prisoners are as well as we?'"

I suppose he had been thinking of our confined situ-

(1) [Dr. James Granger died in 1776. His Biographical History of England, dedicated to Horace Walpole, was published in 1769. A continuation, by the Rev. Mark Noble, appeared in 1806. In a letter to Boswell, Aug. 30. 1776, Dr. Johnson says, "I have read every word of Granger: it has entertained me exceedingly."]

(2) The song *begins*

"Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place."

The stanza quoted by Johnson is the sixth. See *Ritson's Songs*, vol. ii. p. 105. — C.

ation. (1) He would fain have got in a boat from hence, instead of riding back to Slate. A scheme for it was proposed. He said, "We'll not be driven tamely from it:" but it proved impracticable.

We took leave of Macleod and *Talisker*, from whom we parted with regret. *Talisker*, having been bred to physic, had a tincture of scholarship in his conversation, which pleased Dr. Johnson, and he had some very good books; and being a colonel in the Dutch service, he and his lady, in consequence of having lived abroad, had introduced the ease and politeness of the continent into this rude region.

Young *Col* was now our leader. Mr. M'Queen was to accompany us half a day more. We stopped at a little hut, where we saw an old woman grinding with the *quern*, the ancient Highland instrument, which it is said was used by the Romans; but which, being very slow in its operation, is almost entirely gone into disuse.

The walls of the cottages in Sky, instead of being one compacted mass of stones, are often formed by two exterior surfaces of stone, filled up with earth in the middle, which makes them very warm. The roof is generally bad. They are thatched, sometimes with straw, sometimes with heath, sometimes with fern. The thatch is secured by ropes of straw, or of heath; and, to fix the ropes, there is a stone tied to the end of each. These stones hang round the bottom of the roof, and make it look like

(1) [The letter Johnson had been writing was to Mrs. Thrale, and it begins with the same question,—"Do you remember the song, 'Every island,' &c." ?]

a lady's hair in papers; but I should think that, when there is wind, they would come down, and knock people on the head.

We dined at the inn at Sconser, where I had the pleasure to find a letter from my wife. Here we parted from our learned companion, Mr. Donald M'Queen. Dr. Johnson took leave of him very affectionately, saying "Dear Sir, do not forget me!" We settled, that he should write an account of the Isle of Sky, which Dr. Johnson promised to revise. He said, Mr. M'Queen should tell all that he could; distinguishing what he himself knew, what was traditional, and what conjectural. (1)

We sent our horses round a point of land, that we might shun some very bad road; and resolved to go forward by sea. It was seven o'clock when we got into our boat. We had many showers, and it soon grew pretty dark. Dr. Johnson sat silent and patient. Once he said, as he looked on the black coast of Sky, — black, as being composed of rocks seen in the dusk, — "This is very solemn." Our boatmen were rude singers, and seemed so like wild Indians, that a very little imagination was necessary to give one an impression of being upon an American river. We landed at Strolimus, from whence we got a guide to walk before us, for two miles, to Corrichatachin. Not being able to procure a horse for our baggage, I took one portmanteau before me, and Joseph

(1) [The Rev. Donald M'Queen died at Edinburgh, Oct. 24. 1775; but without fulfilling this project. See Nichols's Illust. vol. v. p. 405., and Gent. Mag. vol. lxiv. p. 881.]

another. We had but a single star to light us on our way. It was about eleven when we arrived. We were most hospitably received by the master and mistress, who were just going to bed, but, with unaffected ready kindness, made a good fire, and at twelve o'clock at night had supper on the table.

James Macdonald, of Knockow, *Kingsburgh's* brother, whom we had seen at Kingsburgh, was there. He showed me a bond granted by the late Sir James Macdonald, to old *Kingsburgh*, the preamble of which does so much honour to the feelings of that much-lamented gentleman, that I thought it worth transcribing. It was as follows:—

"I, Sir James Macdonald, of Macdonald, Baronet, now, after arriving at my perfect age, from the friendship I bear to Alexander Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, and in return for the long and faithful services done and performed by him to my deceased father, and to myself during my minority, when he was one of my tutors and curators; being resolved, now that the said Alexander Macdonald is advanced in years, to contribute my endeavours for making his old age placid and comfortable,"—therefore he grants him an annuity of fifty pounds sterling.

Dr. Johnson went to bed soon. When one bowl of punch was finished, I rose, and was near the door, in my way up stairs to bed; but *Corrichatachin* said it was the first time *Col* had been in his house, and he should have his bowl;—and would not I join in drinking it? The heartiness of my honest landlord, and the desire of doing social honour to our very obliging conductor, induced me to sit down again. *Col's* bowl was finished; and by

that time we were well warmed. A third bowl was soon made, and that too was finished. We were cordial, and merry to a high degree; but of what passed I have no recollection, with any accuracy. I remember calling *Corrichatachin* by the familiar appellation of *Corri*, which his friends do. A fourth bowl was made, by which time *Col*, and young M'Kinnon, *Corrichatachin's* son, slipped away to bed. I continued a little with *Corri* and *Knockow*; but at last I left them. It was near five in the morning when I got to bed.

Sunday, Sept. 26.—I awaked at noon, with a severe headache. I was much vexed, that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of a reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain, while the companion of the *Rambler*. About one he came into my room, and accosted me, "What, drunk yet?" His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little. "Sir," said I, "they kept me up." He answered, "No, you kept them up, you drunken dog." This he said with good-humoured English pleasantry. Soon afterwards, *Corrichatachin*, *Col*, and other friends, assembled round my bed. *Corri* had a brandy-bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and skulk to bed, and let his friends have no sport." Finding him thus jocular, I became quite easy; and when I offered to get up, he very

good-naturedly said, "You need be in no such hurry now." (1) I took my host's advice, and drank some brandy, which I found an effectual cure for my headache. (2) When I rose, I went into Dr. Johnson's room, and taking up Mrs. M'Kinnon's Prayer-book, I opened it at the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, in the epistle for which I read, "And be

(1) My ingenuously relating this occasional instance of intemperance has, I find, been made the subject both of serious criticism and ludicrous banter. With the banterers I shall not trouble myself, but I wonder that those who pretend to the appellation of serious critics should not have had sagacity enough to perceive that here, as in every other part of the present work, my principal object was to delineate Dr. Johnson's manners and character. In justice to him I would not omit an anecdote, which, though in some degree to my own disadvantage, exhibits in so strong a light the indulgence and good humour with which he could treat those excesses in his friends of which he highly disapproved. In some other instances, the critics have been equally wrong as to the true motive of my recording particulars, the objections to which I saw as clearly as they. But it would be an endless task for an author to point out upon every occasion the precise object he has in view. Contenting himself with the approbation of readers of discernment and taste, he ought not to complain that some are found who cannot or will not understand him.

(2) ["At Corrichatachin, in hoggism sunk,
I got with punch, alas! confounded drunk,
Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet,
But like a stupid blockhead bred a riot.
I scarcely knew how 't was I reel'd to bed—
Next morn I waked with dreadful pains of head;
And terrors too, that of my peace did rob me—
For much I fear'd the Moralist would mob me.
But as I lay along, a heavy log,
The Doctor, entering, called me 'drunken dog.'
Then up rose I, with apostolic air,
And read in Dame M'Kinnon's book of prayer,
In hopes, for such a sin, to be forgiven,
And make, if possible, my peace with Heaven.
'T was strange, that in that volume of divinity,
I oped the twentieth sunday after Trinity,
And read these words,—'Pray, be not drunk with wine:
Since drunkenness doth make a man a swine.'
'Alas,' says I, 'the sinner that I am!'
And, having made my speech, I took a dram."—*Bozzy and Piozzi*.]

not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess." Some would have taken this as divine interposition.

Mrs. M'Kinnon told us at dinner, that old *Kingsburgh*, her father, was examined at Mugstot, by General Campbell (1), as to the particulars of the dress of the person who had come to his house in woman's clothes, along with Miss Flora Macdonald; as the general had received intelligence of that disguise. The particulars were taken down in writing, that it might be seen how far they agreed with the dress of the *Irish girl* who went with Miss Flora from the Long Island. *Kingsburgh*, she said, had but one song, which he always sung when he was merry over a glass. She dictated the words to me, which are foolish enough; —

"Green sleeves and pudding pies,
Tell me where my mistress lies,
And I'll be with her before she rise,
Fiddle and aw' together.

"May our affairs abroad succeed,
And may our king come home with speed,
And all pretenders shake for dread,
And let *his* health go round

"To all our injured friends in need,
This side and beyond the Tweed!—
Let all pretenders shake for dread,
And let *his* health go round.
Green sleeves, &c."(2)

(1) General Campbell, it seems, was accompanied by Captain Fergussone, of the *Furnace*, part of whose share in this examination we have already seen, *antè*, p. 205.—C.

(2) "*Green sleeves*," however, is a song, a great deal older than the Revolution. "His disposition and words no more adhere and keep pace together, than the hundredth psalm and the tune of *Green sleeves*," says *Mrs. Ford*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.—C.

While the examination was going on, the present *Talisker*, who was there as one of Macleod's militia (1) could not resist the pleasantry of asking *Kingsburgh*, in allusion to his only song, "Had she *green sleeves?*" *Kingsburgh* gave him no answer. Lady Margaret Macdonald (2) was very angry at *Talisker* for joking on such a serious occasion, as *Kingsburgh* was really in danger of his life. Mrs. M'Kinnon added, that Lady Margaret was quite adored in Sky. That when she travelled through the island, the people ran in crowds before her, and took the stones off the road, lest her horse should stumble and she be hurt.(3) Her husband, Sir Alexander, is also remembered with great regard. We were told that every week a hogshead of claret was drunk at his table.

This was another day of wind and rain; but good cheer and good society helped to beguile the time. I felt myself comfortable enough in the afternoon. I then thought that my last night's riot was no more than such a social excess as may happen without much moral blame; and recollected that some physicians maintained, that a fever produced by it was,

(1) Macleod and Macdonald, after some hesitation, which the Jacobites called treachery, took part with the Hanoverian monarch, and arrayed their clans on that side. *Talisker*, who commanded a body of Macleod's people, seems to have been the person who actually arrested Flora Macdonald. (*Ascanius.*)—But he probably did so, to prevent her falling into ruder hands —C.

(2) Lady Margaret was the daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglintoun, and died in March, 1799.—C.

(3) Johnson made a compliment on this subject to Lady M. Macdonald, when he afterwards met her, at dinner, in London. See 8th April, 1779.—C.

upon the whole, good for health: so different are our reflections on the same subject, at different periods; and such the excuses with which we palliate what we know to be wrong.

Monday, Sept. 27. — Mr. Donald Macleod, our original guide, who had parted from us at Dunvegan, joined us again to-day. The weather was still so bad that we could not travel. I found a closet here, with a good many books, besides those that were lying about. Dr. Johnson told me, he found a library in his room at Talisker; and observed, that it was one of the remarkable things of Sky, that there were so many books in it.

Though we had here great abundance of provisions, it is remarkable that *Corrichatachin* has literally no garden: not even a turnip, a carrot, or a cabbage. After dinner, we talked of the crooked spade used in Sky, already described, and they maintained that it was better than the usual garden spade, and that there was an art in tossing it, by which those who were accustomed to it could work very easily with it. "Nay," said Dr. Johnson, "it may be useful in land where there are many stones to raise; but it certainly is not a good instrument for digging good land. A man may toss it, to be sure; but he will toss a light spade much better: its weight makes it an incumbrance. A man may dig any land with it; but he has no occasion for such a weight in digging good land. You may take a field-piece to shoot sparrows; but all the sparrows you can bring home will not be worth the charge." He was quite social and easy amongst them; and, though

he drank no fermented liquor, toasted Highland beauties with great readiness. His conviviality engaged them so much, that they seemed eager to show their attention to him, and vied with each other in crying out, with a strong Celtic pronunciation, "Toctor Shonson, Toctor Shonson, your health!"

This evening one of our married ladies, a lively pretty little woman, good-humouredly sat down upon Dr. Johnson's knee, and, being encouraged by some of the company, put her hands round his neck, and kissed him. "Do it again," said he, "and let us see who will tire first." He kept her on his knee some time, while he and she drank tea. He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company were much entertained to find him so easy and pleasant. To me it was highly comic, to see the grave philosopher — the Rambler — toying with a Highland beauty! But what could he do? He must have been surly, and weak too, had he not behaved as he did. He would have been laughed at, and not more respected, though less loved.

He read to-night to himself, as he sat in company, a great deal of my Journal, and said to me, "The more I read of this, I think the more highly of you." The gentlemen sat a long time at their punch, after he and I had retired to our chambers. The manner in which they were attended struck me as singular. The bell being broken, a smart lad lay on a table in the corner of the room, ready to spring up and bring the kettle, whenever it was wanted. They continued drinking, and singing Erse songs, till near five in the morning, when they all came into my room,

where some of them had beds. Unluckily for me, they found a bottle of punch in a corner, which they drank; and *Corrichatachin* went for another, which they also drank. They made many apologies for disturbing me. I told them, that, having been kept awake by their mirth, I had once thoughts of getting up and joining them again. Honest *Corrichatachin* said, "To have had you done so, I would have given a cow."

Tuesday, Sept. 28.—The weather was worse than yesterday. I felt as if imprisoned. Dr. Johnson said, it was irksome to be detained thus: yet he seemed to have less uneasiness, or more patience, than I had. What made our situation worse here was, that we had no rooms that we could command; for the good people had no notion that a man could have any occasion but for a mere sleeping-place; so, during the day, the bed-chambers were common to all the house. Servants eat in Dr. Johnson's, and mine was a kind of general rendezvous of all under the roof, children and dogs not excepted. As the gentlemen occupied the parlour, the ladies had no place to sit in, during the day, but Dr. Johnson's room. I had always some quiet time for writing in it, before he was up; and, by degrees, I accustomed the ladies to let me sit in it after breakfast, at my Journal, without minding me.

Dr. Johnson was this morning for going to see as many islands as we could, not recollecting the uncertainty of the season, which might detain us in one place for many weeks. He said to me, "I have more the spirit of adventure than you." For my

part, I was anxious to get to Mull, from whence we might almost any day reach the main land.

Dr. Johnson mentioned, that the few ancient Irish gentlemen yet remaining have the highest pride of family; that Mr. Sandford, a friend of his, whose mother was Irish, told him, that O'Hara (who was true Irish, both by father and mother) and he, and Mr. Ponsonby, son to the Earl of Besborough, the greatest man of the three, but of an English family, went to see one of those ancient Irish, and that he distinguished them thus: "O'Hara, you are welcome! Mr. Sandford, your mother's son is welcome! Mr. Ponsonby, you may sit down!"

He talked both of threshing and thatching. He said it was very difficult to determine how to agree with a thresher. "If you pay him by the day's wages, he will thresh no more than he pleases: though, to be sure, the negligence of a thresher is more easily detected than that of most labourers, because he must always make a sound while he works. If you pay him by the piece, by the quantity of grain which he produces, he will thresh only while the grain comes freely, and, though he leaves a good deal in the ear, it is not worth while to thresh the straw over again; nor can you fix him to do it sufficiently, because it is so difficult to prove how much less a man threshes than he ought to do. Here then is a dilemma: but, for my part, I would engage him by the day; I would rather trust his idleness than his fraud." He said, a roof thatched with Lincolnshire reeds would last seventy years, as he was informed when in that county; and that he told

this in London to a great thatcher, who said, he believed it might be true. Such are the pains that Dr. Johnson takes to get the best information on every subject.

He proceeded: "It is difficult for a farmer in England to find day-labourers, because the lowest manufacturers can always get more than a day-labourer. It is of no consequence how high the wages of manufacturers are; but it would be of very bad consequence to raise the wages of those who procure the immediate necessaries of life, for that would raise the price of provisions. Here then is a problem for politicians. It is not reasonable that the most useful body of men should be the worst paid; yet it does not appear how it can be ordered otherwise. It were to be wished, that a mode for its being otherwise were found out. In the mean time, it is better to give temporary assistance by charitable contributions to poor labourers, at times when provisions are high, than to raise their wages, because, if wages are once raised, they will never get down again."

Happily the weather cleared up between one and two o'clock, and we got ready to depart; but our kind host and hostess would not let us go without taking a *snatch*, as they called it, which was in truth a very good dinner. While the punch went round, Dr. Johnson kept a close whispering conference with Mrs. M'Kinnon, which, however, was loud enough to let us hear that the subject of it was the particulars of Prince Charles's escape. (1) The com-

(1) It must be remembered that Mrs. M'Kinnon was old Kingsburgh's daughter, and was in the house when the Pretender

pany were entertained and pleased to observe it. Upon that subject, there was something congenial between the soul of Dr. Samuel Johnson and that of an Isle of Sky farmer's wife. It is curious to see people, how far soever removed from each other in the general system of their lives, come close together on a particular point which is common to each. We were merry with *Corrichatachin*, on Dr. Johnson's whispering with his wife. She, perceiving this, humorously cried, "I am in love with him. What is it to live and not to love?" Upon her saying something, which I did not hear, or cannot recollect, he seized her hand eagerly, and kissed it.

As we were going, the Scottish phrase of "*honest man!*" which is an expression of kindness and regard, was again and again applied by the company to Dr. Johnson. I was also treated with much civility; and I must take some merit from my assiduous attention to him, and from my contriving that he shall be easy wherever he goes, that he shall not be asked twice to eat or drink any thing (which always disgusts him), that he shall be provided with water at his meals, and many such little things, which, if not attended to, would fret him. I also may be allowed to claim some merit in leading the conversation: I do not mean leading, as in an orchestra, by playing the first fiddle; but leading as

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was there in woman's clothes. *Ascanius* relates an anecdote of her being alarmed (she was then very young) with the masculine manners and bold strides of the "*muckle woman*" in the hall. Mrs. M'Kinnon was the maternal grandmother of my friend Major-General Macdonald, now Deputy-Adjutant-General.—C.

one does in examining a witness — starting topics, and making him pursue them. He appears to me like a great mill, into which a subject is thrown to be ground. It requires, indeed, fertile minds to furnish materials for this mill. I regret whenever I see it unemployed; but sometimes I feel myself quite barren, and having nothing to throw in. I know not if this mill be a good figure; though Pope makes his mind a mill for turning verses.

We set out about four. Young *Corrichatachin* went with us. We had a fine evening, and arrived in good time at Ostig, the residence of Mr. Martin M'Pherson, minister of Slate. It is a pretty good house, built by his father, upon a farm near the church. We were received here with much kindness by Mr. and Mrs. M'Pherson, and his sister, Miss M'Pherson, who pleased Dr. Johnson much by singing Erse songs, and playing on the guitar. He afterwards sent her a present of his "Rasselas." In his bed-chamber was a press stored with books, Greek, Latin, French, and English, most of which had belonged to the father of our host, the learned Dr. M'Pherson; who, though his "Dissertations" have been mentioned in a former page as unsatisfactory, was a man of distinguished talents. Dr. Johnson looked at a Latin paraphrase of the song of Moses written by him, and published in the "Scots Magazine" for 1747, and said, "It does him honour; he has a great deal of Latin, and good Latin." Dr. M'Pherson published also in the same Magazine, June, 1739, an original Latin ode, which he wrote from the Isle of Barra, where he was minister for

some years. It is very poetical, and exhibits a striking proof how much all things depend upon comparison: for Barra, it seems, appeared to him so much worse than Sky, his *natale solum*, that he languished for its "blessed mountains," and thought himself buried alive amongst barbarians where he was. My readers will probably not be displeased to have a specimen of this ode:—

"Hei mihi! quantos patior dolores,
Dum procul specto juga ter beata,
Dum feræ Barræ steriles arenas
Solus oberro.

"Ingemo, indignor, crucior, quod inter
Barbaros Thulen lateram colentes;
Torpeo languens, morior sepultus
Carcere cæco."

After wishing for wings to fly over to his dear country, which was in his view, from what he calls Thule, as being the most western isle of Scotland, except St. Kilda; after describing the pleasures of society, and the miseries of solitude; he at last, with becoming propriety, has recourse to the only sure relief of drooping men, — *Sursum corda* (1), — the hope of a better world, and disposes his mind to resignation;

"Interea, fiat tua, rex, voluntas:
Erigor sursum quoties subit spes
Certa migrandi Solymam supernam
Numinis aulam."

(1) The Latin for the apostrophe in the Communion Service, "Lift up your hearts." — C.

He concludes in a noble strain of orthodox piety:

> "Vita tum demum vocitanda vita est,
> Tum licet gratos socios habere,
> Seraphim et sanctos TRIADEM verendam
> Concelebrantes."

LETTER 160. DR. JOHNSON TO MACLEOD. (1)

"Ostig, 28th Sept. 1773.

"DEAR SIR, — We are now on the margin of the sea, waiting for a boat and a wind. Boswell grows impatient; but the kind treatment which I find wherever I go, makes me leave, with some heaviness of heart, an island which I am not very likely to see again. Having now gone as far as horses can carry us, we thankfully return them. My steed will, I hope, be received with kindness; — he has borne me, heavy as I am, over ground both rough and steep, with great fidelity; and for the use of him, as for your other favours, I hope you will believe me thankful, and willing, at whatever distance we may be placed, to show my sense of your kindness, by any offices of friendship that may fall within my power.

"Lady Macleod and the young ladies have, by their hospitality and politeness, made an impression on my mind, which will not easily be effaced. Be pleased to tell them, that I remember them with great tenderness, and great respect. — I am, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"P. S. — We passed two days at Talisker very happily, both by the pleasantness of the place and elegance of our reception."

Wednesday, Sept. 29. — After a very good sleep, I rose more refreshed than I had been for some

(1) This letter was first printed by Mr. Croker, to whom it was given by the present Macleod.

nights. We were now at but a little distance from the shore, and saw the sea from our windows, which made our voyage seem nearer. Mr. M'Pherson's manners and address pleased us much. He appeared to be a man of such intelligence and taste as to be sensible of the extraordinary powers of his illustrious guest. He said to me, "Dr. Johnson is an honour to mankind, and, if the expression may be used, is an honour to religion."

Col, who had gone yesterday to pay a visit at Camuscross, joined us this morning at breakfast. Some other gentlemen also came to enjoy the entertainment of Dr. Johnson's conversation. The day was windy and rainy, so that we had just seized a happy interval for our journey last night. We had good entertainment here, better accommodation than at Corrichatachin, and time enough to ourselves. The hours slipped along imperceptibly. We talked of Shenstone. Dr. Johnson said, he was a good layer-out of land, but would not allow him to approach excellence as a poet. He said, he believed he had tried to read all his "Love Pastorals," but did not get through them. I repeated the stanza,

"She gazed as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

He said, "That seems to be pretty." I observed that Shenstone, from his short maxims in prose, appeared to have some power of thinking; but Dr. Johnson would not allow him that merit. He agreed, however, with Shenstone, that it was wrong in the

brother of one of his correspondents to burn his letters; "*for*," said he, "Shenstone was a man whose correspondence was an honour." He was this afternoon full of critical severity, and dealt about his censures on all sides. He said, Hammond's "Love Elegies" were poor things. (1) He spoke contemptuously of our lively and elegant, though too licentious lyric bard, Hanbury Williams, and said, "he had no fame, but from boys who drank with him." (2)

While he was in this mood, I was unfortunate enough, simply perhaps, but I could not help thinking, undeservedly, to come within "the whiff and wind of his fell sword." I asked him, if he had ever been accustomed to wear a night-cap. He said, "No." I asked, if it was best not to wear one. JOHNSON. "Sir, I had this custom by chance, and perhaps no man shall ever know whether it is best to sleep with or without a night-cap." Soon afterwards he was laughing at some deficiency in the Highlands, and said, "One might as well go without shoes and stockings." Thinking to have a little hit at his own deficiency, I ventured to add, "or without a night-cap, Sir." But I had better have been silent, for he retorted directly, "I do not see the connection there (laughing). Nobody before

(1) ["The truth is, these Elegies have neither passion, nature, nor manners. Where there is fiction, there is no passion: he that describes himself as a shepherd, and his Neæra or Delia as a shepherdess, and talks of goats and lambs, feels no passion. He that courts his mistress with Roman imagery deserves to lose her; for she may with good reason suspect his sincerity." Johnson, Life of Hammond.]

(2) [See ante, Vol. III. p. 18.]

was ever foolish enough to ask whether it was best to wear a night-cap or not. This comes of being a little wrong-headed." He carried the company along with him: and yet the truth is, that if he had always worn a night-cap, as is the common practice, and found the Highlanders did not wear one, he would have wondered at their barbarity; so that my hit was fair enough.

Thursday, Sept. 30.—There was as great a storm of wind and rain as I have almost ever seen, which necessarily confined us to the house; but we were fully compensated by Dr. Johnson's conversation. He said, he did not grudge Burke's being the first man in the House of Commons, for he was the first man every where; but he grudged that a fellow who makes no figure in company, and has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet, should make a figure in the House of Commons, merely by having the knowledge of a few forms, and being furnished with a little occasional information.(1) He told us, the first time he saw Dr. Young was at the house of Mr. Richardson, the author of "Clarissa." He was sent for, that the doctor might read to him his "Conjectures on Original Composition," which he did, and Dr. Johnson made his remarks; and he was surprised to find Young receive as novelties, what he thought very common maxims. He said, he believed Young was not a great scholar, nor had studied regularly the art of writing; that there were very fine

(1) He did not mention the name of any particular person; but those who are conversant with the political world will probably recollect more persons than one to whom this observation may be applied.

things in his "Night Thoughts," though you could not find twenty lines together without some extravagance. He repeated two passages from his "Love of Fame,"—the characters of Brunetta and Stella (1), which he praised highly. He said Young pressed him much to come to Wellwyn. He always intended it, but never went. He was sorry when Young died. The cause of quarrel between Young and his son, he told us, was, that his son insisted Young should turn away a clergyman's widow, who lived with him, and who, having acquired great influence over the father, was saucy to the son. Dr. Johnson said, she could not conceal her resentment at him, for saying to Young, that "an old man should not resign himself to the management of any body." I asked him if there was any improper connection between them. "No, Sir, no more than between two statues. He was past fourscore, and she a very coarse woman. She read to him, and I suppose, made his coffee, and frothed his chocolate, and did such things as an old man wishes to have done for him." (2)

Dr. Doddridge (3) being mentioned, he observed

(1) ["Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare—
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thinks nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year."
——"See Stella, her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspired, and can herself inspire."]

(2) [Mrs. Hallows was a woman of piety, improved by reading. She was always treated by Dr. Young and by his guests, even those of the highest rank, with the politeness and respect due to a gentlewoman. She died in 1780.—Anderson.]

(3) Dr. Philip Doddridge, an eminent dissenting divine, born in 1702, died at Lisbon (whither he had gone for the re-

"he was author of one of the finest epigrams in the English language. It is in Orton's Life of him. The subject is his family motto, "*Dum vivimus, vivamus*," which, in its primary signification, is, to be sure, not very suitable to a Christian divine; but he paraphrased it thus:—

'Live while you live, the *Epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live, while you live, the sacred *Preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.'"

I asked if it was not strange that government should permit so many infidel writings to pass without censure. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is mighty foolish. It is for want of knowing their own power. The present family on the throne came to the crown against the will of nine tenths of the people. Whether those nine tenths were right or wrong, it is not our business now to inquire. But such being the situation of the royal family, they were glad to encourage all who would be their friends. Now you know every bad man is a Whig; every man who has loose notions. The church was all against this family. They were, as I say, glad to encourage any friends; and, therefore, since their accession, there is no instance of any man being kept back on account of his bad principles; and hence this inundation of impiety." I observed that Mr. Hume, some of whose writings were very unfavourable to re-

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covery of his health) in 1751. Some of his letters have been recently published, with no great advantage to his fame. — C.

ligion, was, however, a Tory. JOHNSON. "Sir, Hume is a Tory by chance, as being a Scotchman; but not upon a principle of duty, for he has no principle. If he is any thing, he is a Hobbist."

There was something not quite serene in his humour to-night, after supper; for he spoke of hastening away to London, without stopping much at Edinburgh. I reminded him, that he had General Oughton, and many others, to see. JOHNSON. "Nay, I shall neither go in jest, nor stay in jest. I shall do what is fit." BOSWELL. "Ay, Sir, but all I desire is, that you will let me tell you when it is fit." JOHNSON. "Sir, I shall not consult you." BOSWELL. "If you are to run away from us, as soon as you get loose, we will keep you confined in an island." He was, however, on the whole, very good company. Mr. Donald Macleod expressed very well the gradual impression made by Dr. Johnson on those who are so fortunate as to obtain his acquaintance. "When you see him first, you are struck with awful reverence; then you admire him! and then you love him cordially."

I read this evening some part of Voltaire's "History of the War in 1741," and of Lord Kames against "Hereditary Indefeasible Right." This is a very slight circumstance, with which I should not trouble my reader, but for the sake of observing, that every man should keep minutes of whatever he reads. Every circumstance of his studies should be recorded; what books he has consulted; how much of them he has read; at what times; how often the same authors; and what opinions he formed of them,

at different periods of his life. Such an account would much illustrate the history of his mind.

Friday, Oct. 1.—I showed to Dr. Johnson verses in a magazine, on his Dictionary, composed of uncommon words taken from it;

"Little of *Anthropopathy* has he," &c.

He read a few of them, and said, "I am not answerable for all the words in my Dictionary." I told him, that Garrick kept a book of all who had either praised or abused him. On the subject of his own reputation, he said, "Now that I see it has been so current a topic, I wish I had done so too; but it could not well be done now, as so many things are scattered in newspapers." He said he was angry at a boy of Oxford (1), who wrote in his defence against Kenrick; because it was doing him hurt to answer Kenrick. He was told afterwards, the boy was to come to him to ask a favour. He first thought to treat him rudely, on account of his meddling in that business; but then he considered he had meant to do him all the service in his power, and he took another resolution: he told him he would do what he could for him, and did so; and the boy was satisfied. He said, he did not know how his pamphlet was done, as he had read very little of it. The boy made a good figure at Oxford, but died. He remarked, that attacks on authors did

(1) Mr. Barclay. See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 300. Johnson's desire to express his contempt of Kenrick is shown by his perseverance in representing this young gentleman as a *boy*; as if to say, it was too much honour for Kenrick that even a *boy* should answer him. — C.

them much service. "A man, who tells me my play is very bad, is less my enemy than he who lets it die in silence. A man, whose business it is to be talked of, is much helped by being attacked." Garrick, I observed, had often been so helped. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; though Garrick had more opportunities than almost any man, to keep the public in mind of him, by exhibiting himself to such numbers, he would not have had so much reputation, had he not been so much attacked. Every attack produces a defence; and so attention is engaged. There is no sport in mere praise, when people are all of a mind." BOSWELL. "Then Hume is not the worse for Beattie's attack?" JOHNSON. "He is, because Beattie has confuted him.(1) I do not say, but that there may be some attacks which will hurt an author. Though Hume suffered from Beattie, he was the better for other attacks." (He certainly could not include in that number those of Dr. Adams and Mr. Tytler.)(2) BOSWELL. "Goldsmith is the better for attacks." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, but he does not think so yet. When Goldsmith and I published, each of us something, at the same time, we were given to understand that we might review each other. Goldsmith was for accepting the offer. I said, no; set reviewers at defiance. It was said to

(1) [Dr. Beattie's "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth" appeared in 1770.]

(2) Mr. Boswell adds this parenthesis, probably, because the gentlemen alluded to were *friends of his*; but if Dr. Johnson "did *not* mean to include *them*," *whom* did he mean? for *they were* certainly (after Beattie) Hume's most prominent antagonists.—C.

old Bentley, upon the attacks against him, 'Why, they 'll write you down.' 'No, Sir,' he replied; 'depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself.'" He observed to me, afterwards, that the advantages authors derived from attacks were chiefly in subjects of taste, where you cannot confute, as so much may be said on either side. He told me he did not know who was the author of the "Adventures of a Guinea (1);" but that the bookseller had sent the first volume to him in manuscript, to have his opinion if it should be printed; and he thought it should.

The weather being now somewhat better, Mr. James M'Donald, factor to Sir Alexander M'Donald, in Slate, insisted that all the company at Ostig should go to the house at Armidale, which Sir Alexander had left, having gone with his lady to Edinburgh, and be his guests, till we had an opportunity of sailing to Mull. We accordingly got there to dinner; and passed our day very cheerfully, being no less than fourteen in number.

Saturday, Oct. 2. — Dr. Johnson said, that "a chief and his lady should make their house like a court. They should have a certain number of the gentlemen's daughters to receive their education in the family, to learn pastry and such things from the housekeeper, and manners from my lady. That was

(1) It is strange that Johnson should not have known that the "Adventures of a Guinea" was written by a namesake of his own, Charles Johnson. Being disqualified for the bar, which was his profession, by a supervening deafness, he went to India and made some fortune. — WALTER SCOTT. — [See also Scott's Lives of the Novelists. The Biog. Dict. says he died in Bengal about 1800.]

the way in the great families in Wales; at Lady Salusbury's, Mrs. Thrale's grandmother, and at Lady Philips's. I distinguish the families by the ladies, as I speak of what was properly their province. There were always six young ladies at Sir John Philips's; when one was married, her place was filled up. There was a large school-room, where they learnt needlework and other things." I observed, that, at some courts in Germany, there were academies for the pages, who are the sons of gentlemen, and receive their education without any expense to their parents. Dr. Johnson said, that manners were best learnt at those courts. "You are admitted with great facility to the prince's company, and yet must treat him with much respect. At a great court, you are at such a distance that you get no good." I said, "Very true: a man sees the court of Versailles, as if he saw it on a theatre." He said, "The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, "Il Cortegiano," by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it." (1) I am glad always to have his opinion of books. At Mr. Macpherson's, he commended "Whitby's Commentary (2)," and said, he had heard him called rather lax; but he did not perceive it. He had looked at a novel, called "The Man of the World," at Rasay,

(1) [Count Castiglione was born at Mantua in 1478, and died in 1529, after having been employed by Ludovico Sforza, both as a soldier and a statesman.]

(2) [Dr. Daniel Whitby, born 1638, died 1726. His celebrated Paraphrase and Commentary on the New Testament was first published in 1703.]

but thought there was nothing in it. (1) He said to-day, while reading my Journal, "This will be a great treasure to us some years hence."

Talking of a very penurious gentleman of ou acquaintance, he observed, that he exceeded L'Avare in the play. I concurred with him, and remarked that he would do well, if introduced in one of Foote's farces; that the best way to get it done would be to bring Foote to be entertained at his house for a week, and then it would be *facit indignatio*. JOHNSON. "Sir, I wish he had him. I, who have eaten his bread, will not give him to him; but I should be glad he came honestly by him."

He said, he was angry at Thrale, for sitting at General Oglethorpe's without speaking. He censured a man for degrading himself to a non-entity. I observed, that Goldsmith was on the other extreme; for he spoke at ventures. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; Goldsmith, rather than not speak, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing him." "I wonder," said I, "if he feels that he exposes himself. If he was with two tailors" —— "Or with two founders," said Dr. Johnson, interrupting me, "he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of." We were very social

(1) Though not, perhaps, so popular as the "Man of Feeling" of the same amiable author, the "Man of the World" is a very pathetic tale. — WALTER SCOTT. — [The *Man of the World* was published in 1773, without the name of the author.]

and poetry in his room this forenoon. In the evening the company danced as usual. We performed, with much activity, a dance which, I suppose, the emigration from Sky has occasioned. They call it *America*. Each of the couples, after the common *involutions* and *evolutions*, successively whirls round in a circle, till all are in motion; and the dance seems intended to show how emigration catches, till a whole neighbourhood is set afloat. Mrs. M'Kinnon told me, that last year, when a ship sailed from Portree for America, the people on shore were almost distracted when they saw their relations go off; they lay down on the ground, tumbled, and tore the grass with their teeth. This year there was not a tear shed. The people on the shore seemed to think that they would soon follow. This indifference is a mortal sign for the country.

We danced to-night to the music of the bagpipe which made us beat the ground with prodigious force. I thought it better to endeavour to conciliate the kindness of the people of Sky, by joining heartily in their amusements, than to play the abstract scholar. I looked on this tour to the Hebrides as a copartnership between Dr. Johnson and me. Each was to do all he could to promote its success; and I have some reason to flatter myself, that my gayer exertions were of service to us. Dr. Johnson's immense fund of knowledge and wit was a wonderful source of admiration and delight to them; but they had it only at times; and they required to have the intervals agreeably filled up, and even little elucidations of his learned text. I

was also fortunate enough frequently to draw him forth to talk, when he would otherwise have been silent. The fountain was at times locked up, till I opened the spring. It was curious to hear the Hebridians, when any dispute happened while he was out of the room, saying, "Stay till Dr. Johnson comes; say that to *him!*"

Yesterday, Dr. Johnson said, "I cannot but laugh, to think of myself roving among the Hebrides at sixty. I wonder where I shall rove at fourscore!" This evening he disputed the truth of what is said as to the people of St. Kilda catching cold whenever strangers come. "How can there," said he, "be a physical effect without a physical cause?" He added, laughing, "the arrival of a ship full of strangers would kill them; for, if one stranger gives them one cold, two strangers must give them two colds; and so in proportion." I wondered to hear him ridicule this, as he had praised M'Aulay for putting it in his book; saying, that it was manly in him to tell a fact, however strange, if he himself believed it. He said, the evidence was not adequate to the improbability of the thing; that if a physician, rather disposed to be incredulous, should go to St. Kilda, and report the fact, then he would begin to look about him. They said, it was annually proved by Macleod's steward, on whose arrival all the inhabitants caught cold. He jocularly remarked, "The steward always comes to demand something from them; and so they fall a coughing. (1) I sup-

(1) See *antè*, Vol. III. p. 42., an, at least, ingenious solution of this enigma.—C.

pose the people in Sky all take a cold when —— (naming a certain person) comes." They said, he came only in summer. JOHNSON. "That is out of tenderness to you. Bad weather and he, at the same time, would be too much."

APPENDIX.

No. I.

In justice to the ingenious Dr. Blacklock, I publish the following Letter from him, relative to a passage in p. 41.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Edinburgh, Nov. 12. 1785.

"Dear Sir, — Having lately had the pleasure of reading your account of the journey which you took with Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Western Isles, I take the liberty of transmitting my ideas of the conversation which happened between the Doctor and myself concerning lexicography and poetry, which, as it is a little different from the delineation exhibited in the former edition of your Journal, cannot, I hope, be unacceptable; particularly since I have been informed that a second edition of that work is now in contemplation, if not in execution; and I am still more strongly tempted to encourage that hope, from considering that, if every one concerned in the conversations related were to send you what they can recollect of these colloquial entertainments, many curious and interesting particulars might be recovered, which the most assiduous attention could not observe, nor the most tenacious memory retain. A little reflection, Sir, will convince you, that there is not an axiom in Euclid more intuitive nor more evident than the Doctor's assertion that poetry was of much easier execution than lexicography. Any mind, therefore, endowed with common sense, must have been extremely absent from itself, if it discovered the least astonishment from hearing that a poem might be

written with much more facility than the same quantity of a dictionary.

"The real cause of my surprise was what appeared to me much more paradoxical, that he could write a sheet of dictionary *with as much pleasure* as a sheet of poetry. He acknowledged, indeed, that the latter was much easier than the former. For in the one case, books and a desk were requisite, in the other, you might compose when lying in bed, or walking in the fields, &c. He did not, however, descend to explain, nor to this moment can I comprehend, how the labours of a mere philologist, in the most refined sense of that term, could give equal pleasure with the exercise of a mind replete with elevated conceptions and pathetic ideas, while taste, fancy, and intellect were deeply enamoured of nature, and in full exertion. You may likewise, perhaps, remember, that when I complained of the ground which scepticism in religion and morals was continually gaining, it did not appear to be on my own account, as my private opinions upon these important subjects had long been inflexibly determined. What I then deplored, and still deplore, was the unhappy influence which that gloomy hesitation had, not only upon particular characters, but even upon life in general; as being equally the bane of action in our present state, and of such consolations as we might derive from the hopes of a future.

"I have the pleasure of remaining, with sincere esteem and respect, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS BLACKLOCK."

I am very happy to find that Dr. Blacklock's apparent uneasiness on the subject of scepticism was not on his own account (as I supposed), but from a benevolent concern for the happiness of mankind. With respect, however, to the question concerning poetry, and composing a dictionary, I am confident that my state of Dr. Johnson's position is accurate. One may misconceive the motive by which a person is induced to discuss a particular topic (as in the case of Dr. Blacklock's speaking of scepticism); but an assertion, like that made by Dr. John

son, cannot be easily mistaken. And, indeed, it seems not very probable, that he who so pathetically laments the *drudgery* to which the unhappy lexicographer is doomed, and is known to have written his splendid imitation of Juvenal with astonishing rapidity, should have had "as much pleasure in writing a sheet of a dictionary as a sheet of poetry." Nor can I concur with the ingenious writer of the foregoing letter, in thinking it an axiom as evident as any in Euclid, that "poetry is of easier execution than lexicography." I have no doubt that Bailey, and the "mighty blunderbuss of law," Jacob, wrote ten pages of their respective dictionaries with more ease than they could have written five pages of poetry.

If this book should again be reprinted, I shall, with the utmost readiness, correct any errors I may have committed, in stating conversations, provided it can be clearly shown to me that I have been inaccurate. But I am slow to believe (as I have elsewhere observed) that any man's memory, at the distance of several years, can preserve facts or sayings with such fidelity as may be done by writing them down when they are recent: and I beg it may be remembered, that it is not upon *memory*, but upon what was *written at the time*, that the authenticity of my Journal rests.

No. II.

Mr. Boswell says, "The following verses, written by Sir Alexander (now Lord) Macdonald, and addressed and presented to Dr. Johnson, at Armidale, in the Isle of Sky, should have appeared in its proper place [*antè*, p. 159.] if the author of this Journal had been possessed of them; but this edition was almost printed off when he was accidentally furnished with a copy by a friend." Mr. Croker adds, "These verses have not been removed to the text, because Mr. Boswell did not think proper to do so in his subsequent editions, and because I really do not profess to understand more than the first

stanza. It seems hard to guess what Sir Alexander could have meant by presenting Dr. Johnson with such lines; which are really little better than the nonsense verses of a school-boy."

Viator, o qui nostra per æquora
Visurus agros Skiaticos venis,
En te salutantes tributim
Undique conglomerantur oris

Donaldiani, — quotquot in insulis
Compescit arctis limitibus mare;
Alitque jamdudum, ac alendos
Piscibus indigenas fovebit.

Cieve fluctus siste, Procelliger,
Nec tu laborans perge, precor, ratis,
Ne conjugem plangat marita,
Ne doleat soboles parentem.

Nec te vicissim pœniteat virum
Luxisse; — vestro scimus ut æstuant
In corde luctantes dolores,
Cum feriant inopina corpus.

Quidni! peremptum clade tuentibus
Plus semper illo qui moritur pati
Datur, doloris dum profundos
Pervia mens aperit recessus.

Valete luctus; — hinc lacrymabiles
Arceto visus: — ibimus, ibimus
Superbienti qua theatro
Fingaliæ memorantur aulæ.

Illustris hospes! mox spatiabere
Qua mens ruinæ ducta mentibus
Gaudebit explorare cœtus
Buccina qua cecinit triumphos.

Audin ? resurgens spirat anhelitu
Dux usitato, suscitat efficax
  Poeta manes, ingruitque
    Vi solitâ redivivus horror.

Ahena quassans tela gravi manu
Sic ibat atrox Ossiani pater :
  Quiescat urnâ, stet fidelis
    ' Phersonius vigil ad favillam.'

No. III.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF SIR JAMES MACDONALD, BART., IN THE CHURCH OF SLATE;

AND TWO LETTERS FROM THAT YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO HIS MOTHER.

(Referred to in p. 184.)

To the memory
Of SIR JAMES MACDONALD, Bart.
Who, in the flower of youth,
Had attained to so eminent a degree of knowledge
In mathematics, philosophy, languages,
And in every other branch of useful and polite learning,
As few have acquired in a long life
Wholly devoted to study:
Yet to this erudition he joined,
What can rarely be found with it,
Great talents for business,
Great propriety of behaviour,
Great politeness of manners!
His eloquence was sweet, correct, and flowing;
His memory vast and exact;
His judgment strong and acute;
All which endowments, united

With the most amiable temper
And every private virtue,
Procured him, not only in his own country,
But also from foreign nations,
The highest marks of esteem.
In the year of our Lord
1766,
The 25th of his life,
After a long and extremely painful illness,
Which he supported with admirable patience and fortitude
He died at Rome,
Where, notwithstanding the difference of religion,
Such extraordinary honours were paid to his memory,
As had never graced that of any other British subject,
Since the death of Sir Philip Sydney.
The fame he left behind him is the best consolation
To his afflicted family,
And to his countrymen in this isle,
For whose benefit he had planned
Many useful improvements,
Which his fruitful genius suggested,
And his active spirit promoted,
Under the sober direction
Of a clear and enlightened understanding.
Reader, bewail our loss,
And that of all Britain.
In testimony of her love,
And as the best return she can make
To her departed son,
For the constant tenderness and affection
Which, even to his last moments,
He showed for her,
His much afflicted mother,
The LADY MARGARET MACDONALD,
Daughter to the Earl of Eglintoune,
Erected this monument,
A. D. 1768.

This extraordinary young man, whom I had the pleasure of knowing intimately, having been deeply regretted by his country, the most minute particulars concerning him must be interesting to many. I shall therefore insert his two last letters to his mother, Lady Margaret Macdonald, which her ladyship has been pleased to communicate to me.

Sir James Macdonald to Lady Margaret.

"Rome, 9th July, 1766.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Yesterday's post brought me your answer to the first letter in which I acquainted you of my illness. Your tenderness and concern upon that account are the same I have always experienced, and to which I have often owed my life. Indeed it never was in so great danger as it has been lately; and though it would have been a very great comfort to me to have had you near me, yet perhaps I ought to rejoice, on your account, that you had not the pain of such a spectacle. I have been now a week in Rome, and wish I could continue to give you the same good accounts of my recovery as I did in my last; but I must own that, for three days past, I have been in a very weak and miserable state, which however seems to give no uneasiness to my physician. My stomach has been greatly out of order, without any visible cause, and the palpitation does not decrease. I am told that my stomach will soon recover its tone, and that the palpitation must cease in time. So I am willing to believe; and with this hope support the little remains of spirits which I can be supposed to have, on the forty-seventh day of such an illness. Do not imagine I have relapsed; I only recover slower than I expected. If my letter is shorter than usual, the cause of it is a dose of physic, which has weakened me so much to-day, that I am not able to write a long letter. I will make up for it next post, and remain always your most sincerely affectionate son,

J. MACDONALD."

He grew, however, gradually worse; and on the night before his death he wrote as follows from Frescati:

"MY DEAR MOTHER, — Though I did not mean to deceive you in my last letter from Rome, yet certainly you would have very little reason to conclude of the very great and constant danger I have gone through ever since that time. My life, which is still almost entirely desperate, did not at that time appear to me so, otherwise I should have represented, in its true colours, a fact which acquires very little horror by that means, and comes with redoubled force by deception There is no circumstance of danger and pain of which I have not had the experience, for a continued series of above a fortnight; during which time I have settled my affairs, after my death, with as much distinctness as the hurry and the nature of the thing could admit of. In case of the worst, the Abbé Grant will be my executor in this part of the world, and Mr. Mackenzie in Scotland, where my object has been to make you and my younger brother as independent of the eldest as possible."

No. IV.

MEMOIRS OF HIS OWN LIFE, BY THE LATE GENERAL MACLEOD,

(Referred to in p 193, and several subsequent notes)

[1785]

"HAVING often been highly entertained and instructed by the perusal of memoirs of men who have lived in an interesting period, and who have borne some part in the transactions of their time, a thought has for some time possessed me of leaving to my family and friends an account of myself, and of those affairs in which I have been, or may hereafter be, engaged. My chief design, if I shall live to execute it, is to make my son acquainted with his father, to inform him of the rank and situation in which I found the family, which he should think himself born to raise and advance, and to encourage him, by my example, to persevere in the design of acquiring that

station in the state to which our blood entitles him, but to which the local position of our ancestors has yet hindered us from attaining.

"My family is derived from the ancient royal stock of Denmark. In those unhappy times, when heroism was little better than piracy, and when the Danes first infested and then subdued England, my ancestor was invested with the tributary sovereignty of the Isle of Man. His history, the succession, or the share these princes of Man had in the predatory wars of that rude age, are lost in dark and vague tradition. The first fact which seems clearly ascertained, is, that Leod, the son of the King of Man, on the conquest of that island by the English, in , under the Earl of Derby, fled with his followers to the Hebrides. He probably found his countrymen there, and either by conquest, agreement, or alliance, possessed himself of that part of these isles now called Lewes and Harries.

"Leod had two sons, Tormod and Torquil. The first married the daughter of a powerful chief in the Isle of Skye; he was a warrior, and of great prowess; his father gave over to him Harries, and, by dint of his valour and marriage, he possessed himself of a large domain in Skye, which, together with Harries, I, his lineal successor, inherited. Torquil and his posterity possessed Lewes, which, with other acquisitions, they have since lost, and that family is now represented by Macleod of Rasay. From Leod, whose name is held in high traditional veneration, all his descendants, and many of his followers, have taken the patronymic of Macleod. My ancestors, whose family-seat has always been at Dunvegan, seem to have lived, for some centuries, as might be expected from men who had gained their lands by their swords, and who were placed in islands of no easy access. They had frequent wars and alliances with their neighbours in Skye, by which it appears they neither gained nor lost; they frequently attacked or assisted the petty kings in Ireland, or the chiefs on the coast of Scotland, but they neither increased nor diminished their own possessions. In the reign of King David of Scotland, they at-

last took a charter for their lands, from which time they seem long to have practised the patriarchal life, beloved by their people, unconnected with the government of Scotland, and undisturbed by it. When James the Sixth was about to take possession of the throne of England, Macleod, called *Roderick More*, from his great size and strength (1), went to Edinburgh to pay his homage. It is remarkable, that this chieftain was an adept in Latin, had travelled on the Continent, and spoke French with fluency, but could neither utter nor understand the Scottish or English dialect. Two younger sons of Roderick led a body of Macleods to the assistance of Charles the Second, who knighted them, and they, like their unfortunate sovereign, escaped, with the loss of their followers, from the fatal field of Worcester. From John, their elder brother, I am descended, his son being an orphan minor, when his uncles led the clan to battle. It is singular, that my great grandfather, by his marriage with   , descended from the family of Athol, has mixed with the blood of Leod and that of the Earl of Derby, who drove him from Man, and that I am thus, probably, the descendant of the invading earl and the expelled prince.

"My grandfather, *Norman*, was an only and posthumous son; by the frugality of his ancestors, and the savings of his minority, he found our ancient inheritance in the most prosperous condition. I knew him in his advanced age; and from himself, and many other friends, have heard much of the transactions of his life. With a body singularly well made and active, he possessed very lively parts. The circumstances of the times introduced him to the public with great advantage, and, till the unfortunate 1745, he was much considered. An attachment to the race of Stuart then prevailed in Scotland; and many of the leading men in England still favoured it. His independent fortune and promising character early obtained him the representation in parliament of Inverness-shire, his native county. The numbers and fidelity of his clan, and his

(1) Mr. Boswell states, antè, p. 223, that he was so called, not from his size, but his spirit.—C.

influence with his neighbours, were known; and I have reason to believe that many allurements were held out to seduce him into engagements, which were then considered only as dangerous, but neither guilty nor dishonourable.

"It would be neither pleasing nor useful to inquire how deeply he was concerned in the preludes to the rebellion; nor, indeed, have I been able to learn. It is certain that, in the year 1746, he raised a company of his vassals to serve under my father, his only son, in Lord Loudon's regiment, and afterwards appeared, with six hundred of his clan, in defence of the present royal family. From this period he was unfortunate; the Jacobites treated him as an apostate, and the successful party did not reward his loyalty. The former course of his life had been expensive; his temper was convivial and hospitable; and he continued to impair his fortune till his death, in 1772. He was the first of our family who was led, by the change of manners, to leave the patriarchal government of his clan, and to mix in the pursuits and ambition of the world. It was not then common to see the representatives of the Highland tribes endeavouring to raise themselves to eminence in the nation by the arts of eloquence, or regular military gradation; they were contented with their private opulence and local dignity, or trusted their rank in the state to the antiquity of their families, or their provincial influence. Had Norman felt in his youth the necessity of professional or parliamentary exertions, and had he received a suitable education, he would not have left his family in distress; but the excellence of his parts and the vigour of his mind would have attained a station more advantageous for the flight of his successors.

"I was born on the 4th day of March, 1754, at Brodie House, the seat of my maternal grandfather, Brodie of Brodie, Lyon King at Arms. When I attained the age of eleven, my father, with his family, went to reside at Beverley in Yorkshire, where, in the year following, he died, and was buried in the minster. I was placed under the care of Mr. George Stuart, one of the professors in the College of Edinburgh; and the abilities, care, and maternal love of my surviving parent

left me no other reason to regret my father, than that which nature dictates for a brave, worthy, and so near relation.

"Under Mr. Stuart, and in the sight of my grandfather who lived near Edinburgh, I continued to pursue an excellent and classical education for near five years. In this time I obtained a competent knowledge of Latin and French, and I acquired a taste for reading, and a desire of general knowledge which has never left me. I was permitted to pay a visit to my mother, who had settled in Hampshire for the education of her daughters; after which I was summoned to the University of St. Andrew's by my grandfather, who had taken a house in the neighbourhood. Here, for one year, I attended the lectures of Dr. Watson (author of the History of Philip the Second) on logic, rhetoric, and belles lettres, and those of Dr. Wilkie, author of the Epigoniad, on Natural Philosophy. I also read Italian. Next summer I again visited my mother; and was sent in the winter to University College, in Oxford. My tutor, Mr. George Strahan, zealously endeavoured to supply my deficiency in Greek, and I made some progress; but approaching now to manhood, having got a tincture of more entertaining and pleasing knowledge, and a taste for the Latin, French, and English classics, I could never sufficiently labour again as a schoolboy, which I now and will for ever lament.

"I have no title to impose myself on my son as a learned man; my reading has been general and diffuse; a scholar would very justly call it superficial; but if superficial knowledge has contributed so much to my happiness, how fondly should I recommend larger and more solid attainments to my *future self!*

"In the year 1771, a strange passion for emigrating to America seized many of the middling and poorer sort of Highlanders. The change of manners in their chieftains, since 1745, produced effects which were evidently the proximate cause of this unnatural dereliction of their own, and appetite for a foreign country. The laws which deprived the Highlanders of their arms and garb would certainly have destroyed the feudal military powers of the chieftains; but the fond at-

tachment of the people to their patriarchs would have yielded to no laws. They were themselves the destroyers of that pleasing influence. Sucked into the vortex of the nation, and allured to the capitals, they degenerated from patriarchs and chieftains to landlords; and they became as anxious for increase of rent as the new-made lairds—the *novi homines*—the mercantile purchasers of the Lowlands. Many tenants, whose fathers, for generations, had enjoyed their little spots, were removed for higher bidders. Those who agreed, at any price, for their ancient *lares*, were forced to pay an increased rent, without being taught any new method to increase their produce In the Hebrides, especially, this change was not gradual, but sudden, — and sudden and baleful were its effects. The people, freed by the laws from the power of the chieftains, and loosened by the chieftains themselves from the bonds of affection, turned their eyes and their hearts to new scenes. America seemed to open its arms to receive every discontented Briton. To those possessed of very small sums of money, it offered large possessions of uncultivated but excellent land, in a preferable climate; to the poor, it held out high wages for labour; to all, it promised property and independence. Many artful emissaries, who had an interest in the transportation or settlement of emigrants, industriously displayed these temptations; and the desire of leaving their country, for the new land of promise, became furious and epidemic. Like all other popular furies, it infected not only those who had reason to complain of their situation or injuries, but those who were most favoured and most comfortably settled. In the beginning of 1772, my grandfather, who had always been a most beneficent and beloved chieftain, but whose necessities had lately induced him to raise his rents, became much alarmed by this new spirit which had reached his clan. Aged and infirm, he was unable to apply the remedy in person; — he devolved the task on me; and gave me for an assistant our nearest male relation, Colonel Macleod, of Talisker. The duty imposed on us was difficult; the estate was loaded with debt, incumbered with a numerous issue from himself and my father, and

charged with some jointures. His tenants had lost, in that severe winter, above a third of their cattle, which constituted their subsistence; their spirits were soured by their losses, and the late augmentations of rent; and their ideas of America were inflamed by the strongest representations, and the example of their neighbouring clans. My friend and I were empowered to grant such deductions in the rents as might seem necessary and reasonable; but we found it terrible to decide between the justice to creditors, the necessities of an ancient family which we ourselves represented, and the claims and distresses of an impoverished tenantry. To God I owe, and I trust will ever pay, the most fervent thanks that this terrible task enabled us to lay the foundation of circumstances (though then unlooked for) that I hope will prove the means not only of the rescue, but of the aggrandisement of our family. I was young, and had the warmth of the liberal passions natural to that age; I called the people of the different districts of our estate together; I laid before them the situation of our family — its debts, its burthens, its distress; I acknowledged the hardships under which they laboured, I described and reminded them of the manner in which they and their ancestors had lived with mine; I combated their passion for America by a real account of the dangers and hardships they might encounter there; I besought them to love their young chieftain, and to renew with him the ancient manners; I promised to live among them; I threw myself upon them; I recalled to their remembrance an ancestor who had also found his estate in ruin, and whose memory was held in the highest veneration; I desired every district to point out some of their oldest and most respected men, to settle with me every claim; and I promised to do every thing for their relief which in reason I could. My worthy relation ably seconded me, and our labour was not in vain. We gave considerable abatements in the rents; few emigrated; and the clan conceived the most lively attachment to me, which they have effectually manifested, as will be seen in the course of these memoirs. While we were engaged in these affairs, my

grandfather died, and was buried at St. Andrew's. I returned to Hampshire, and easily prevailed with my excellent mother and sisters to repair, in performance of my promise, to my clan, to Dunvegan. In my first visit to Skye, Mr. Pennant arrived there; and he has kindly noticed in his Tour the exertions we then made.

"I remained at home with my family and clan till the end of 1774; but I confess that I consider this as the most gloomy period of my life. Educated in a liberal manner, fired with ambition, fond of society, I found myself in confinement in a remote corner of the world; without any hope of extinguishing the debts of my family, or of ever emerging from poverty and obscurity. A long life of painful economy seemed my only method to perform the duty I owed to my ancestors and posterity; and the burthen was so heavy, that only partial relief could be hoped even from that melancholy sacrifice. I had also the torment of seeing my mother and sisters, who were fitted for better scenes, immured with me; and their affectionate patience only added to my sufferings.

"In 1774 (1) Dr. Samuel Johnson, with his companion, Mr. Boswell, visited our dreary regions: it was my good fortune to be enabled to practise the virtue of hospitality on this occasion. The learned traveller spent a fortnight at Dunvegan; and indeed amply repaid our cares to please him by the most instructive and entertaining conversation. I procured for him the company of the most learned clergymen and sagacious inhabitants of the islands; and every other assistance within our power to the inquiries he wished to make.

"The nature of those inquiries, and the extraordinary character of Dr. Johnson, may make some account of them from me agreeable.

"His principal design was to find proofs of the inauthenticity of Ossian's poems; and in his inquiries it became very soon evident that he wished not to find them genuine. I was pre-

(1) The reader will perhaps agree with the editor that this little error of date adds to the interest of these memoirs: it is an additional proof that they were not studied or prepared for the public eye. It must be remembered that Mr. Boswell's Tour was not published when this was written.—E.

sent in a part of his search; his decision is now well known; and I will very freely relate what I know of them. Dr. M'Queen, a very learned minister in Skye, attended him; and was the person whom he most questioned, and through whom he proposed his questions to others.

The first question he insisted on was whether any person had ever seen the Poems of Ossian in manuscript, as the translator had found them; how and where these manuscripts had been preserved? and whether faith was given to them by the Highlanders? I must avow that, from the answers given to these questions, he had no right to believe the manuscript genuine. In this he exulted much; and formed an unjust conclusion, that because the translator had been guilty of an imposition, the whole poems were impositions. Dr. M'Queen brought him, in my opinion, very full proofs of his error. He produced several gentlemen who had heard repeated in Erse long passages of these poems (1), which they averred did coincide with the translation; and he even procured a person who recited some lines himself. Had Dr. Johnson's time permitted, many proofs of the same nature would have been adduced; but he did not wish for them. My opinion of this controversy is that the poems certainly did exist in detached pieces and fragments; that few of them had been committed to paper before the time of the translator; that he collected most of them from persons who could recite them, or parts of them; that he arranged and connected the parts, and perhaps made imitative additions for the sake of connection; that those additions cannot (2) be large or numerous; and that the foundation and genuine remains of the poems are sufficiently authentic for every purpose of taste or criticism. It might be wished, for the sake of squeamish critics, that the translator

(1) We readily forgive Macleod his desire to save as much as possible from the wreck of Ossian; and subsequent publications have certainly [illegible] some passages of Macpherson's version which have been found in the original Erse; but we can find in Boswell (who probably quotes all that Johnson knew) but one such passage, and that passage was accompanied by one other, one of which was something like, and the other [illegible] the Macpherson's version.—C.

(2) Who says? All the evidence goes to show that they formed the bulk, though, perhaps, not the spirit of the work.—C.

had given them to the world as he found them, though as a reader, I own myself delighted with Fingal and Temora, in their present appearance.

"The most sceptical writers on other subjects never applied the laws of evidence more strictly than Dr. Johnson did in his inquiries about Ossian. he was not so precise in *other* matters. The ridiculous notion of the *second sight*, or of supernatural visions, was not discredited by him He listened to all the fables of that nature which abound in the Highlands; and, though no one fact was so well vouched as to command its particular belief, he held that the thing was not impossible; and that the number of facts alleged formed a favourable presumption.

'No human being is perfect in any thing the mind which is filled with just devotion is apt to sink into superstition; and, on the other hand, the genius which detects holy imposition frequently slides into presumptuous infidelity." ———

Thus abruptly ends a paper which every reader will wish had been longer.—C.

No. V

ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER, DRAWN UP BY MR. BOSWELL.

[See *ante*, p. 208.]

Prince Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, was conveyed to what is called the Long Island, where he lay for some time concealed. But intelligence having been obtained where he was, and a number of troops having come in quest of him, it became absolutely necessary for him to quit that country without delay. 'Miss Flora Macdonald, then a young lady, animated by what she thought the sacred principle of loyalty,

offered, with the magnanimity of a heroine, to accompany him in an open boat to Sky, though the coast they were to quit was guarded by ships. He dressed himself in women's clothes, and passed as her supposed maid, by the name of Betty Bourke, an Irish girl. They got off undiscovered, though several shots were fired to bring them to, and landed at Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus, with the Duke of Cumberland; but his lady was at home. Prince Charles took his post upon a hill near the house. Flora Macdonald waited on Lady Margaret (1), and acquainted her of the enterprise in which she was engaged. Her ladyship, whose active benevolence was ever seconded by superior talents, showed a perfect presence of mind and readiness of invention, and at once settled that Prince Charles should be conducted to old *Rasay*, who was himself concealed with some select friends. The plan was instantly communicated to *Kingsburgh*, who was despatched to the hill to inform the wanderer, and carry him refreshments. When *Kingsburgh* approached, he started up, and advanced, holding a large knotted stick, and in appearance ready to knock him down, till he said, "I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh, come to serve your Highness." The wanderer answered, "It is well," and was satisfied with the plan.

Flora Macdonald dined with the Lady Margaret, at whose table there sat an officer of the army, stationed here with a party of soldiers to watch for Prince Charles in case of his flying to the Isle of Sky. She afterwards often laughed in good humour with this gentleman on her having so well deceived him.

(1) Though her husband took arms for the house of Hanover, she was suspected of being an ardent Jacobite; and, on that supposition, Flora Macdonald guided the Pretender to Mugstot.—C.—On the subject of Lady Margaret Macdonald, it is impossible to omit an anecdote which does much honour to Frederick, Prince of Wales. By some chance Lady Margaret had been presented to the princess, who, when she learnt what share she had taken in the Chevalier's escape, hastened to explain herself to the prince, and explain to him that she was not aware that Lady Margaret was the person who had harboured the fugitive. The prince's answer was noble: "And would not you have done the same, madam, had he come to you, as to her, in distress and danger? I hope—I am sure you would."—Wraxall Memoirs.

After dinner, Flora Macdonald on horseback, and her supposed maid, and *Kingsburgh*, with a servant carrying some linen, all *on foot*, proceeded towards that gentleman's house. Upon the road was a small rivulet which they were obliged to cross. The wanderer, forgetting his assumed sex, that his clothes might not be wet, held them up a great deal too high. *Kingsburgh* mentioned this to him, observing, it might make a discovery. He said he would be more careful for the future. He was as good as his word; for the next brook they crossed, he did not hold up his clothes at all, but let them float upon the water. He was very awkward in his female dress. His size was so large, and his strides so great, that some women whom they met reported that they had seen a very big woman, who looked like a man in women's clothes, and that perhaps it was (as they expressed themselves) the *Prince*, after whom so much search was making.

At Kingsburgh he met with a most cordial reception; seemed gay at supper, and after it indulged himself in a cheerful glass with his worthy host. As he had not had his clothes off for a long time, the comfort of a good bed was highly relished by him, and he slept soundly till next day at one o'clock.

The *mistress* of Corrichatachin told me that in the forenoon she went into her father's room, who was also in bed, and suggested to him her apprehensions that a party of the military might come up, and that his guest and he had better not remain here too long. Her father said, "Let the poor man repose himself after his fatigues! and as for me, I care not, though they take off this old grey head ten or eleven years sooner than I should die in the course of nature." He then wrapped himself in the bed-clothes, and again fell fast asleep.

On the afternoon of that day, the wanderer, still in the same dress, set out for Portree, with Flora Macdonald and a man-servant. His shoes being very bad, *Kingsburgh* provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, said, "I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled in St. James's. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." He smiled, and said, "Be as good as your

word!" *Kingsburgh* kept the shoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them.

Old Mrs. Macdonald, after her guest had left the house, took the sheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that, when she died, her body should be wrapped in them as a winding sheet. Her will was religiously observed.

Upon the road to Portree, Prince Charles changed his dress and put on man's clothes again; a tartan short coat and waistcoat, with philibeg and short hose, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet.

Mr. Donald M'Donald, called *Donald Roy*, had been sent express to the present laird, who was at that time at his sister's house, about three miles from Portree, attending his brother, Dr. Macleod, who was recovering of a wound he had received at the battle of Culloden. Mr. M'Donald communicated to young *Rasay* the plan of conveying the wanderer to where old *Rasay* was; but was told that old *Rasay* had fled to Knoidart, a part of *Glengarry's* estate. There was then a dilemma what should be done. *Donald Roy* proposed that he should conduct the wanderer to the main land; but young *Rasay* thought it too dangerous at that time, and said it would be better to conceal him in the island of Rasay, till old *Rasay* could be informed where he was, and give his advice what was best. But the difficulty was, how to get him to Rasay. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Rasay boats had been destroyed, or carried off by the military, except two belonging to Malcolm M'Leod, which he had concealed somewhere.

Dr. Macleod being informed of this difficulty, said he would risk his life once more for Prince Charles; and it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a freshwater lake in the neighbourhood, young *Rasay* and Dr. Macleod, with the help of some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice.

These gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed the small boat to Rasay, where they were to endeavour to find Captain M'Leod, as Malcolm was then called, and get one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree, and receive the wanderer; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Fortunately, on their first landing, they found their cousin Malcolm, who, with the utmost alacrity, got ready one of his boats, with two strong men, John M'Kenzie and Donald M'Friar. Malcolm, being the oldest man, and most cautious, said, that as young *Rasay* had not hitherto appeared in the unfortunate business, he ought not to run any risk; but that Dr. Macleod and himself, who were already publicly engaged, should go on this expedition. Young *Rasay* answered, with an oath, that he would go at the risk of his life and fortune. "In God's name then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, till they should be informed of their destination; and M'Kenzie declared he would not move an oar till he knew where they were going. Upon which they were both sworn to secrecy; and the business being imparted to them, they were eager to put off to sea without loss of time. The boat soon landed about half a mile from the inn at Portree.

All this was negotiated before the wanderer got forward to Portree. Malcolm Macleod and M'Friar were despatched to look for him. In a short time he appeared, and went into the public house. Here *Donald Roy*, whom he had seen at Mugstot, received him, and informed him of what had been concerted. He wanted silver for a guinea, but the landlord had only thirteen shillings. He was going to accept of this for his guinea; but *Donald Roy* very judiciously observed, that it would discover him to be some great man; so he desisted. He slipped out of the house, leaving his fair protectress, whom he never again saw; and Malcolm M'Leod was presented to him by *Donald Roy*, as a captain in his army. Young *Rasay* and Dr. Macleod had waited, in impatience

anxiety, in the boat. When he came, their names were announced to him. He would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals.

Donald Roy staid in Sky, to be in readiness to get intelligence, and give an alarm in case the troops should discover the retreat to Rasay; and Prince Charles was then conveyed in a boat to that island in the night. He slept a little upon the passage, and they landed about day-break. There was some difficulty in accommodating him with a lodging, as almost all the houses in the island had been burnt by the soldiery. They repaired to a little hut, which some shepherds had lately built, and having prepared it as well as they could and made a bed of heath for the stranger, they kindled a fire, and partook of some provisions which had been sent with him from Kingsburgh. It was observed, that he would not taste wheat-bread, or brandy, while oat-bread and whisky lasted, "for these," said he, "are my own country bread and drink." This was very engaging to the Highlanders.

Young *Rasay* being the only person of the company that durst appear with safety, he went in quest of something fresh for them to eat; but though he was amidst his own cows, sheep, and goats, he could not venture to take any of them for fear of a discovery, but was obliged to supply him all by stealth. He therefore caught a kid and brought it to the hut in his plaid, and it was killed and dressed, and furnished them a meal which they relished much. The distressed wanderer, whose health was now a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching, slept a long time, but seemed to be frequently disturbed. Malcolm told me he would start from broken slumbers, and speak to himself in different languages, French, Italian, and English. I must however acknowledge, that it is highly probable that my worthy friend Malcolm did not know precisely the difference between French and Italian. One of his expressions in English was, "O God! poor Scotland!"

While they were in the hut, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, the two boatmen, were placed as sentinels upon different eminences; and one day an incident happened, which must not

be omitted. There was a man wandering about the island, selling tobacco.* Nobody knew him, and he was suspected to be a spy. M'Kenzie came running to the hut, and told us that this suspected person was approaching. Upon which the three gentleman, young *Rasay*, Dr. Macleod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion that he should instantly be put to death. Prince Charles, at once assuming a grave and even severe countenance, said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preserve *our* own." The gentlemen however persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. John M'Kenzie, who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said in Erse, "Well, well; he must be shot. You are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Prince Charles, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told it in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut, at least did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk. It was afterwards found out that he was one of the Highland army, who was himself in danger. Had he come to them, they were resolved to despatch him; for, as Malcolm said to me, "We could not keep him with us, and we durst not let him go. In such a situation, I would have shot my brother, if I had not been sure of him." John M'Kenzie was at *Rasay's* house when we were there. (1) About eighteen years before he hurt one of his legs while dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he was now going about with a wooden leg. The story of his being a *member of parliament* is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little way from the house, gave him a shilling to drink *Rasay's* health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have just related. With less foundation, some writers have

(1) This old Scottish *member of parliament*, I am informed, is still living (1785).

traced the idea of a parliament, and of the British constitution, in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard, or understood, any thing of that subject, which, had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. "Why, John," said I, "did you think the king should be controlled by a parliament?" He answered, "I thought, Sir, there were many voices against one."

The conversation then turning on the times, the wanderer said, that, to be sure, the life he had led of late was a very hard one, but he would rather live in the way he now did, for [illegible] years, than fall into the hands of his enemies. The gentlemen asked him, what he thought his enemies would do with him, should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands. He said, he did not believe they would dare take his life publicly, but he dreaded being privately destroyed by poison or assassination. He was very particular in his inquiries about the wound which Dr. Macleod had received in the battle of Culloden, from a ball which entered at one shoulder, and went across to the other. The doctor happened still to have on the coat which he wore on that occasion. He mentioned, that he himself had his horse shot under him at Culloden; that the ball hit the horse about two inches from his knee, and made him so unruly that he was obliged to change him for another. He threw out some reflections on the conduct of the disastrous affair at Culloden, saying, however, that perhaps it was rash in him to do so. I am now convinced that his suspicions were groundless; for I have had a good deal of conversation upon the subject with my very worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, who was under secretary to Prince Charles, and afterwards principal secretary to his father at Rome, who, he assured me, was perfectly satisfied both of the abilities and honour of the generals who commanded the Highland army on that occasion. Mr. Lumisden has written an account of the three battles in 1745-6, at once accurate and classical. Talking of the different Highland corps, the gentlemen who were present wished to have his opinion which were the best soldiers. He said, he

did not like comparisons among those corps: they were all best.

He told his conductors, he did not think it advisable to remain long in any one place; and that he expected a French ship to come for him to Lochbroom, among the Mackenzies. It then was proposed to carry him in one of Malcolm's boats to Lochbroom, though the distance was fifteen leagues coastwise. But he thought this would be too dangerous, and desired that, at any rate, they might first endeavour to obtain intelligence. Upon which young *Rasay* wrote to his friend, Mr. M'Kenzie of Applecross, but received an answer, that there was no appearance of any French ship.

It was therefore resolved that they should return to Sky, which they did, and landed in Strath, where they reposed in a cow-house belonging to Mr. Niccolson of Scorbreck. The sea was very rough, and the boat took in a good deal of water. The wanderer asked if there was danger, as he was not used to such a vessel. Upon being told there was not, he sung an Erse song with much vivacity. He had by this time acquired a good deal of the Erse language.

Young *Rasay* was now despatched to where *Donald Roy* was, that they might get all the intelligence they could, and the wanderer, with much earnestness, charged Dr. Macleod to have a boat ready, at a certain place about seven miles off, as he said he intended it should carry him upon a matter of great consequence; and gave the doctor a case (1), containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, saying, "Keep you that till I see you," which the Doctor understood to be two days from that time. But all these orders were only blinds; for he had another plan in his head, but wisely thought it safest to trust his secrets to no more persons than was absolutely necessary. Having then desired Malcolm to walk with him a little way from the house, he soon opened his mind, saying, "I deliver

(1) The case with the silver spoon, knife, and fork, given by the Chevalier to Dr. Macleod, came into the hands of Mary, Lady Clerk of Pennycuik, who entrusted me with the honourable commission of presenting them, in her ladyship's name, to his present Majesty, upon his visit to Scotland in 1822.—Walter Scott.

myself to you. Conduct me to the Laird of M'Kinnon's country." Malcolm objected that it was very dangerous, as so many parties of soldiers were in motion. He answered, "There is nothing now to be done without danger." He then said, that Malcolm must be the master, and he the servant; so he took the bag, in which his linen was put up, and carried it on his shoulder; and observing that his waistcoat, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, was finer than Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he put on Malcolm's waistcoat, and gave him his; remarking at the same time, that it did not look well that the servant should be better dressed than the master.

Malcolm, though an excellent walker, found himself excelled by Prince Charles, who told him he should not much mind the parties that were looking for him, were he once but a musquet-shot from them; but that he was somewhat afraid of the Highlanders who were against him. He was well used to walking in Italy, in pursuit of game; and he was even now so keen a sportsman that, having observed some partridges, he was going to take a shot; but Malcolm cautioned him against it, observing that the firing might be heard by the tenders who were hovering upon the coast.

As they proceeded through the mountains, taking many a circuit to avoid any houses, Malcolm, to try his resolution, asked him what they should do, should they fall in with a party of soldiers: he answered, "Fight, to be sure!" Having asked Malcolm if he should be known in his present dress, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder." "That," said Malcolm, "would discover you at once." "Then," said he, "I must be put in the greatest dishabille possible." So he pulled off his wig, tied a handkerchief round his head, and put his nightcap over it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, took the buckles out of his shoes, and made Malcolm fasten them with strings; but still Malcolm thought he would be known. "I have so odd a face," said he, "that no man ever saw me but he would know me again."

He seemed unwilling to give credit to the horrid narrative

of men being massacred in cold blood after victory had declared for the army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. He could not allow himself to think that a general could be so barbarous.

When they came within two miles of M'Kinnon's house, Malcolm asked if he chose to see the laird. "No," said he, "by no means. I know M'Kinnon to be as good and as honest a man as any in the world, but he is not fit for my purpose at present. You must conduct me to some other house; but let it be a gentleman's house." Malcolm then determined that they should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John M'Kinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the main land of Scotland, and claim the assistance of Macdonald of Scothouse. The wanderer at first objected to this, because *Scothouse* was cousin to a person of whom he had suspicions. But he acquiesced in Malcolm's opinion.

When they were near Mr. John M'Kinnon's house, they met a man of the name of Ross, who had been a private soldier in the Highland army. He fixed his eyes steadily on the wanderer in his disguise, and having at once recognised him, he clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Alas! is this the case?" Finding that there was now a discovery, Malcolm asked, "What's to be done?" "Swear him to secrecy," answered Prince Charles. Upon which Malcolm drew his dirk, and on the naked blade made him take a solemn oath, that he would say nothing of his having seen the wanderer, till his escape should be made public.

Malcolm's sister, whose house they reached pretty early in the morning, asked him who the person was that was along with him. He said it was one Lewis Caw, from Crieff, who, being a fugitive like himself, for the same reason, he had engaged him as his servant, but that he had fallen sick. "Poor man!" said she, "I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." Her husband was gone a little way from home; but was expected every minute to return. She set down to her brother a plentiful Highland breakfast. Prince Charles acted the servant very well, sitting at a respect-

ful distance, with his bonnet off. Malcolm then said to him, "Mr. Caw, you have as much need of this as I have; there is enough for us both: you had better draw nearer and share with me." Upon which he rose, made a profound bow, sat down at table with his supposed master, and eat very heartily. After this there came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hospitality, brought warm water and washed Malcolm's feet. He desired her to wash the feet of the poor man who attended him. She at first seemed averse to this, from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphrastic language of the Highlanders and the Irish, said warmly, "Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" She was, however, persuaded to do it.

They then went to bed, and slept for some time; and when Malcolm awaked, he was told that Mr. John M'Kinnon, his brother-in-law, was in sight. He sprang out to talk to him before he should see Prince Charles. After saluting him, Malcolm, pointing to the sea, said, "What, John, if the prince should be prisoner on board one of those tenders?" "God forbid!" replied John. "What if we had him here?" said Malcolm. "I wish we had," answered John; "we should take care of him." "Well, John," said Malcolm, "he is in your house." John, in a transport of joy, wanted to run directly in, and pay his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, saying, "Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him." John composed himself, and having sent away all his servants upon different errands, he was introduced into the presence of his guest, and was then desired to go and get ready a boat lying near his house, which, though but a small leaky one, they resolved to take, rather than go to the Laird of M'Kinnon. John M'Kinnon, however, thought otherwise; and upon his return told them, that his chief and Lady M'Kinnon were coming in the laird's boat. Prince Charles said to his trusty Malcolm, "I am sorry for this, but must make the best of it." M'Kinnon then walked up from the shore, and did homage to the wanderer. His lady waited in a cave, to which they all repaired, and were entertained with

cold meat and wine. Mr. Malcolm Macleod being now superseded by the Laird of M'Kinnon, desired leave to return, which was granted him, and Prince Charles wrote a short note, which he subscribed James Thompson, informing his friends that he had got away from Sky, and thanking them for their kindness; and he desired this might be speedily conveyed to young *Rasay* and Dr. Macleod, that they might not wait longer in expectation of seeing him again. He bade a cordial adieu to Malcolm, and insisted on his accepting of a silver stock-buckle, and ten guineas from his purse, though, as Malcolm told me, it did not appear to contain above forty. Malcolm at first begged to be excused, saying, that he had a few guineas at his service; but Prince Charles answered, "You will have need of money: I shall get enough when I come upon the main land."

The Laird of M'Kinnon then conveyed him to the opposite coast of Knoidart. Old *Rasay*, to whom intelligence had been sent, was crossing at the same time to Sky; but as they did not know of each other, and each had apprehensions, the two boats kept aloof.

These are the particulars which I have collected concerning the extraordinary concealment and escapes of Prince Charles, in the Hebrides. He was often in imminent danger. The troops traced him from the Long Island, across Sky, to Portree, but there lost him.

Here I stop, — having received no farther authentic information of his fatigues and perils before he escaped to France. Kings and subjects may both take a lesson of moderation from the melancholy fate of the house of Stuart; that kings may not suffer degradation and exile, and subjects may not be harassed by the evils of a disputed succession.

Let me close the scene on that unfortunate house with the elegant and pathetic reflections of Voltaire, in his *Histoire Générale*.

"Que les hommes privés," says that brilliant writer, speaking

of Prince Charles, "qui se croyent malheureux, jettent les yeux sur ce prince et ses ancêtres."

In another place he thus sums up the sad story of the family in general:—

"Il n'y a aucun exemple dans l'histoire d'une maison si longtems infortunée. Le premier des Rois d'Ecosse, qui eut le nom de Jacques, après avoir été dix-huit ans prisonnier en Angleterre, mourut assassiné, avec sa femme, par la main de ses sujets. Jacques II. son fils, fut tué à vingt-neuf ans en combattant contre les Anglais. Jacques III. mis en prison par son peuple, fut tué ensuite par les revoltés, dans une bataille. Jacques IV. périt dans un combat qu'il perdit Marie Stuart, sa petite fille, chassée de son trône fugitive en Angleterre, ayant langui dix-huit ans en prison, se vit condamnée à mort par des juges Anglais, et eut la tête tranchée. Charles I. petit fils de Marie, Roi d'Ecosse et d'Angleterre, vendu par les Ecossois, et jugé à mort par les Anglais, mouru, sur un échaffaut dans la place publique. Jacques, son fils, septième du nom, et deuxième en Angleterre, fut chassé de ses trois royaumes; et pour comble de malheur on contesta à son fils sa naissance; le fils ne tenta de remonter sur le trône de ses pères, que pour faire périr ses amis par des bourreaux; et nous avons vu le Prince Charles Edouard, réunissant en vain les vertus de ses peres, et le courage du Roi Jean Sobieski, son ayeu maternel, exécuter les exploits et essuyer les malheurs les plus incroyables. Si quelque chose justifie ceux qui croyent une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persécuté la maison de Stuart, pendant plus de trois cent années."—B.

The foregoing account is by no means so full, or so curious, as might have been expected from Mr. Boswell's activity of inquiry, and his means of information. It relates only to a *few days* of the Pretender's adventures, which, however, lasted *five months.* Even of Miss Flora Macdonald it tells less than

had been already in print forty years before Mr. Boswell's publication. It does not say *who* she was, nor *when* she met the prince, nor *why she* was selected or induced to interfere, and, in short, tells as little as possible of her personal share in the events. We should particularly have liked to know, from her own report, the particulars of her examination and reception in London. The reader who may be curious to know more of the details of the Pretender's escape, will find them in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747, pp. 531. 638.; in the little volume before referred to, called *Ascanius*; and in a *Journal* in the second volume of the *Lockhart Papers*. — C.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.